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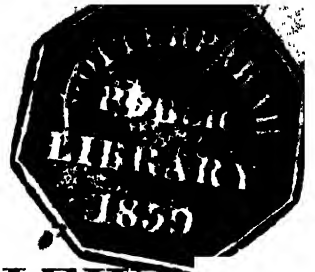
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THE
FOREIGN
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- ART. I.—1. *Die Deutsche Litteratur*, von Wolfgang Menzel. Stuttgart. 1828.
2. *Menzel's Geschichte der Deutschen*, in einem Bande. • Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1834. 7te Lieferung. 21stes Buch. Die moderne Bildung.
3. *Conversations Lexicon der neuesten Zeit und Litteratur*. Leipzig. 1833. Voce, Menzel.

WOLFGANG MENZEL is a writer who deserves to be better known than he is in this country. He is a man of more than ordinary calibre. He has *stuff* in him. The German authors in general may be divided into five classes: *Fantastics*, *Mystics*, *System-builders*, *Poetical-idealists*, or men of fancy and feeling, *Eruditi*, *ὄπαιται*, or men of learning and science. Hoffman, Chamisso, Fouqué, are well known as heads of the fantastic school; devils, gnomes, sylphs, Undines, *Doppelgänger*, and animal magnetists, are the commodities in which they deal; a pair of seven-league boots, or a bottle of devil's elixir, is the magic wand of their enchantments. Tauler and Jacob Böhmen, Novalis, Friedrich Schlegel, Steffens, Jung Stilling, Görres, &c. are the no less celebrated heads of the mystic school. They rise a degree above the fantastics, and, amid much of the childish, contain a great deal of the essentially sublime. Their ideas, though not apt to be over clear, are never shallow, often profound, and not seldom grand; if they sit not on the throne of Jove, they float upon the clouds wherewith it is encompassed. The System-builders, again, are men of enterprize and of grasp. If they are mad—as to a British perception they sometimes appear—their madness has “method” in it. Their mysticism—when mystics they are—is not a floating dream, a creation of clouds, but a pervading principle, an organizing power, a vivifying emanation. Schelling may be considered as the king of this higher class of mystics: and it may well be doubted whether the human mind is ever exhibited in a more august and commanding form than in their brotherly amalgamation of science, religion, and poetry.

Applied more closely to nature, this systematic mysticism produces such men as Oken and Schubert; whose comprehensive minds seem, in studying to recreate nature, to give us an anticipation, if not a knowledge, of her secret workings and wondrous developments. But the System-builders are not all mystics; Kant and Hegel are not less wonderful examples of the power and compass of the German mind than Schelling—the clear acuteness of the one, and the abstract logicity of the other, belong equally to the wide domain of German intellect. Our fourth class is that of the Poetical-idealists. Schiller is a larger and Körner a minor star in the constellation. Jean Paul's weeping heroes are scarcely less celebrated than Werther and Siegwart. There is a deep fountain of feeling in the German mind, often opened into tears, with which the robuster Briton cannot always sympathize; but, if tearful eyes are sometimes a sign of babyhood, tearless eyes are often the index of selfishness. Next follow the men of mere talent, to whom frugal Nature hath denied the *divini ignis particula*—these men are more numerous every where than the men of genius; but in Germany they are particularly abundant and of a higher order. There are few trifling, few superficial minds in Germany—what an honest *Deutscher* does, he does with all his might, and leaves no corner of the earth unransacked, where stones of fit size and beauty may be found, with which to fabricate his erudite mosaics. Therefore it is that we have designated the learned of Germany *ὀπλιται*; they are heavy-armed soldiers, pannoled with the lore of all tongues and of all ages; their works are sometimes splendid temples of science, often proud-towering rubbish-heaps of useless learning. The perseverance of a German is proverbial—“*cui nationi, inter animi dotes*”—says Leibnitz, though a German himself—*sola laboriositas concessa esse videtur.*” A hard saying! but in some respects true. If German literature is useful for nothing else, it is useful, yea indispensable, as an index to the literature of the whole world.

Sed quorsum hæc? Our end is to show what Wolfgang Menzel is, by first setting forth, comprehensively, what he is not. He is neither a fantastic, nor a mystic, nor a system-builder, nor a poetical-idealist, nor a mere heavy-armed man of erudition. In so far as by *Germanism* we understand *nonsense*, whether it be ignorant nonsense or learned nonsense, nonsense puerile, or nonsense senile—whether it be clever nonsense or silly nonsense, nonsense religious, philosophical, poetical, musical, artistical, political—thus far, we can assure such of our readers as are, not without reason, apprehensive of being infected with the epidemic disease of *Teutomania*—that Wolfgang Menzel is no German. “*Er schreibt wie ein Britte*”—said one of his countrymen, in

giving his opinion of Menzel's style. "He writes like an Englishman!" certainly a very strange, and to us, a very complimentary manner for a German to express his admiration of one of his native authors.

To pass from negatives to positives, we would say—Menzel is a man of a sound mind, of a strong mind, of an acute mind, and of a comprehensive mind. He is essentially of the Doric order. He has more power than beauty, and his beauty is always of a masculine cast, seldom if ever softened down into feminine sweetness. To illustrate the unknown by the known, he has more affinity with Lessing than with any other German author familiar to the British student. He has also some of the fire and some of the sarcasm of Martin Luther; and when we have compared him with two such great names in the history of German literature—always, of course, *deductis deducendis*—we have said enough to indicate that we have to do with a mind of no ordinary calibre. Menzel is decidedly a practical man and a sound-headed man; with him there is no vague dreaming, no interminable groping, no high-sounding but empty palaver—he fixes his eyes upon that which human eyes can see at one glance, and pursues his cue with indefatigable endeavour and certain success. He never prefers a circuitous route to a straight one, when the straight is equally convenient—he never loses sight of the end in the means—and, from all his speculations, which, as being those of a German, are many, both wide and deep, returns to the all-important question—how, under present circumstances, the civil and religious condition of his country may most surely and most speedily be ameliorated? With Plitzer, Schott, and a few other high-minded patriots in south-western Germany, Menzel has done a great deal to draw the minds of his countrymen away from those splendid but profitless dreameries in which they have too long indulged, and taught them to apply their hands to the more solid though less dazzling architecture of practical life. With this tendency, Menzel's literary existence could not do otherwise than assume a polemical character; and, to sustain this character, Nature seems to have armed her chosen champion with the choicest weapons, both offensive and defensive, for intellectual warfare. Strong and able-bodied from his youth, he endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to realize in practice those gymnastics of the Greeks on which the erudition of consumptive pedants had so long fruitlessly commented; to recal his transcendental countrymen from the learning of the dead to the wisdom of the living, has been, and is, his unremitting endeavour. To attain these ends, unflinching rebukes and unsparing satires could not be applied with too much resolution; and in the fearlessness of the

one, Menzel has no equal but in Fichte, as in the severity of the other he has no rival but in Richter. Heine and Börne bespatter their countrymen with the merciless mud of vulgar abuse, and hold their political sloth up to the scorn of Europe, amid the squibs and crackers of Parisian wit. Not so Menzel. He sees the weakness of his country, but he also knows its strength; his lash, when called for, is speedy and unsparing, but not inflicted with a willing hand, or with an air of malignant triumph. He may warn, he may rebuke, but he will not curse the mother that bore him. Like the author of the *Reisebilder*, Wolfgang Menzel is a ringleader of that bold sect which has ventured to call in question the title of Göthe to the kingly seat on the German Parnassus—but he is too dignified to indulge in literary Billingsgate, and no protrusive egotism leads us to question the purity of those motives by which his opposition is animated. He is a preacher of new doctrines, but not as a babbler; a caster-down of images, but not as a fanatic.

Our author is a poet, a critic, an historian, a politician—and, as all German authors are, a philosopher. It is only in his critical capacity that we have at present any concern with him—but no man can read a page of his “German Literature” without perceiving that the acuteness of the critic is here merely an instrument in the hand of the profound philosopher, the brilliant poet, the patriotic politician.

The work to which we propose more particularly to direct our attention—the “*Deutsche Litteratur*”—has been long known and valued in Germany as the most profound and most original work on its native literature that has yet appeared in that country. Franz Horn’s works are brisk and lively, and at the same time most comprehensive and exhaustive in their erudition—but he is too thoroughly German in his feelings to be relished by those who have not studied at Berlin or at Munich—his veneration, too, for a certain Christian simplicity and quietistical calmness of character often borders closely on mawkishness and puerility. Menzel again, is, as we have said, a man of nerve—nothing feminine, weak, or dreamy, nothing empty or childish, can he tolerate; *manly* is the image and superscription of his being. We have little doubt, therefore, that, if ever introduced, this author will become a favourite with the British public—at least such of them who, amid the bustle of ephemeral politics, still retain an eye for the beauty of art and the dignity of intellect.

The work on German literature is not a history but a characteristic—not a geographical tracing of the stream from its fountain-head to its æstuary, but a panoramic view of the landscape, its present state, and future prospects. It is divided into two parts;

that stand to one another in the relation of spirit to body, of principle to practice. The one is the physiology, the other the classification, of literary botany. The first part contains the following titles: "The Mass of Literature—Nationality—Influence of School-learning—Influence of Foreign Literature—The Trade of Literature—Religion—Philosophy—History—State-Education." The second part is well digested under three heads: "Nature—Art—Criticism." The style of Menzel is so solid and so well squared, that there is little or no room for the lopping or epitomizing work of the reviewer. He himself gives us only the essence and extract of long digested and closely compacted thoughts. There remains for us, therefore, little or nothing to do but to select and give prominence to some of those paragraphs that, either from their own nature or from British associations, are likely to be read with peculiar interest.

The literature of a nation is but the reflex, or rather we should say it is the offspring, of its character—and he who would know the son must know the father. What then is the national character of the Germans? Some people tell us that they have no national character at all; or, if they have any, it consists in a sort of "wise passiveness" (not exactly in Wordsworth's sense) whereby they receive into themselves and appropriate the characters of all nations that are or have been on the stage of the world. "We are bears," says Menzel, "in the eyes of many, and can do nothing without a foreign dancing-master." And, truly, if we consider the successive Gallomania, Anglomania, and Græcomania, that gave a name to the most important eras of German literature, we shall see some causes to fear that this accusation is not altogether groundless. No person can say that Shakspeare or Milton imitated any man or nation of men: they are as thoroughly original, as much *sui generis*, as Homer and Æschylus; but Wieland, it is said, was a Frenchman, Klopstock an Englishman (a caricature of Milton), and Göthe was a Greek. Certain it is that in no country is foreign literature so universally studied as in Germany. To see the ardour with which they throw themselves on our Shakspeares and our Scotts, and even our Bulwers and our Wilsons,* one should imagine that the idolatry which is paid to Göthe and Schiller consists more in a sort of national pride, than in a real admiration of any thing substantially excellent in these authors. Surely a nation that imports so

* We have on our table a work entitled "Tom Cringle's Schiff's Tagebuch, oder Abenteuer eines Offiziers der Englischen Marine, von Wilson: aus dem Englischen übersetzt von August Schaefer." We congratulate the learned professor on this unexpected accession to his continental fame!

much foreign corn must be woefully barren of native aliment. Such are the arguments of those who decry the literature of Germany without knowing it; forgetting too, that, even if the Germans were so devoid of originality as they represent them, this very lack of national character, this very merging of the character of *German* in that of *man*, is capable of an explanation which redounds most highly to the honour of the Teutonic race. Menzel sees the evil and acknowledges it as freely as any of our dogmatical criticasters may; but he knows also that there is no evil that has not also its concomitant good; and, of this universality, and manysidedness, as it is called, this imitative instinct and appropriating power of the German mind, he gives the following account,

“The deepest fount of this inclination for things foreign (says he, p. 44) is the *humanty* of the German character. We are thorough cosmopolitans. Our nationality is to have no nationality at all, but to substitute what belongs to man in general for the particular peculiarities that distinguish other nations. We appropriate the culture of all nations, and would regenerate in ourselves the blossoms of the human mind in every age. Other nations strive to make themselves a normal nation for the whole world; but this they do not by self-annihilation, but by imprinting their own image on all mankind. We have the same ambition to make our race a normal race for the whole world; but we strive after a different fashion; we strive to realize the ideal of a philosophical archetype. Other nations reverence what is foreign, but they do not therefore think it necessary to undervalue themselves. Nevertheless, this self-denial has its good side, and its foundation in nature. There can be no true love without self-denial. Egotism and national vanity are the greatest enemies of culture. *The noblest nations have always been the most tolerant, and the basest always the most conceited.*

“Our love for what is foreign thus arises from our philosophical and cosmopolitan character; but it has also another root, and that is our poetical and romantic disposition. A poetical illusion floats with a beautifying power around all that is foreign, and takes our imagination captive. We possess this magic art of mystifying ourselves; we metamorphose ourselves into dramatic personages and give ourselves over to a foreign illusion. Many of our learned men have thought themselves so into Greeks, many of our romanticists so into the middle ages, many of our politicians so into France and French, many of our theologians so into the Bible, that they know no more of what is going on around them than a somnambulist. This state of mind is very closely allied to madness, and in madness it too often ends.”

This is severity following upon apology, and almost neutralizing its kindly influence. But it is in this species of unsparing attack, this unqualified slash of the scimitar, that Menzel's strength lies. He has too great a love for beauty to soften down, distortion, even in the features of his German mother.

But we recur to the question and ask, what is the distinguishing feature of the German character? That they have no character at all, as the French Abbé supposed they had no genius, is a proposition too absurd to be maintained in the present era of European development. ~~Sterne~~ Sterne may be a weak imitator of Cervantes and Rabelais; but to call Jean Paul Richter a weak imitator of Sterne would betray an ignorance and a presumption equal only to that of Voltaire, when he proclaimed himself the rival of Æschylus and the judge of Shakspeare. They who deny originality, wit, and humour, to every other German author, must surely concede them all, and much more than all, to Richter. This man's name is of itself sufficient to answer all the unworthy jibes and jeers that have been idly thrown in the face of the German muse. When we find united in one mind all the humour of Rabelais, without its nastiness—all the feeling of Sterne, without its affectation—all the intellect of Kant, without its systematic stiffness—all the beauty of Göthe, without its coldness—shall we say that the nation which possesses such a mind is destitute of originality and invention? To the man who knows and sympathises with German literature the very thought is treason, and the broaching of the question only shows that it deserves no answer.

Madame de Staël long ago drew the proper line of designation, when she said that "Germany is the native country of thought." The Germans are a sort of "intellectual miners," and spiritual moles—and this is one among the many reasons why their merits are so often concealed from superficial eyes. As the Hindoo philosophers convert every thing into religion, and every thing in nature is with them a mere modification of Bralima, Vishnu, and Siva, these sacred three themselves being mere modifications of the one eternal Brahm—so the Germans can do nothing without metaphysics. They must have a principle and a soul in every thing, and the whole of external nature and life is valuable to them only in so far as it is a revelation of the internal Divinity, in whom we live and move and have our being. Jean Paul said ironically that God had given them the air for their domain, as he had the land to the French and the sea to the English. He might have said with more truth, though with less humour, that the Germans are masters of the soul, while other nations control the body—the one are lords of the world within, the other lords of the world without. Menzel has given a prominent place to this distinctive character under the head of nationality—and, as usual, he shows us both the light and the dark side of this picture, and begins, after his fashion, with the most unsparing severity.

"From the oldest times have we Germans been a fantastical nation. In the middle ages we were mystical, and now we can live only in the cold region of intellect. In all ages we have manifested an exuberant power and fulness of soul, that, welling forth impetuously within, pays but little regard to the world without. Ever have we been awkward and helpless in practical life, but so much more at home in the inner world, and all our national virtues and vices can be deduced from this one source—this meditative, brooding propensity of our inward man. It is this that makes us, *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, a literary nation, and it is this that gives our literature its distinctive character. The writings of other nations are more practical, because their life is more practical; our writings have a cast of *overnatural*ity or *unnatural*ity, something savouring of ghosts and kobolds, which is always at war with the actual state of the world, and that because we never have our eyes on any thing but the strange world of our inner man. We are more fantastical than other nations, not only because our fancy takes more monstrous flights into the regions of the ideal, but also because we believe our dreams to be true. Our feelings follow our imaginations, and now sink as low into the mawkishness of domestic sentiment as they at other times rise high into the exuberance of pietistical reveries.* Our intellect takes even larger flights than our fancy—we launch out into the infinite blue of empty space, and, as speculatists and system-builders, we are followed by a *fama clamosa*, a hue and cry, from every corner of the globe. Our splendid theories, however, we can realize nowhere but in our literature, and thus we give an undue preponderance to the world of words, above the life, of which words are but the sign—and foreign nations are not far wrong, when they despise us as book-worms and as pedants.

"But this is only the dark side of the picture, as to which, however, we are unwilling to practise any self-deception. Opposed to this, we can boast a light side of our national literature, to which strangers much less frequently do justice. We aim at a universal cultivation of mind, and not in vain do we offer, to attain this important end, all our energies and all our national ambition. The knowledge which we acquire might well be more beneficial to our race than many loudly-trumpeted deeds of glory; and there may be more true honour in learning from a foreign nation than in achieving a victory over it. There is in our national character something peculiarly fitted to elevate and humanize the race. In every possible direction, we put forth our strength in the great work of extending our knowledge. Nature has given us a sympathy with all her doings; and our intellect collects from all quarters the objects that its capacious grasp desires, and penetrates into the inmost depths of all the mysteries of nature, life,

*It is worth while to remark how exactly this criticism of Menzel's tallies with what Mr. Bulwer puts into the mouth of his German student in the *Pilgrims of the Rhine*. "With our most imaginative works we mix a homeliness that we fancy touching, but which in reality is ludicrous. We eternally step from the sublime to the ridiculous—we want taste."

and the soul. There is no nation so multifarious in its intellectual development as the German; and what the individual wants is made complete in the varied whole. It is only by a wise distribution of the different organs of knowledge among individuals that an accumulation of science in the mass can be realized.

We appeal to any person in the least acquainted with German literature—we appeal to every unprejudiced observer of national character—whether this be not a most impartial and a most just self-anatomizing of the German mind. Could any judge sum up more impartially the opposite evidence on both sides of a case? Our critics in this country either condemn the Germans wholesale, or run into a sort of wild idolatry, which perhaps does more harm than indiscriminate censure,—but a masterly portrait of the thing as it is—a just estimate of its good and its bad—it is strange, passing strange, that we should have first received from a German!

One evil, and not a small one, which flows from this contemplative habit of the Germans, is what they in their language very impressively designate by one word, *Vielschreiberei*, but which we are forced to make intelligible to ourselves by two Latin words, *cacoëthes scribendi*. A man cannot think and feel much, without having a desire to express what he thinks and feels. A woman cannot be always in labour—she must bring forth;—even so a man cannot be always a thinker—he must write a book. And thus is generated that chaos of mis-born fms, that tumble and reel annually, to the amount of millions,* in the literary mud and slime of the Leipsic fair. On this great evil our author is peculiarly severe. He gives vent to his bile in the very first page;—yea, in the very first sentence of his work. The following is certainly a very abrupt, and, to German ears, not a little startling (we fear to many an ungrateful), proëmium of a work on literary history.

“We Germans do little, but write so much the more. When one of our descendants, in future centuries, shall look back upon the present epoch of German history, he will be apt to find more books than men in our nation. He may march back through past years, as through so many repositories. He will say, that we have been sleeping, and that books are our dreams. We have made ourselves a nation of scribblers, and might fitly exchange the double eagle of our heraldry for a goose. The pen governs and serves, works and rewards, fights and feeds, blesses and curses for us. We leave the Italians their sky, the Spaniards their saints, the French their deeds, the English.

* “According to a moderate calculation, ten millions of volumes are printed every year in Germany.”—Menzel.

their bags of money, and sit contentedly at our books. The meditative German nation, devoted to thinking and feeling, has time for nothing but writing. It invented the art of printing, and thinks it a duty to work indefatigably at the great machine. School erudition, affectation of things foreign, fashion, and bibliopolism have done the rest: and thus is piled up the immeasurable mass of books that waxes with every day. And we stand astounded at this *monstrum horrendum*, this new wonder of the world, the Cyclopean walls, which the mind has raised, not the hands."

We assent to every word of this powerful writing, except one. Are not the *deeds* of the British as glorious as those of the French?—and is the reproach of *la nation boutiquière* to stick to us for ever? We sincerely hope that this reproach is altogether unfounded.

Under the heads "Religion"—"Philosophy"—"State-Education"—which explain themselves, there is much that could not fail to interest the British reader; but we are compelled to pass by them, with scarcely a hasty glance at their contents. Though writing professedly on literature, Menzel has thought it necessary to dedicate full eighty pages to a searching examination of the present state of religion in his native country; convinced probably, as we are, that religion is the mother of poetry, and that a literature, which has no devotion to animate it, must always remain in a great measure shallow and unsatisfactory. He complains, not without reason, of the indifference to religion at present so common in Germany, especially amongst the Protestants; and notes it, as at once an evidence and an effect of this universal apathy, that Catholicism and Pietism† are every where on the increase. To this latter, indeed, our author seems to attribute a degree of importance which, from a man of his strong understanding, we could scarcely have expected; but we are to bear in mind that Menzel is no mere anatomizer—no mere "reasoning self-sufficient thing"—no "intellectual all in all:" he has a heart as well as a head, and the proud temple of science is to him little better than a death-vault, when not animated by the genial life-glow of poesy. Himself a poet, it is no wonder that he should prefer the deep earnestness of the Pietists and the Mystics to the cold calculation of the self-styled Rationalists. There is one class of men in particular, whom Menzel, influenced by this feeling, has, though himself a stanch Protestant, taken under his peculiar protection. We mean the much-undervalued

* Pietism in Germany is pretty much the same as Methodism with us; the worthy Spener, we believe, was the father of the sect to which this appellation was originally applied.

poetical Catholics, with Tieck, Friedrich Schlegel, and Novalis at their head, whom Göthe used to sit in his chair with so much self-complacency, and laugh at. The "master-mind," however great he might be, in his own element of the beautiful in art, seems to have been a perfect child in devotion—a good easy David Hume of poesy, who, enjoying the present, allowed the religionists to fight to their hearts' content about the future—and looked on and smiled. Menzel is not a man to trifle with any thing, much less with religion; and he is not ashamed to profess his preference of a warm glowing Catholicism of the heart to a cold self-contained Protestantism of the understanding. On this principle is based his defence of Görres, Steffens, and other fraternal spirits, whom the narrow and exclusive criticism of the Kantians has condemned, wholesale, as enthusiasts and "Whirlheads."

"A whole band of slavish souls" says he, "has united to banish such a man as Görres from the literary hemisphere of Germany—a man of the most original genius, and whose works are a triumph of the most complete spiritual freedom. The view taken by these ostracists is the most narrow and slavish that can be conceived. To the mere outward form of faith they ascribe an omnipotent influence over the mind of man—whereas it is the mind that exercises dominion over his faith. These men vainly conceive that, as the seal of Protestantism, wherewith they are stamped, has metamorphosed them at once into free and cultivated men, so the seal of Catholicism, wherewith their adversaries are stamped, has necessarily rendered them barbarians and slaves: and they have no perception of this most simple truth, that, as Catholicism, in a great and pure mind, may assume a most worthy and venerable shape, so Protestantism, in such narrow minds as theirs, may sink down into a most unworthy caricature."

Thus far of religion and Catholicism. We only remark, by way of practical inference, that there is not a little here from which we moral church-going English might take a useful hint. If there were as much piety as there is church-going in our land, as much true Protestantism as there is a superstitious cry of "No Popery," we should be an exemplary nation indeed!

It is with much reluctance that we make no extracts from the interesting chapters on philosophy, politics, and education. The narrow exclusiveness of Kant, the notional despotism of Hegel, in philosophy; the shameful passiveness of the German people, the insinuating circumvention of the Prussian *bureaucratie*, in politics; the bigotry of the classical monopolists, the mania of the utilitarian *pundidactics*, in education—all these, most fitting subjects as they are for the application of Menzel's lash; we are

compelled to pass over, in our haste to arrive at the proper literary department of the work.

Our readers have already seen enough of the manly grasp which our author takes of his subject, to form a pretty accurate anticipation of the manner in which ~~Menzel~~ Menzel walks over the proper literary division of his extensive domain. He takes a broad and expanded view of the mighty field of action that lies before him, and is too anxious for important results to dwell upon those ephemeral phenomena, that, however beautiful, flit before the eyes but for a minute, and then disappear, leaving no trace of their working behind. Hence it is that he sometimes seems to make too sweeping conclusions, and, with an unqualified reprobation, to condemn that in the gross, which in the detail unquestionably presents many singular and attractive beauties. But, in a work which aims to give not the history but the spirit of literature, this is the only practicable, the only rational, procedure. It is not with pretty poems, but with great poets, that in such a case we have to do. It is not on mere verses, much less on rhymes, that we are to descant, but it is on the soul, the animating spirit, that breathes in the literature as in the life of a people. It is a trite saying, that the noblest poetry is often written in prose; and it is a saying which we must peculiarly bear in mind, when attempting to form to ourselves an intelligible outline of the great body of German literature. There is a poetical element in every member of that mighty leviathan. We must expect to find poetry in its metaphysics, poetry in its theology, and poetry in its philosophy of nature. Schelling, Oken, and Görres, are no less poets than Göthe, Wieland, and Schiller.

With this understanding, we shall not be surprised at the summary manner in which Menzel dismisses not a few names of might from his literary review. Are they men of strong intellect, of pure heart, and of elevated principles? what have they done, either by word or deed, to assist in the great work of the advancement and amelioration of human nature? These are the questions to which every candidate for a place on Menzel's Parnassus of the Germans must give a ready and an explicit answer; and, if the answer is unsatisfactory or suspicious, the petitioners are immediately elbowed out, as mere cumberers of the ground and impeters of necessary business. The mere man of amusement, the mere poetical mountebank, the mere carver and gilder, the mere rareeshow-man of literature, however much he may have been estimated in his day, if he has done nothing else, meets with no more attention from our stern Aristippus than if he were a dancing bear. Amusement is all very well for

a recreation, but to make a business of amusement, even though it be amusement of the highest kind, as in developing the formation of the bones, or watching the metamorphosis of plants, if it have no reference to the moral amelioration and advancement of our race, is with Menzel an unpardonable sin: and, on this score, as we shall see, even the universal and autocratic Göthe is treated with a nonchalance, and dismissed with an uncereemoniousness, which might almost make a weak mind tremble for the stability of the universe itself.

With some qualifications, however, which the tenor of these remarks will easily suggest to the reader, Menzel is a most just and impartial critic. No man could possibly be more catholic. He delights to search out and acknowledge every thing that is noble and great in the intellectual world, under whatever form it may appear. Having once set himself forth as the advocate of Schiller and the antagonist of Göthe, he has naturally been led to maintain his original polemical character, and preserve the same attitude of war through all the successive scenes of his literary activity. With regard to these men, therefore, his *dictum* must always be received *cum grano salis*. But, when there is no reason to suspect any bias, his judgment is always deserving of the very highest respect. If we except Göthe, to whom he seems to cherish a declared and unmitigated hostility, there is no great German author, none of the *Dii majorem gentium*, to whom he has not done merited justice. Lessing, Herder, Schiller, Tieck, Richter, and even Wieland, all receive from him the full meed of ready and discriminating praise. Still the polemical Brougham-like activity of his nature never sleeps long: and the unintelligent herd of imitators, that turn every thing great into caricature, seldom escape unchastised from his hand. He has also a most savage enmity against Voss, which, to the degree Menzel carries it, we find it very difficult to excuse or even to palliate; for surely the man who wrote "Luise," though he might be a weak and a narrow, certainly was a good and an amiable, man. We give a hint here *in transitu*, which we hope may come to Menzel's ear, that in moderation and tolerance of criticism that arch-heretic Göthe might give him some most useful lessons. Most pitiless in particular, though certainly in many respects not undeserved, is the censure with which he endeavours to annihilate that whole class of "destiny or fatalistic tragedies," which, since the precedent shown by Müllner, has been inundating the German stage. The thing may be overdone, certainly, and if it is a good thing, the overdoing of it will only make it so much the worse: but what is there in the "Guilt" more than there is in "Hamlet," or many other plays

that we could mention, to authorize the indiscriminate charge of fatalism, upon which the destiny-tragedies have been so often condemned wholesale? It rather appears to us, that in Müllner's play there is a satisfactory reason assigned in the very name, for the apparently indiscriminate game which Fate plays among her victims. "The iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations." But in *Hamlet* all is chance, all is blind, inexplicable, contradictory fate; man is made the football of fortune; and a capricious God seems to take delight in defeating the best concerted plans of the wise, and thrusting unmerited advancement upon the foolish. Menzel, however, who has had better opportunities of seeing the destiny-system in full operation than could possibly have fallen to our lot, admits of no such favourable comparisons. He distinguishes philosophically between the Fate of the ancient Greek tragedians and the Destiny of the modern fatalistic playwrights. As Mr. Gillies some years ago laboured, we hope not altogether unsuccessfully, to introduce Müllner, Grillparzer, and the other destiny-tragedians to the British public, perhaps a sample of Menzel's criticism on this theme may not be altogether unwelcome.

"Müllner," says he, "treading in Werner's steps, drew the destiny-tragedy out into that frightful caricature in which it now walks abroad, ghost-like, on every German stage. Werner's 'February,' gave the first impulse, and Mülker's 'Guilt' was the culminating point, and this strange mannerism straightway spread abroad on all sides like a pestilence. The new phasis was not essentially different from the old; but its Fate is always a hostile, destructive, revengeful power. With the ancient Greek tragedy it agrees only in name. We must be allowed, however, to draw a little more accurately the line of distinction.

"In the ancient tragedy, Fate was an iron, inexorable, truly sublime power, horrible and yet beautiful, worthy of the idea that we have of an all-ruling destiny. It stood as eternal necessity opposed to heaven-storming liberty, and the measure of its sublimity lay in the power and dignity of the hero. The more free, the more exalted, the more divine the hero, so much the mightier, deeper, holier, was the power that set bounds to his striving. This prevailing idea of the Greek drama is in the conflict of the hero against Destiny; and this Destiny, though in itself invincible and unchanging, receives, nevertheless, a relative greatness from the strength of the resistance that is made to it, and the worth of the victim that is sacrificed to it, which relative greatness alone gives Fate a right to assume a poetical significance. In the free will, the power, and the inward worth of the hero, the criterion of tragedy lay. By how much greater and worthier the hero, by so much more powerful was Fate, so much nobler was the conflict, so much more sublime the poetical fiction. The resistance of the hero was the measure of the whole poem. Such is also the tragedy of Schiller,

and such tragedy alone did he make a favourite with the Germans. But now what has become of all his promising blossom, when moral impotence and a sickly striving after originality presumptuously seek to lair themselves upon his laurels?

"The heroes of our modern destiny-tragedies are without volition, without worth, without dignity. From their birth upward they are in the hand of a dark mysterious power.* They commit their monstrous crimes, not as free agents but as predestined. A curse, inherited from an ancestress, or inflicted by a malignant Sycorax, drives them on to their fate; and their sin, like its punishment, is indissolubly connected with one unavoidable fatal hour of their existence. The poor sinner must sin because this happens to be the 24th or 29th of February, and no other day. Not from any incitement of passion, not from any determination of will, does his sin proceed; if there is any motive in him, it is not his own, but inherited as a judicial punishment, transmitted as a curse. Yea even the Devil himself needs take no trouble to seduce him; he must sin when the clock strikes twelve, and the dagger is the hour-hand, and the heart which he transfixes is the mysterious number—the hand advances, and the deed of terror is done. The witch-trials are profound and intellectual, when compared with this meaningless fatalism. In them, man, however beset with devils, has yet a free choice left, and the powers of darkness must work for their prey before they are sure of it. But in these Destiny-plays there is no need of a compact between Faust and Mephistopheles. The hero has neither choice nor enjoyment; and the powers of darkness themselves have not the pleasure of combating the yielding strength of man, and leaving the field of battle with a solemn ovation. It is an unmeaning game with puppets. It is impossible that even the Devil himself can feel any thing but *ennui* at a sport, where he has no strength to baffle, no will to overreach, no holiness to corrupt, no angel to seduce,—no office to perform but that of a common executioner on subjects, which are delivered ready for decapitation to his hand."

So much for Müllner and Grillparzer. It is time, however, that we leave this skirmishing with lesser heroes, and advance into the very heat and throng of the battle. We must endeavour to grapple with the grand *quæstio verata* of German literature—the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*. We are called upon to decide the great question, whether Göthe or Schiller be the king of the German Parnassus—and the divided worshippers of the literary world wait with suspense upon our decision, whether Göthe be a divine Shekinah, or a golden calf of the idolaters.

We perceive Menzel, like a sturdy old Gaul, advance fearlessly up to the chief-consul of literary senators, and, regardless of his

* We beg pardon for this interruption, but we must be permitted to ask Dr. Menzel whether this observation does not apply to *Œdipus Tyrannus* as well as to the heroes of "*Die Schuld*" and of "*Die Ahnfrau*?"

calm, dignified, godlike demeanour, impiously pluck his beard, Heaven and earth are in awe-struck expectation, what punishment shall follow such unheard-of audacity.

The truth of the matter is, that the great Göthe—for great he certainly was, by the admission of all parties—has been so much bepraised and bewondered, and the admiration justly due to his genius, has run wild, as well in this country as in Germany, into such a rankness of besotted idolatry, that there was an imperative necessity that some one should arise to revindicate to the literary mind its lost independence, and dispel from the eye-sight of men that mist which an overheated enthusiasm had raised. The Minerva who was destined to perform this kind office is Menzel; and none could have been chosen better fitted for such an honourable enterprize. Schlegel (A. W. we mean) has once again, by a few miserable squibs and lampoons,* attempted to darken that halo of glory which shines round the consecrated head of Schiller; but, we believe, the blasts of his penny trumpet never produced any effect, but to throw back ridicule on him who blew them: and the name of Schiller still stands resplendent in its own unsullied purity. Not so ineffective, we fear, have been the shafts, or rather the blows, which Wolfgang Menzel has from time to time directed against the Olympian head of Germany's poetical Jove. Menzel was not a man to strike, without knowing what he was striking at; the words that he wrote are as well-aimed strokes of a hammer—they are sure to tell. We must not, therefore, expect to find Göthe coming entirely unscathed out of this doughty warfare—though the crown may still remain on his head, yet, to Menzel-illuminated eyes, it shines no more with a divine, but with a human, lustre. Göthe still remains a great man, a splendid piece of humanity; but he is no more the only great man that Germany or Europe contains. He is a man, according to Menzel's view, and merely a man; no demi-god, much less a god, the last and greatest incarnation of the poetic Brahma.

Our space, as well as our tactics, on this occasion, lead us to plunge straightway *in medias res*. We have no inclination to dash off our critical arabesques upon the Doric portico of Menzel's well-compacted edifice. We extract the following quintessence of our author's *Anti-Götheism* from the "History of the Germans."—p. 776.

"Göthe had all the delicate tact of Lessing, with a much richer

that,

"So lang es Schwaben gibt, in Schwaben
Wird Schiller stets Bewunderer haben."

Imagination, but without his manliness ; all the tenderness and sensibility of Herder, but without his faith. So far as the mere handling of his subject was concerned, he was, doubtless, the greatest of our poets ; but he had no enthusiasm for any thing but himself, and his works are merely flattering portraits of his own individuality. As, in his study at Weimar, he was wont so to dispose himself in reference to the light, that he might appear to strangers who came to visit him under the most pictorial distribution of light and shade, so were all his works mere artificial means of throwing a favourable light upon himself. He had no sympathy with the world, but in so far as it served him for this end. For the affairs of his country he had no eye—he positively hated them. He sung the praise of Napoleon, because Napoleon flattered him, and during the great liberation war (in 1813) he shut himself up in his study, occupied with Chinese trifles, and disgusted with an age that acknowledged something greater than himself. This man, however, to his cotemporaries appeared to be the greatest man alive ; and that, because he could not flatter himself, without at the same time flattering a countless number of souls as base as his own, and because his talent threw a poetical beauty over the inclinations of an aristocracy, that, boasting of a high degree of refinement, submitted willingly to the lowest grade of national degradation. Lessing had frightened the weaklings of the age—they were contented to admire him, but felt his sting not the less severely. Göthe was their favourite, because he convinced them that their weakness was beauty."

This certainly is no spare measure of rebuke ; but the reader must remember that it is Menzel who is attacking, and Göthe who is attacked. " In the wars of the giants," as Jeffray said, in speaking of Lord Brougham, " great blows must be given and received." The admirers of Göthe were too numerous and too loud to be affected by what might appear to them to be the mere " whisper of a faction." A declared and open war was necessary to make head against the long-established monarchy of Götheism ; and none but a bold and dauntless leader could change the presumptive name of rebel into that of hero and of patriot.

Not to go too far into a vague and loose declamation, the charges brought against Göthe by Menzel and his friends may be reduced to the following:—

1. That he was no politician.
2. That he was no patriot.
3. That he was selfish and egotistical.
4. That he had no enthusiasm.
5. That he had no religion.
6. That he had no morality.
7. That he affected an air of state and majesty, and thought himself entitled to the veneration of the whole world.

The charges in this indictment are clearly and distinctly stated, and we shall endeavour to answer them with as great brevity as possible, pleading either guilty or not guilty, with or without such modifications as shall appear necessary or advisable.

Article 1. Admitted. "Göthe wanted to *observe*, his age wanted to *act*."—FALK. . . Every man cannot be a politician, even though a Universal Suffrage Bill should attempt to make him so by force. At the same time, we cannot help observing, that that lack of interest in things political, which Göthe himself again and again admits, squares but ill with the "universality and manysidedness" of which we have of late heard so much. Göthe himself allows (in his *Morphologie*), "*Wir sind an's Leben, nicht an die Betrachtung angewiesen*,"—Man is an active, not a contemplative, being;" and yet his own life is a continual practical denial of his own maxim. A man of action must take an interest in politics. Göthe was no man of action, therefore he was no politician. What dreaming, passive, substanceless, creatures are his heroes! What is Werther? a die-away. What is Faust? a dreamer, and one who cannot even dream himself, but lets the Devil dream for him. What is Meister? a milksop, a nincompoop, the football of circumstance.

Article 2. Admitted as a corollary from article one; but under the qualification, *Non omnia possumus omnes*. Horace was a great poet, but a bad soldier. Cicero was a great orator, but a bad poet. Bacon was a great philosopher, but he could not withstand a bribe. It was not in Göthe's nature to be fired with the enthusiasm of a Körner or an Arndt, because he had no eye for things political. Whether Homer was as valiant in the fight as that Achilles whose valour he celebrates, we cannot tell; but we know that to do great deeds is one faculty, and to sing of great deeds is another faculty. It would be absurd to demand of an artist to *be* all that which it is his vocation only to *describe*.

Article 3. Denied *in toto*. A kindlier man than Göthe, except perhaps Jean Paul, never existed. Of this the manner in which he has spoken of Herder, Voss, and Schiller—men in many respects the antipodes of himself—is a sufficient proof. Göthe loved nature and loved art, with a fondness and a constancy never equalled. And the man who does so cannot be selfish, cannot be egotistical.

Article 4. Denied—Göthe had an enthusiasm, but a calm and clear, not a noisy and troubled enthusiasm. His enthusiasm, however, was not, like that of many men of the present age, vented entirely in chasing political, theological, and pedagogical bubbles. He had an enthusiasm for the beautiful in nature, and for the

beautiful in art, as imitative thereof. With the grand, the sublime, the powerful, the terrible, he had no sympathy—his strength is the strength of rest, and his sublime is the sublime of composure. There is no objection that is brought against Göthe, under this head, that cannot at the same time be brought against Wordsworth, Coleridge, and a host of other most elect sons of the Muse. Nay, this lack of enthusiasm may, with equal force, be urged against the whole art and ideal of the Greeks. The Jupiter Capitolinus shakes his ambrosian locks in quiet dignity, and the Apollo aims his certain shaft without perturbation. It is only in the low regions of earth that the storms rage and the winds contend; above, all is serene, all is divine.

Article 5. This article is denied, when stated in the unqualified terms in which it appears in the indictment. It is admitted, however, that religion was not the element in which Göthe's muse delighted to dwell.

Here, again, the trumpeters of the "manysided master-mind of Germany" find themselves at a discount. We never could discover that strong development of the bump of veneration on Göthe's cranium, of which Carlyle and some of our German *illuminati* so mysteriously discourse. Franz Horn, who sets out with that intolerant rule of criticism, that none but a true Christian can be a true poet, has great difficulty in discovering where Göthe's Christianity lies. At the same time, as the "*dear dear man*" whom he reveres as the first of poets after Shakspeare, must be brought within the orthodox fold by some contrivance or other, he sees the secret sun of Göthe's Christian piety glowing in that beautiful little Indian legend—"The God and the Bayadere." The critic of Shakspeare is right, if, from this poem he draws the conclusion that Göthe had one of those chords in his heart which might, if properly touched, have learned to vibrate to the music of the Christian scheme. But if he attempts to go further, and thinks to tie down this poetical Proteus to the definite and exact shape of the Gospel of Christ, he will find himself egregiously deceived. The smiling angel will straightway metamorphose itself into a lascivious faun, and the woman, so beautiful above, prove a filthy sea-monster below.

Article 6. This article is in one sense true, and in another sense false. Göthe was not a moralist, but he was not therefore an immoral man. None of his works are written with a view of inculcating any moral precept, but they do not, therefore, inculcate immorality. To him, the good (*τὸ ἀγαθόν*) appeared only under the avatar of the beautiful (*τὸ καλόν*), and that which is right appeared only under the phasis of the natural. The words *duty*, and *ought*, were not in his dictionary, but for these

he substituted *beauty* and *is*. He could not oppose *man to nature*, as Schiller, Tiedge, and the Kantian poets did—"vivere convenienter naturæ" was his watch-word, and he conceived that all the distortions, excesses, and inequities, with which the moral world was defaced, arose from not observing and imitating Nature. At the same time, it cannot be denied that there is a sort of tendency to Epicureanism in some of his works, against which the youth of Germany and of Europe ought to be warned. It is absurd and ridiculous to torture the mind into moral systems, as Hindoo yogees do their bodies into devotional distortions—but it is irrational and unmanly to be sensual.

Article 7. To this article it is shortly answered, that Göthe would have been more than a man, had he remained altogether unaffected by the profound homage that was paid to his genius, not only by Germany but by universal Europe. We remark further, that Göthe was, in all his doings, animated by a love of order, which sometimes bordered very closely upon formality.

With these few remarks we must leave Göthe. That Menzel underrates him we hold to be quite certain; that Carlyle overrates him is equally certain; but what the true measure of his stature is may long remain a problem. We may, perhaps, have acted injudiciously in putting the question into a systematic shape, and arguing the point *pro* and *con*, in our own person; but it appeared to us the most brief and comprehensive, as well as the most impartial, mode of stating the substance of Menzel's philippic. To have calmly translated the whole oration, without one word of explanation or reply, would have gone beyond the compass of our endurance, if not contrary to our most conscientious principles. We shall, however, make amends by allowing Menzel to plead the cause of Schiller in his own words, and we know that many a warm heart will glow, and many a bright eye beam with sympathy, as the eulogy of that purest of poets flows in ready translation from our pen.

"The greatest of the poetical idealists was Schiller. He brought back the abstract ideal to the fullness of nature, as Göthe also did—but he did further, what Göthe did not do—he elevated nature up to the ideal. His heroes were, in romantic poetry, what the gods of the Greek sculpture were to the Greeks—divine men, human gods.

"Schiller has concentrated his whole poetical energies in the representation of man, and that not vulgar man, but the ideal of all grandeur and beauty of soul, the highest and most mysterious of all wonders. The external world served him only as a foil to set off, a comparison to illustrate, man. To the blind powers of nature he opposes the moral energy of man, that he may thus exhibit human nature in its highest nobility, or wrestling in triumphant strength, as in 'The Diver,' and in the 'Surety;' or, again, he introduces human sympathies with

nature, and gives a moral significancy to her blind powers, as in 'The Lament of Ceres,' 'Hero and Leander,' the 'Cranes of Ibis,' the 'Bell,' &c. Even in his historical works, it is not his aim to set forth the epic progress of the whole, subject as that is to the necessary laws of nature; he delights in painting character, and bringing out in *alto relievo* the powerful heroes of the drama, who oppose human freedom to changeless necessity.

"The soul of all Schiller's creations is his ideal characters. He paints nothing but man, and man in his highest moral beauty and sublimity. He seems to have thought it impossible to give the name of poetry to that, which, while it imitated, did not, at the same time, idealize humanity. We do not, indeed, go so far as to assert that mere moral dignity can ever constitute true poetry. On the contrary, our earlier poets, who were all great moralists, were at the same time the greatest sinners against true poetry; and it is as difficult a thing to paint as to possess a noble soul, though nothing is more easy than the assumption of both. When ideals of moral beauty are to be represented in poetry, it is indispensable that the nature of the characters be not made to suffer under their morality. It is as erroneous to defend bad poetry by the allegation of good morality, as it is to make good poetry a veil of grace thrown over the deformities of bad morality. Most of our moral poets, however, are like the vulgar painters of the images of saints; they claim veneration for the vilest daubing, merely because the daub represents, or is intended to represent, a saint. Few of them are like Raphael, whose saints are real saints, and whose art is as holy as the subject of it. Among these few, Schiller is a chief. Even in his youthful productions, which are so often and so severely criticized as unnatural, this inward truth to nature is triumphant over all extravagance—which extravagance accordingly disappears altogether in his later works. We have some great poets, who have painted beauties, but not moral beauties; and these poets, perhaps, possessed the tact of the artist in greater perfection than Schiller, but we have no poet who so well knew how to unite poetry and virtue into one beautiful whole. We have no representation of virtue which is more poetical, no poetry which is more virtuous.

"In Schiller's ideals we find no dead mechanical law, no theory, no dry system of morality, but a living organic nature, an active life of acting men. This idealized nature is the creation of true genius, and of that alone. It is the vocation of genius to develop from its own internal depth the noblest humanity. It is genius alone that brings to full glowing bloom what in the minds of common men slumbers deep beneath the earthly covering of the soul. The true poet re-creates, as it were, the world to us by the new light which his genius sheds over it, by the new view which he enables us to take of it, by bringing that which is old to a higher development, awaking the sleeping germ to life, unfolding to us inclinations, capacities, virtues, talents, which we knew not of before—enriching, ennobling, and elevating us—in one word, by spreading the magic light of god-given thoughts upon all nature, internal and external, in us and about us, and thus raising us, and

the world along with us, to a purer and a nobler existence. A poetic nature creates by necessity its own poetical world, and the only wonder is that these poetical worlds are at once so manifold and so peculiar. Greater than the world itself are the worlds that genius creates in it. Nature, which is but one, blows out into a thousand natures, and each metamorphosis is richer, more wonderful, and more lovely, than that which went before. This regeneration is the work of genius. Every great genius is a rare species of flower, of which only one single plant exists, peculiar in its habit, in its colour, in its fragrance. The inner, spiritual and vital power of such a plant is a mystery—self-created, to be perfectly comprehended by none. Who has ever accounted for the colour and the fragrance of flowers, or been able to give a reason why it is so in one and so in another? Who has ever explained the mystery that draws us on to admire a picture of Raphael's, and who the spiritual atmosphere, the paradisaic charm, that dwells in the characters of Schiller? Here no mere definition of the understanding can avail: comparison alone may help us more closely to define the inexplicable feeling.

“Raphael's name has forced itself upon me, and it is an undeniable conclusion that, as Raphael's pictures are remarkable for the most perfect *natural* beauty, so are Schiller's poetical creations for the most perfect *moral* beauty. Moral beauty has its origin and its waxing in the history of man, and action and conflict are the conditions of its existence; the beauty of nature and of sense is, like nature itself, calm, great, unchangeable.

“According to this distinction, the ideal characters of Schiller must manifest themselves in conflict, those of Raphael in calm and sublime repose. Michael, the warlike angel, was a fit symbol of Schiller's genius; Raphael was most fitly characterized by the mild angel whose name he bore. But the same original, inexplicable charm, the same heavenly magic, the same reflex of a higher world, that lie in the countenances of Raphael, lie also in the characters of Schiller. No painter has painted the human countenance, no poet has exhibited the human soul, in equal grace and majesty of beauty. And as Raphael's genius is always like to itself, and the same mild, peace-bringing angel, in many-named apparition, still meets our eyes in the same divine beatitude and glory; so is Schiller's genius always like to itself, and we see the same warlike angel in Karl Moor, in Amelia, Ferdinand, Louisa, Marquis Posa, Max Piccolomini, Thecla, Mary Stuart, Mortimer, Joanna, and William Tell. The one rests in the consciousness of a peace that nothing can destroy, of a glory not borrowed from another; the other turns its beautiful, angelic countenance, threatening, and yet sad, against the monsters of the deep.

“The first mystery in Schiller's characters is that ANGELIC PURITY, which is ever found in the noblest natures. This nobility of innocence re-appears in all the creations of Schiller, under the same features of a pure youthful angel. In sun-belt glorification, as pure childhood, unarmed and yet invulnerable, it appears in Fridolin—like that king's

child in the ancient fairy tale, who played with lions in the forest and yet was scathless.

"When the blessed creatures of Schiller's fancy become conscious of their own bliss, then the Nemesis of the heavenly powers is aroused against them. This is the circumstance that confers an additional charm on his 'Hero and Leander.' Adorned with the helmet of war, and with the fire of noble passion reddening upon its blooming cheek, the youthful innocence of his heroes marches dauntless against the darkest powers of Hell. In 'The Diver' and in 'The Surety,' in Charles Moor, in Amelia, and in Max Piccolomini, this interesting spectacle is presented. Over these moving figures floats a magic of poesy that has never been equalled. It is the tone of a heavenly flute amid wild discordant music, the blue of ether amid a storm, a Paradise on the edge of a crater.

"This purity and innocence is equally compatible with the male as with the female characters. The Virgin of Orleans is then most a Virgin when she stands forth as the consecrated amazon of God. It is the deep mystery of the Christian religion and of Christian poetry, that the salvation of the world goes forth from a woman, the highest power from the purest innocence. Joanna of Arc is the most perfect impersonation of that angel who bears the helm and waves the banner of heaven. So in Schiller's male characters. Among these, three heroes stand in holy pre-eminence; Max Piccolomini, the warrior-youth, pure and uncorrupted amid all the vices of his general's tent, and of his father's home; Marquis Posa, whose soul, though decked out with all the intellectual culture that this world can afford, is yet a pure temple of innocence; and lastly, that stalworth son of the mountain, William Tell, a finished companion, in its way, to the Virgin of Orleans.

"A second mystery of beauty in Schiller's ideal characters is their DIGNITY, their NOBILITY. His heroes and heroines never belie that pride and that lofty bearing which are the indication of a higher nature; and all their expressions bear the stamp of magnanimity and innate nobility. Every thing low is their antipodes. Powerful, free, independent, original, following only the impulse of a noble nature, Schiller's heroes tear in pieces the webs in which common men drag along their prosaic existence. It is none of the least remarkable characteristics of Schiller's poetry, that the stamp of genius which they bear, the imposing attitude which they assume, is the very same that in actual life is wont to distinguish the noble mind from the mean. The stamp of Jove is impressed upon the brow of all his heroes. In his first poems indeed this free, bold demeanour appears in a somewhat uncouth and uncivilized exterior; and, in the elegant Weimar, the poet himself was seduced to attempt to civilize his Robbers a little from their original fierceness. But what man that has eyes can fail to perceive the diamond heart of a noble nature, even through the rough crust of a Karl Moor and a Fiesco? This power of moral beauty is only made so much the stronger by the contrast.

"The third and highest secret of the beauty of Schiller's characters is the FIRE OF NOBLE PASSION. This is the fire that animates every noble heart: it is the altar-flame which ascends heavenward,—the vestal

flame fed by consecrated hands in the temple of God,—the Promethean spark brought down from heaven,—the Pentecost fire of enthusiasm, in which the souls of men are baptized: it is the phoenix fire, in which our race renews its youth eternally. Without the glow of noble passion there can be nothing great either in life or in poetry. Every man of genius bears within him this holy fire, and all the creations of genius are penetrated by it. Schiller's poetry is as strong and fiery wines. All his words are flames of the noblest feeling. Those ideals whom he has created are the genuine children of his own glowing heart, parted beams of his own fire. The honour of at once the purest and the strongest passion belongs undoubtedly to Schiller before all other poets. None with such a pure heart ever possessed so much fire; none with so much fire ever retained such purity. Thus we see the diamond, which is the purest of earthly substances, when it is inflamed, burn with a glow and a splendour in comparison of which all other fire is weak and cloudy.

"Does there exist—can we conceive, a more chaste, a more holy love, than that which Schiller has breathed into the souls of his lovers? And where again do we find a love so fiery and so powerful, invincible before a world of foes, at once stirring up the highest strength of soul, and patiently enduring the most unheard-of sacrifices? From its softest charm, from the first meeting of the eyes, from the first gentle beat of the heart, to the storm of feeling that shakes the whole being, to the awe-striking deed of virgin valour, to the sublime sacrifice of two loving souls—love here unfolds the unmeasured riches of its beauty, like a sacred music, that from the tenderest tone rises to the fullest storm of sound, but always in the purest accords.

"The glow of an enthusiastic heart in Schiller communicates its influences to all that is dear to humanity; and here his genius arms itself with the flaming sword of heaven: here begins the contest of that warlike angel with the spirits of the abyss.

"Schiller's pure soul could suffer no unrighteousness: and he steps forth, panoplied, into the lists where RIGHT is the watchword of the battle. Like an inspired prophet, he proclaims the holy love of that blessing which dwells in right, and of that curse which follows unavoidably on all injustice. And never does the glow of his feeling, or the glitter of his ornate speeches, throw a dazzling indistinctness over the truth of his piercing judgment: they only bring it forward in more striking and brilliant relief.

"FREEDOM, which is inseparable from Right, was the dearest jewel of his heart. But that lawless freedom which proceeds from, as it ends in, injustice, belongs to the order of the demoniac powers, against which he wages an unmitigated war.

"We possess no poet who has exhibited Right and Liberty with such fiery enthusiasm and with such lovely adornment of poesy; and none who has at the same time known so well how to temper his enthusiasm with moderation, and march onward in the triumphal path of truth and integrity.

"His genius belongs to mankind. Never were the rights of man

advocated from a higher point of view than by his Marquis Posa. For the rights of the people, his Virgin of Orleans enters the lists: the rights of individuals are maintained by Tell. And not only in these instances, but in all his other heroes, we find Right and Liberty in combat with tyranny and arbitrary will; and Schiller is manifestly as much the poet of Liberty as he is of Love."

With this splendid eulogy of Schiller, we hope that we have done justice both to Menzel and to German literature. The bard of Wallenstein is evidently the *magnus Apollo* of our author; and his unqualified veneration of Schiller will, no doubt, seem to many over-critical minds as uncalled-for as his unqualified reprobation of Göthe. As to the latter, we have already spoken our sentiments; but we pity the narrow self-containedness of that man's mind who measures, by degrees of the understanding, the admiration due to such a genius as that of Schiller. We pity the icy coldness of that man's heart who can apply the thermometer of a calculating criticism to measure the glow of poetical enthusiasm.

On that mysterious question, the character of Göthe, our minds, we confess honestly, are not yet entirely made up. But on the merits of Menzel, as a literary and philosophical writer, and that of a high order, we think there can be but one opinion. We deem, too, that we have, on the present occasion, spoken a word in season, by making audible to English ears the Anti-Göthian philippics of Wolfgang Menzel. Certain it is that to the *Kotzebue-mania*, so prevalent at the end of the last century, a *Göthe-mania* has, after an interval of forty years, succeeded; the German epidemic has appeared under a new form; and though the calf that we now worship may be a *golden*, whereas the object of our former veneration was merely a *gilded*, calf,—still, if there is any truth in Menzel's views, we are worshipping an idol, and the sooner the mystical nimbus is removed from the brow of this pseudo-divinity the better. We are not, however, apprehensive that the fame of Göthe is based upon a foundation that can be shaken even by the strong arm of such a man as Menzel. We only protest against the unlimited idolatry paid to a foreign genius, whom even his most ardent admirers confess to be in many views not altogether intelligible. We fear that the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* applies here, and that there is a great deal of childish mystification and sheer fudge written and spoken about Johann Wolfgang von Göthe. However this be, the study of Menzel's writings can do no harm to our German students: if he is a hollow pretender, he will soon be exposed; if he speaks truth, he ought to be listened to. We advise the translation of some of his works, as an edifying *passer le temps*

for some of our young scholars. The "History of the Germans" were well worthy of such an honour; and surely the translator of such a work, though he might attempt less, would achieve more, than many of the monomaniacs of the age, who work as if they thought it necessary for their salvation to translate Göthe's Faust. It is time that this travestie and caricature manufactory of English Fausts should be put down as a public nuisance. We may touch upon this subject some other day: in the mean time—

"Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere notum."

ART. II.—*Friedrich-Wilhelm I. König von Preussen.* Von Dr. Friederich Förster. (*Frederick William I. King of Prussia.* By Dr. Frederick Förster.) 3 vols. 8vo. Berlin. 1835.

THE work before us will be found to fill up a chasm in the history of Prussia, which, though an object of intense curiosity and interest, in consequence of the decisive part which that kingdom has acted in the affairs of Europe, especially since the accession of its greatest sovereign, still requires to be cleared up in many important points. The intimate connection formed by repeated intermarriages between the reigning families of Prussia, Hanover, and Brunswick, and the close political alliance of Prussia and Great Britain, should render the history of the rise and progress of the Prussian power, the bulwark of the Protestant religion on the European continent, peculiarly attractive to Englishmen. But we have hitherto fixed our eyes almost exclusively on Frederick II.; yet, as it has been already shown in the review of his life by Preuss, in No. XXVIII. of this journal, even his character has been neither duly appreciated, nor, indeed, fully understood. With regard to his father, Frederick William I., we have learned (chiefly from the memoirs of his daughter the Margravine of Baireuth) many particulars of his character, his predilection for tall soldiers, his violent passions, his harsh treatment of the heir to his throne; and, on the other hand, we have heard something, but not so much, of his political sagacity, his stedfast adherence to engagements once contracted, and the general success of his enterprises. There existed not, however, even in Germany, any satisfactory account of his reign. Dr. Förster therefore judged well when he undertook the task of composing this work. Mr. Fr. Horn had already done justice to the great elector, Frederick William, who succeeded to the

government in 1640, at the age of twenty, and to his son Frederick III. The bulky work of Preuss has not indeed given us such a history of the greatest sovereign of modern times as a more judicious use of his copious materials might, we think, have enabled him to produce. Dr. Förster's work throws great light on many important parts of Prussian history, and even on that of Frederick II. himself; the author having been so fortunate as to obtain a vast mass of original documents, particularly relative to the intrigues of the imperial cabinet at the Prussian court.

It is a favourable circumstance for the historians of our days that the jealousy which formerly denied them access to original documents, which alone can enable them to give a just and impartial view of their subject, has greatly subsided, and that princes and public bodies now allow the inspection, and even the publication of private and state papers, which were never before permitted to see the light. Writers themselves too have become more sensible of the necessity of recurring to original and contemporary authorities, and have been more diligent in searching after and exploring private collections, the existence of which had been either unknown or unnoticed. Dr. Förster has been peculiarly fortunate in this respect. All the Prussian ministers, the magistrates of Berlin, the governors of the provinces, gave him all possible assistance and encouragement, and he received valuable contributions from many private collections and family archives. The most important documents, however, were obtained, not in Prussia, but in Saxony, at Meusselwitz near Altenburg, the seat of Baron von Seckendorf, where there is a prodigious collection of diplomatic papers, official reports, and letters relative to the mission of Count Seckendorf, who acted so distinguished a part at the court of Frederick William I. as ambassador from the court of Vienna. Among these papers are, the first authentic copy of the treaty of Wusterhausen (1726), of the secret treaty of Berlin (1728), and the correspondence respecting them, between Count Seckendorf, the Emperor, Count Zinzendorf, and Prince Eugene; a great number of papers of Count Seckendorf's relative to Frederick the Great, as crown prince; and the correspondence of the latter with General Grumbkow, which Preuss regrets that he could not find, but which Dr. Förster has discovered in the Seckendorf collection.

Dr. Förster has thought fit to divide his work into two distinct parts. The first volume contains every thing relative to the king personally, his character, mode of life, household arrangements, &c. The second volume presents us with the political history of the period, from the peace of Utrecht to the king's death. It

was intended to comprise the whole in two volumes, the documents being placed at the end of each; but the importance of the papers discovered in the archives of Count Seckendorf has caused a third volume to be added. We shall, for the sake of convenience, follow the author in the course he has adopted, and begin with the king's private character and habits.

Frederick William I. was the son of Frederick III. Elector of Brandenburg, who in 1701 assumed the royal dignity, with the title of Frederick I. king of Prussia. His mother was the celebrated and accomplished Sophia Charlotte, princess of Brunswick and Hanover. His father's court was one of the most splendid in Europe, the king endeavouring in every particular to imitate the court of Louis XIV. His early education was confided to Madame de Montbel, a French Protestant lady of great merit; but when he was about five years of age he was found too intractable for Madame de Montbel, and was sent to Hanover, to be brought up with the Electoral Prince, afterwards George II. king of England. The young princes, however, agreed so ill, that Frederick William was brought back to Berlin in the same year and afterwards placed under the care of Count Dohna, a man of austere manners, inflexible probity and honour, but who, having been from his youth devoted to a military life, had contracted a haughty and imperious manner, which excited the enmity of the courtiers. He was also proud of his high birth, and despised all persons of meaner origin. Having studied the character of the Electress, to whom he was entirely devoted, he was, like her, always opposed to the favourites, and ready to blame not only them but even the Elector himself, chiefly for his love of pomp and prodigality. He, undoubtedly, endeavoured early to impress on the mind of his pupil an aversion to vain show and useless expenditure; which was not difficult: for Frederick-William, even when a child, manifested no taste for the too great splendour which surrounded him. Count Dohna, on undertaking his charge, received detailed, and, on the whole, judicious instructions respecting the manner in which the education of the young prince was to be conducted.

"In his twelfth year he accompanied his mother and grandmother to Holland; and while the princesses remained at Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle, he was sent to his uncle William III. king of England, who took such a fancy to him, that he conceived the plan of getting him nominated his successor both to the throne of England and the Stadtholdership of Holland. On returning to London, the king took his nephew to Helvoetsluys, and the captain of the yacht unexpectedly coming for his majesty while at table, he took his nephew by the hand and went on board. Count Dohna, who happened to be absent at the moment, was

dreadfully alarmed on missing his pupil, and immediately followed the yacht. Going on board, he addressed the king, saying, with much agitation, 'Would your majesty wish me to lose my head, that you take away the prince, for whom I must answer with my life?' The king, offended that the Count had not rather asked leave to accompany him, said, laconically, 'If you can do better for him than I can, take him.'—Count Dohna accordingly took the prince back, and brought him to the Electress, his mother."

This anecdote appears to rest entirely on the authority of Morgenstern.

The prince accompanied his father to Königsberg, where he was crowned on the 18th of January, 1701, as Frederick I. king of Prussia. He was the first who received from the king the order of the Black Eagle, and who did homage to his father in the hall of the coronation. In all the splendid festivities on this occasion he had the precedence: yet, though only twelve years of age, he appears to have taken but little pleasure in all this profusion, in which the court aimed to rival in splendour that of France. In fact, he showed from his early youth such an inclination to frugality, that the queen was fearful it might degenerate into avarice. There is, however, a book of accounts kept by the prince of the manner in which he disposed of his pocket-money, which does not justify the apprehensions of the queen. He has headed it—"*Rechnung über meine Ducaten* (Account of my Ducats)." Every expense, however trifling, is duly entered; and it appears that his ducats were very frequently expended in the relief of the poor, and in presents to his friends; but they were chiefly laid out in disbursements for a company of cadets, which the king had formed for his practice in military exercises, and to excite in him an inclination for warlike pursuits.

Another circumstance which excited still more the apprehensions of the queen was, his violent and passionate temper; but yet proper measures were not adopted for correcting it, if we may believe Morgenstern, who affirms that Frederick-William, when speaking of his mother, used to relate various instances of his own violent conduct, when, instead of the chastisement which he merited, he received only a slight reprimand.

"The queen, finding that she could not subdue the stubborn temper of the crown-prince by persuasion or correction, thought of exciting in his heart an inclination for the fair sex; and in a letter to Baroness Pöllnitz she gives her the rather ticklish commission to tell Count Dohna 'qu'il ne s'oppose pas aux galanteries du prince-royal; l'amour polit l'esprit et amollit les mœurs. Mais qu'il dirige son gout, qu'il ne porte sur rien de bas.' His first serious attachment seems to have been to Caroline Wilhelmina Charlotte, Margravine of Anspach, who, however, gave

the preference to George Augustus, afterwards king of England, which was perhaps the origin of the hatred that he bore through life to a rival equally dangerous in politics and love.

"In 1704, the king, yielding to the wishes of the queen, consented that the crown-prince should go to Holland, and thence to England. But, much as the queen had wished for this journey, she took leave of her son with a heavy heart; as if she had a presentiment that she should see him no more. In fact, just as he was ready to embark for England with the Duke of Marlborough, he received the melancholy intelligence that the queen had expired, on the 1st of February 1704, at Hanover, whither she had gone to visit her family. He immediately returned to Berlin, where the king was engaged in preparations for the funeral, which was celebrated with all the prodigal magnificence which his majesty was so fond of. This mournful ceremony was soon to be succeeded by one of a different kind. The king had resolved to marry the crown-prince, who was eighteen years of age, and had chosen for him Sophia-Dorothea, electoral princess of Hanover, daughter of George-Lewis, elector of Hanover, afterwards George I. of England. She is described as a princess of great beauty, virtue, and accomplishments, and was a year older than the prince. The king's proposal for the marriage having been accepted by the elector, his majesty and the prince went to Hanover, where the ceremony of the betrothal took place on the 17th of June, and the prince and princess signed the marriage contract. The king left Hanover to go to the Hague, to settle the difference respecting the succession to the property of the House of Orange; while the crown-prince joined the army under the Duke of Marlborough, who had just gained the victory of Ramilies, and was then besieging Brussels. The crown-prince was present during the siege, as well as at the siege and capture of Menin, and gained credit with the duke, as well as with the army, by his intrepid courage. At the close of the campaign, the prince returned to Berlin. Count von Finkenstern was sent to Hanover to fetch the bride, who was received in the Prussian territory with extraordinary pomp. The marriage took place at Berlin, November 28th, 1705."

Among the foreigners who visited Berlin during the marriage festivities was a Neapolitan count, who styled himself Dominico Caetano, Conde de Ruggiero.

"This man soon attracted general attention by the splendour of his equipages and the magnificent style in which he lived. Curiosity was excited to learn some particulars respecting the possessions of this opulent count, and it was soon rumoured that the source of his wealth was the art of making gold. At a time when the treasury was exhausted by the boundless and improvident profusion of the court, nothing could be more welcome than such an artist; and he was accordingly invited to court, where he was treated with great attention. After a time, he began to drop hints of his secret; and, on being urged to explain himself, at length consented to give a proof of his skill.

"The crown-prince had from the very outset declared against re-

ceiving the Italian at court, and was warmly reprimanded by the king for expressing his want of confidence in the probity of Caetano. The king therefore desired him to be present at the experiment, and to provide every thing that might be necessary for the occasion. He accordingly had every thing arranged, and procured from the master of the mint an ingot of copper a foot long and an inch thick, with a stamp on it that it might not be changed. The day having arrived, the king, the crown-prince, the treasurer, the master of the mint, and several persons of distinction, were assembled; the count came: with an air of mystery, he took from a gold box some of his *miraculous* powder, threw it into the crucible, and addressing the crown-prince requested him to stir the fire, and at last to put into the crucible the bar of copper, after he had covered the half of it with potter's clay. He took it out red hot, cooled it in a pail of water that was at hand, and, wonderful to relate, half of the ingot was converted into brilliant gold! The master of the mint assayed it, and affirmed that it was pure ducat gold. The king, delighted at this successful experiment, was going to advance a considerable sum to the artist, but the crown-prince was still incredulous, and he would not consent to allow the count anything but a dozen of French wine, and to be provided for at the royal expense for twelve days. The cunning Italian was not satisfied with this, and secretly left Berlin; but the king, who placed the greatest confidence in his skill, sent his chamberlain, Marshal von Biberstein, in quest of him; who, having found him, persuaded him to return to Berlin, where the king loaded him with favours, and granted every thing he asked, to enable him to make his experiments on a grand scale: but the time which he demanded having expired, without any appearance of the promised gold, he fled to Stettin. He was again brought back; but, after amusing the king for a time with vain promises, he again escaped, and fled to Hamburgh, where the king caused him to be apprehended, but not without some difficulty, because the burgomaster and senate protected him. Hoping still to derive some advantage from him, the king had him conveyed to Cüstrin, where he was treated like a state prisoner. He contrived, however, so to insinuate himself again into the king's favour, that he was allowed to return to Berlin. A large building was assigned to him that he might carry on his operations on an extensive scale; and considerable sums of money were advanced to him. But a strict guard was set over him, and he only obtained permission occasionally to go out of the city for the sake of the air. He at length contrived to escape with the gold which he had made out of the king's silver, but was arrested at Francfort-on-the-Maine, at the instance of the Prussian Counsellor von Plotow, and conveyed under a strong escort to Cüstrin, where he was tried as an impostor, condemned to death, and hanged on the 23d of August, 1709."

We should not have related this tragical history so particularly, but that it throws great light on the character of Frederick-William, and marks the close of the age of superstition, and the dawn of a more enlightened era. Frederick I. confides in mys-

terious arts, but his son has no faith in them; nor is he disposed to owe good fortune and wealth to magic. He knew that that fortune is the most gratifying and durable which is gained by the exertions of our own energies. He too, undoubtedly, wished for gain and the increase of wealth; but he employed the plough-share to dig for treasure, and his cane was the conjuror's wand that showed him the hidden gold:—

“ Saure Wochen, heitre Feste,
Tages Arbeit, Abends Gäste,”

was his powerful spell.

In November, in the following year, (1707,) the crown-princess was delivered of a son, to the great joy of the king, which was however of but short duration, as the young prince died in the May following. The king's health rendering it advisable for him to go to Carlsbad, he left the affairs of government, during his absence, to the crown-prince, who thereby gained considerable insight into the real state of the kingdom, and became acquainted with so many abuses, that many who had hitherto enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the king, fearing the increasing influence of the crown-prince, persuaded his majesty to marry again, and he was accordingly united to the Princess Sophia Louisa of Mecklenburg. This marriage did not prove so happy as might have been wished, and to the domestic cares of the royal family was added the general distress of the country, which was visited by a contagious disease that induced the necessity of very rigorous precautions.

A visit, in July, from the kings of Denmark and Poland, who concluded a defensive alliance with Frederick against Charles XII. of Sweden, interrupted the dull uniformity which had latterly prevailed at court; and, the crown-princess having given birth to a daughter, these two sovereigns were invited to stand sponsors. The crown-prince was not present at the festivities on this occasion, having gone in April to the army in Flanders, where he was constantly with the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and conducted himself so well on many occasions, especially in the sanguinary battle of Malplaquet, where the Prussian troops had a great share in the victory, that he was most highly commended by both these great commanders. In April, 1710, Prince Eugene visited Berlin, where he was received with great honour.

The negotiations respecting the succession to the property of the House of Orange, on which Frederick had a claim, after the death of William III., and which the States General would not acknowledge, induced the king to undertake a journey to the

Hague, in which the crown-prince accompanied him. They arrived there in June, 1711, and, on the melancholy death of the hereditary Prince Stadtholder, he concluded a convention with the States General, by which certain estates and revenues were secured to him, to the great satisfaction of the crown-prince, who had a strong predilection for the Netherlands, where the plain sincere manners of the people, the air of prosperity and cleanliness, and even the free constitution, much pleased him.

On his return, the king, in spite of his neutrality, found the Pomeranian frontier menaced on many sides, the Russians, Danes, and Poles, having threatened to invade Swedish Pomerania. This matter was amicably arranged. Towards the end of the year 1711, some ill-disposed persons having disturbed the good understanding between the king and the crown-prince, Count Dohna undertook to effect a reconciliation, in which he happily succeeded. The count gives in his memoir an interesting account of this affair. "The crown-prince," he says, "who tenderly loved his father, was so affected, that he would neither eat nor drink, and was rapidly falling away, and neither persuasions nor entreaties that he would not take the matter so much to heart could avail to console him. Count Dohna took an opportunity of representing to the king the injustice and malice of the enemies of the prince, and easily prevailed with his majesty, who said, 'Would to God that every one would speak to me with the same frankness! but it is the fate of princes to see truth only through the false medium of dissimulation and cabal.'" He sent for his son the same day, and was fully reconciled to him.

The evening of the old king's life was cheered by the birth of a prince, of whom the crown-princess was delivered on the 24th of January, 1712, a day which may be called ever-memorable in the annals of Prussia and of Europe, as the birth-day of Frederick the Great.

In consequence of the continuance of the war in Pomerania, by the Russians and Poles, against the Swedes, the Czar Peter the Great came to Germany and visited Berlin twice in the course of the autumn. The crown-prince was much struck with the character of the czar; his plain mode of living, his aversion to etiquette and ceremony, his predilection for the military, his preference of things of practical utility, were qualities which the prince highly prized, and in all these respects Peter was his model; and, notwithstanding the difference of age, great cordiality seems to have subsisted between them. The old king, whose health had been gradually declining, died with great composure and resignation, on the 25th of February, 1713.

" Frederick-William I. had attained the twenty-fifth year of his age, when he ascended the throne of his ancestors. Endowed with a sound constitution and a vigorous mind, he thought himself entitled to claim something from the world, as he feared no claim that the world made on him. Giving to his efforts an entirely practical direction, he attempted only what he knew how to execute, and, while he confined himself to a definite and restricted sphere of activity, not a day, not an hour, was lost. The most rigid order was in his mind the fundamental principle of the state; and it is therefore necessary to view him in his family circle and court, before we follow him, as a commander, to war, or, as head of the government, to the provinces. Besides, as, in the case of an unlimited sovereign like Frederick-William, it is on the temper and character of the prince that the welfare or the misery of the state depends, since here all centres in the will of one man, which is elsewhere divided among the several authorities, as legislation, administration, &c., the biographer should first endeavour to draw a picture of this distinguished and original character.

" Frederick-William had in his whole appearance and air, something in which every subject could not but recognize his sovereign; his figure was finely proportioned, his carriage upright and military, his step firm, his action suited to the language, the command, or the momentary frame of mind, sometimes calmly imperious, sometimes lively or impassioned, seldom angry. His face, a fine oval, with a high forehead, was full and ruddy, and the serious expression of his countenance was softened by the open friendly look of his blue eyes, which, however, when his passions were excited or his wrath was kindled, flashed with appalling fierceness. Even in calm moments nobody dared to approach the king whose conscience was not clear, for his look was so piercing, that none could bear it but those who were sensible that they had a good cause, and spoke the truth. His complexion was extremely delicate, and though even when a boy he rubbed his face with oil and exposed himself to the sun, in order to become brown, he could not change his fair complexion. Eloquence and a copious flow of language was hardly to be expected of the king in those days; both in speaking and writing he expressed himself with conciseness. In ordinary conversation his voice was rather harsh and low, so that a person who heard him for the first time did not readily understand him."

It is to be observed, however, that, in the above-mentioned instructions given to Count Dohna, the necessity of accustoming the prince to deliver himself with propriety and elegance, is peculiarly dwelt on; eloquence being peculiarly becoming in a prince, who has such frequent occasions to speak in public, in the council, or in reply to addresses made to him, &c.

"The dress of the king corresponded with the simplicity of his domestic arrangements. He wore alternately a civil dress or a uniform till 1719; after which time he always appeared in the uniform of a colonel of the Potsdam grenadier guards,—blue cloth, with red facings and silver lace, buff waistcoat and breeches, white linen gaiters, with

copper buttons, and square-toed shoes. When hunting, and in wet weather, he always wore boots. All his things were made to fit very tight. His cocked hat was bound with a narrow gold lace, and had a gilt button without a loop, and a gold cord with two small tassels. When pursuing the chase at Wusterhausen or Potsdam, his general costume was a green hunting-dress and a *couteau de chasse*. 'The least expensive article of his majesty's wardrobe,' says Faszmann, was the *roquelaure* or great coat, which was made of a very coarse white or blue cloth. Nay, it almost seemed as if his majesty considered it silly and extravagant to wear a fine coat in bad weather.'

"So careful was the king of his best home suit, that, when engaged in his cabinet, he invariably put on a linen apron and half sleeves. He was the declared enemy of new fashions and showy attire. He was much vexed to observe the admiration which the laced hats and enormous bags of the French ambassador, Count von Rothenburg, and his suite, excited at court. In order to prevent the adoption of this fashion by the imitative citizens of Berlin, the king, at a grand review on Whit-Tuesday, 1719, caused all the executioners of the army, who lie under the same stigma as public flayers and executioners, to be dressed in this new French mode, exaggerating the brims of the hats to the dimensions of penthouses, and the bags to enormous sacks of hair. The king further commanded that all persons who should be declared infamous, should for the future have their queue cut off and wear the hair-bags and costume of the army executioners. In order to ridicule the magnificent embroidered dresses and large wigs of his privy-councillors and chamberlains, the king had the court-fools always similarly attired on gala days. The queen and princesses were in the same manner allowed to wear only dresses of the plainest kind: while children, the latter were clothed in home-spun serge, and never permitted to have either silk or cotton dresses. Rouge was positively prohibited. On very grand occasions, however, the king would sometimes wear a rich dress of blue velvet, lined with crimson and trimmed with silver lace. Notwithstanding this great plainness of dress, he carried his ideas of neatness to an almost painful excess. He not only washed himself regularly five times a day, but also whenever he had touched any thing that was clammy, or his hands felt heated. He enforced a spirit of Dutch cleanliness throughout the palace, and for this reason selected Dutchmen for his house-stewards. In order to prevent any accumulation of dust, silk hangings, cushioned chairs, and even carpets, were banished, and none but wooden benches and tables were seen in the royal apartments. (C)

"The queen, the blooming mother of a growing healthy family, was a worthy partner to the king; who observed the most inviolable fidelity to his consort, and in this, as in other respects, declared open war against the prevailing French licentiousness, (which had ruined most of the German courts, especially that of his neighbour, the king of Poland, in Dresden,) by restoring the holiness of domestic life, and replating the penates in their sanctuary, setting in his own person a bright example of morality and virtue. King Augustus having attempted, while he was on a visit at Dresden, to surprise him with a sleeping Venus, he

turned away with indignation, and declared that he would leave Dresden instantly if such scenes should be repeated. In the year 1732, as he was going to meet the Emperor, the king, passing through a village in Silesia, chatted with a lively pretty country-girl. General Grumbkow thought, as master of the household, to do him a pleasure, and offered to make proposals to the girl. But the king gave him a severe reprimand, saying he would never be unfaithful to his Sophy, as he usually called the queen. So eminent an example of inviolable respect for the sanctity of the marriage vow could not fail to have a most salutary influence, at a time of shameless licentiousness; and the manner in which contemporary writers extol it as an extraordinary phenomenon shows to what a low ebb morality had fallen."

We need hardly observe how forcibly the justice of this remark must be felt by Englishmen, who know by long and happy experience the incalculable blessings that are conferred on a nation by a virtuous court.

"The king did not allow the queen to meddle with the affairs of government, except when, during his absence from Berlin, the privy council was referred to her: otherwise he was as jealous of his unlimited authority in his house as in the state, and would not allow petticoat government in the one any more than in the other. In his father's life-time he conformed, as far as possible, to his wishes; but as soon as he was absolute master, there was nothing to prevent him from acting on the conviction that the old system of government must be wholly abandoned, and a new life begun in the house, the court, and the state. He set about this task, at the age of twenty-five, with heroic courage, and prosecuted his object with unremitting zeal. In doing this, he completely formed his character; and if we were to depict this character in one word, we would call him the *Prussian autocrat*: neither before nor after him could there be a second autocrat of this kind. From this focus a thousand rays diverged in all directions, and the royal will was felt in each of them in such a manner as proved the concentrated energy of that will. It was not the law that the people in office and the subjects—from the highest to the lowest, the nearest and the most remote—feared; it was the word, the look, of the king, before which they all trembled; and, however glad we may feel that such a state of things has long since passed away, we must confess that this trembling for fear of the sovereign was the beginning of freedom. We have observed, in another place, that the predominant feature in the character of the people, at the time that Frederick William ascended the throne, was cowardice. He found no insolent knights who declared war against him from their castles; no citizens who refused him the keys of the capital, as had happened to the first princes of the house of Hohenzollern; no upper or lower house demanded an account of the expenditure of the taxes that had been granted; and the honour of defending the country was given up by the vassals, for a reasonable indemnity, to hired mercenaries. It was time that the degenerate enervated race should be aroused by chastisement; and there is much less reason

to accuse Frederick-William of despotism, on that account, than the nation of servility; and if it has since shaken off such degrading sentiments, it is owing to the drastic remedies which he administered. Though he repeatedly acknowledged the republican constitution of the Dutch to be a model for all states, and boasted of himself 'that he was a true republican,' he was very far from allowing any check on his own power as unlimited sovereign; and though he affirmed 'that he was only the *first servant of the state*, who, as God's representative, must give an account of all his actions,' he very often set himself above state and law, and with conscientious despotism disposed of honour, life, liberty, and property. In the consciousness that he had divine authority for so doing, and in the conviction that he was executing justice and that the good of the state required it, he often (painful as it was to his heart, which was not unfeeling,) silenced the voice of humanity and clemency, aggravated the severity of the decision of the judges, and took it on his own conscience to pronounce sentence of death."

Fearful as was this despotism, it was regarded by the people in general as just, because the king invariably acted with the strictest impartiality, and suffered no superiority of rank, no intercession of favourites, to influence him where a crime had been proved; and he did not even spare his own son when he had been found guilty. Besides this, as the rigour of the king was chiefly directed against persons in office who had been unfaithful to their trust—against judges and advocates who had denied justice to the poor—against clerks who had been guilty of embezzlement—against landlords who had wronged their vassals,—he generally had the public voice in his favour. It was only when passion swayed, or the anger of a naturally violent temper was suffered to interfere, that this formidable power excited indignation and alarm.

As an instance of the severity of his justice, we may mention the execution of Mr. von Schlubluth, Councillor of War and Domains at Königsberg. The king had detected some embezzlements in the accounts of his Prussian dominions, particularly in the Lithuanian territory, for which many of the officers were called to account. Among them was Counsellor Schlubluth, who was convicted of having embezzled a large sum of money from the grant allowed for the settlement of the colony of emigrants from Salzburg. The Criminal Court at Berlin, to which the sentence had been referred, condemned him to several years imprisonment in a fortress; for although the sum embezzled was considerable—above ten thousand dollars—yet Schlubluth had given sufficient security to cover the loss. When the sentence was submitted to the king, he did not confirm it, but said that he would decide upon the spot, at his next general review in Prussia. On his arrival at Königsberg, in 1731, the king summoned

Schlubluth into his presence, represented to him his guilt, and declared that he deserved the gallows. Schlubluth, instead of throwing himself upon the king's mercy, answered haughtily, that it was not the fashion to hang a Prussian nobleman, especially as he intended to refund the deficiency. The king replied very shortly, "I will have nothing to do with your roguish money;" and ordered him to be put under strict confinement. During the night, the king had a very high gallows erected in the court-yard of the castle, opposite to the sessions house of the Chamber of War and Domains. The king in this case took upon himself to pronounce sentence on the councillor, whom he condemned to die by the hands of the common hangman. This arbitrary sentence excited the utmost sensation at Königsberg; for though the councillor was acknowledged to be guilty, yet every body was grieved and angry to see the sentence of the first criminal court in the kingdom set aside in this despotic manner. The powerful family of the criminal left no means untried to soften the heart of the king; much was hoped from the next day being Sunday, when the king attended the chapel-royal. The chaplain chose for his text, "Be merciful, and ye shall obtain mercy." This sermon was directed chiefly to the king, who could not conceal his emotion, and shed tears. The following morning, however, he summoned the members of the Chamber of War and Domains to the sessions house, and had their colleague hung before their eyes. The body was delivered up to the family, and the gallows was immediately taken down.

2 "The first act by which Frederick-William manifested the rigorous spirit of his domestic economy, was the diminution of the number of court attendants. The crowd of lords in waiting, chamberlains, and pages, so completely thronged the ante-chamber of the apartment in which his father had just expired, that the king had great difficulty in making his way through them, in order to receive the first homage of his brothers, who, with their children, embraced his knees. After indulging his grief for some time in his private apartment, he sent for the steward of the household, Mr. von Priutzen, desiring that he would bring with him the list of the royal household. The king glanced at the paper—called for a pen, and made a cross over the whole list. He then returned it to the steward, saying that by this act he had cancelled and abolished all the court offices of his father, but that none of the household should quit the palace till after the funeral of the deceased king.

"The king retained in his service only one chamberlain, two pages, two valets, several grooms, two cooks, a steward of the household, and a butler. The establishment of the queen and princesses was in the same manner limited to one lady in waiting and a few maids of honour. He allowed the queen an annual income of 80,000 dollars, with which she had to defray not only her own private expenses, but also the charges of

the court, to provide the table and other linen, as well as clothes and linen for the king and princesses. As an extraordinary item, the king required her to furnish the powder and ball for partridge-shooting, in return for which he granted her the profits of the sale of all the feathered game that was not consumed at the royal table. Every year the king made her majesty a present of a winter dress, and generally, also, some handsome gift on Christmas Day;—for instance, in 1735 he gave her a gold hearth-broom valued at 1600 dollars. The king took much pleasure in joining family parties; he frequently attended christenings and weddings, and sometimes invited himself.

“ When the king had invited himself as a guest, he had at times to pay the reckoning. One of his generals, who was noted for his parsimony, having declined the honour of a royal visit under the plea that he had no establishment of his own, his majesty desired him to order a dinner at the Hotel of the King of Portugal. This of course could not be evaded; the king was invited, but came with twice the number of attendants the general expected. The very best, however, that the cellar or kitchen could afford was produced in the greatest abundance, and the king expressed his entire satisfaction. The general sent for the landlord, and inquired the price per head. ‘ One florin, without the wine.’ ‘ Well, then, here is one florin for myself and another for his majesty; the other gentlemen, whom I did not invite, will pay for themselves.’ ‘ That is clever,’ cried the king, ‘ I thought to take in the general, and he has taken me in’—upon which he paid the whole bill.

“ The king expected every body who spoke to him to look him full in the face, for he thought that he could read in every one’s eyes whether the story he told was true or not. He was therefore very angry when persons who saw him coming endeavoured to avoid him. A poor dancing-master one day tried to escape the usual compliments by scampering as fast as possible into a neighbouring house. The king perceived him, and sent one of his pages to fetch him back; and, in order to be quite sure that he was what he represented himself to be, the king obliged him on the spot to dance a sarabande. A still harder sentence was pronounced on another French dancing-master, who met the king on horseback in the public road, and set off at a gallop without paying any attention to the king’s desire that he should stop. The king despatched a page after him, who at length found him secreted in a hay-loft. When brought before the king, he passed himself off as the travelling agent of a commercial house at Marseilles; but, this story having turned out to be false, the king sentenced him to cart rubbish for one month at the rebuilding of St. Peter’s Church. A Jew boy, who, in order to avoid meeting him in a very narrow street, endeavoured to get away as fast as possible, was overtaken by the king. ‘ Why do you run away?’ said he to him. ‘ Because I am afraid,’ replied the trembling Jew. ‘ You should not be afraid of me, you ought to love me,’ rejoined the king, at the same time letting him feel the weight of his cane.

“ Persons, however, who knew how to return an answer, often made their fortune. The king one day stopped in the street a young student in theology, and finding that he was a native of Berlin, said, ‘ Ah, the

Berlin people are good for nothing!' 'That may be true in the main,' answered the student, 'but I know two natives of Berlin who are exceptions to this rule.' 'And who are they?' asked the king. 'Your majesty and myself,' replied the student. The king desired him to call at the palace the next day, and, having passed a very favourable examination, he was immediately appointed to a vacant living.

"When the king was prevented from riding either by the weather or by attacks of the gout, to which he had been subject since 1729, he generally drove out in an open chaise, attended by two or three officers. When, however, the weather was too unfavourable, or the attacks of the gout too painful, the king used to amuse himself, after dinner with painting—an occupation which he considered as promoting digestion. Though there were several eminent painters belonging to the academy, the king generally employed one Master Hänschen Adelfing, who used to prepare his colours and paint portraits of tall grenadiers, servants and peasants. Hans was paid an annual salary of a hundred dollars, and a florin for every day on which he gave a lesson; but he received more blows than florins: for every touch of the brush in which the king did not succeed, he was sure of feeling the cane. A second assistant, the bombardier Fuhrmann, who understood something of painting, was now and then called in; but when the king wished to paint some portrait particularly well, he sent for the court-painter, Weidemann. As we may imagine, there was nothing extraordinary in any of these performances. A picture-dealer named Schütz, however, offered the king a louis-d'or for every picture. His majesty one day sent for him to ascertain how much he could earn by his profession, and, as it took him five days to paint a portrait, he was satisfied that he should at least be able to support himself by painting, as he calculated that he could live on a dollar a day. Some of the members of the Smoking Club having expressed their doubts as to whether his majesty could maintain himself by his painting, he sent for a well-known picture-dealer, and offered to sell him some of his pictures. As the dealer could not refuse such an offer, he agreed to take them at 100 dollars each; and accordingly displayed them in a conspicuous part of the shop with this notice:—'Painted by His Majesty!' This public exhibition was not agreeable to the king, who returned the money, and begged to have the pictures back. To this the dealer would not consent, saying that it was impossible for him to part with such valuable paintings for the very low cost price; and the king was obliged to allow him a considerable profit. One of his castellans, a Dutchman, in giving his opinion of a hunting-piece which the king had just finished, assured him it was quite in the manner of a famous Dutch painter, Bas Clas, who used, however, to distinguish each figure by a letter, and to write at the bottom—'a is a dog, b a hare—Painted by Bas Clas.' Several of his majesty's pictures have been preserved. Under some, which appear to have been done while suffering from violent attacks of the gout, he has added, in his own hand—'*In tormentis pinxit F. W.*'"

According to the usual order for the business of the day, the king went, in summer at seven o'clock and in winter at five, into

the evening company, which, under the names of the "Tabaks-collegium" and "Tabagie," has become so celebrated, that it deserves a place in the Prussian history. Our author is so diffuse on this subject, that we must content ourselves with a few extracts. Such smoking clubs had been introduced by Frederick I., but court etiquette was most scrupulously observed in them; whereas it was entirely banished from that of Frederick-William. Every evening, when he was well, and not otherwise engaged, he had a party of six or eight persons, mostly generals and staff officers; but captains who were men of information, foreign travellers, and men of learning eminent for their writings, were also invited. The old Prince of Dessau, who did not smoke, was obliged to hold an unlighted pipe in his mouth, and so was Count Seckendorf, the imperial ambassador, who, to conform to the king's regulation, puffed and blew so as to have the appearance of a capital smoker. The tobacco was not of the finest quality, and the king was displeased if any of the company brought better of his own. At seven o'clock, bread, butter and cheese were brought in, and sometimes a ham and roast veal. Now and then the king treated his guests with a dish of fish and a salad, which he dressed with his own royal hands. It is not to be imagined that the time was spent only in smoking; the king was very desirous of having some persons present who were versed in history, geography, politics, &c. French, Dutch, and German journals were on the table, which afforded subjects for discussion, and the king especially desired those articles to be pointed out to him which contained criticisms on his government, or personal attacks on himself, against which he often defended himself with much wit. The Dutch Courant, a paper much read at that time, having stated that "a serjeant of the tall grenadiers had died at Potsdam, on opening whose body there were found two capacious stomachs, but no heart," he desired the editor to be informed that the statement was correct as far as it went, but he should have added that the deceased was a Dutchman. Sometimes the king allowed chess or backgammon, but no cards. On these occasions he used to play a game with General von Flauss, a rough Pomeranian nobleman. The king once observing to him that it was not becoming that they should play for nothing, and that in future he would not play but for a penny a game, the general answered, "I shall take care to leave that alone; your majesty almost throws the dice at my head now that we play for nothing; what would you do if we played for money?"

Among the king's most indispensable companions were those called the court fools, or, by a more proper name, the court literati and merry counsellors. The king, always desirous of acquiring

information, and not to be idle in his hours of recreation, was not satisfied with the society of his old generals, who had had but a confined education; and as his privy councillors were often unable to answer his questions relative to history and statistics, he wished to have a companion who could answer such inquiries, and who, without pedantry and academic pride, would not mind a joke at the expense of his learned colleagues. Such a man was Jacob Paul Gundling, whom Frederick I. had appointed Professor to the Princely and Equestrian Academy, Member of the Heralds' College, and Historiographer. He had accompanied two young noblemen on their travels through France, Holland, and England, and it is evident that much confidence was placed in his historical knowledge from the very terms of his appointment to the Heralds' College. In fact, his historical and geographical works are very numerous, and far from being destitute of merit. The Academy and the Heralds' College having been abolished by Frederick-William on his accession, Gundling was out of employment, and chiefly to be found in the wine and beer-cellars, where he made himself conspicuous as an expounder of the newspapers, so that one tavern-keeper allowed him to drink *gratis*, for the sake of attracting company. Here he was met with by General Grumbkow, who saw at once that he was the very man the king was in search of. He accordingly recommended him, and the king really found him to answer all his purposes. He was ready and able to give the king the information he required when he was in a reasonable humour; at the same time, that his excessive vanity made him a continual subject of ridicule, while he submitted to endure the tricks which were played upon him. Our author relates many of them, which are but little to the credit of any of the parties concerned.

Next to the court etiquette, nothing seemed to the king more ridiculous than an Academy of Sciences of which he heard nothing the whole year through, except that it compiled the almanack; and which, instead of answering the only question he ever put to it—"Why champagne wine sparkled?"—only requested his majesty to send a dozen to try experiments with; which we humbly consider to be a satisfactory proof of the good sense and taste of that learned body. The king, however, to show his sentiments, appointed Gundling President of the Academy of Sciences, with a salary of 200 dollars out of the academy's funds.

The king seldom visited the theatre, which, in truth, was in a wretched state. At the beginning of his reign, he issued several severe prohibitions against players; but he indulged the citizens of Berlin, at their request. The Italian Opera and the Royal Chapel were abolished, as too expensive. Of the musicians

of the chapel he retained only Gottfried Pepusch, whom he appointed leader of the band of oboe players of the grenadier regiment in Potsdam. He was fond of Handel's music, especially the operas—the airs and chorusses of which he had performed by the wind instruments, but not sung.

On occasion of some circumstance that occurred in the king's smoking club, Pepusch took it into his head to compose a piece in six parts for six bassoons, which were called *porco primo*, *porco secundo*, and the king was much surprized at this music, had it performed several times, and always laughed heartily at it. The crown-prince came just at this time to Potsdam; and, as he disliked bass instruments, (the flute being his favourite,) and as he and his companions had a more refined taste in music, there were many jokes at his court about this piece. One day, Pepusch crossing the parade while the crown-prince was exercising his regiment, the latter called him, and said, with feigned seriousness, he had heard that he had composed a fine piece of music in six parts, and begged him to have it performed that afternoon in his apartments. Pepusch would have excused himself, saying it was a trifle, but the prince would take no denial. In the afternoon a large company was assembled at the prince's, to hear the music and to laugh at the composer. Pepusch came with six oboe players. He with great gravity spread his music on the desks, and when all six were full, he looked about the room, holding a roll of music in his hand. The prince said, "Are you looking for anything?" "There is a desk wanting." "I thought," said the prince, smiling, "there were only *six hogs* in your music." "Quite right," replied Pepusch, "but a *sucking-pig* has been added, *Flauto solo*." Frederick told this story to Quanz, and added, "The old fellow took me in, and I was obliged to give him fair words not to produce the sucking-pig before my father."

Our author's mode of dividing his subject into chapters, unconnected with each other, one treating of the theatre, another of the smoking club, another of the hunting parties, &c. makes it difficult to give extracts in any thing like a chronological order, which would throw the clearest light on the character of the king; the many indisputably good qualities of which, were so lamentably darkened by the spirit of unrelenting despotism, both domestic and public, which he seems to have almost conscientiously adopted as a principle of action. Thus, as Dr. Förster states in his preface, the king, in a rescript of the early date of 1717, writes in half German half French, "*Ich aber stabilire die souveraineté wie einen rocher von bronce*—But I establish the sovereignty like a rock of brass."

It is well known that Frederick-William was a determined

sportsman, and went regularly every year, on the 28th of August, to his favourite hunting seat, Wusterhausen, of which the Margravine of Baireuth, his daughter, gives a very uninviting description:—"At Berlin," says she, "I had to endure only the pains of purgatory, but in Wusterhausen the torments of hell."

We have heard in England complaints of the damage done by the game to the corn-fields in the neighbourhood of preserves, but can have no idea of the ravages committed by it in the Prussian dominions, in the time of Frederick-William I. This was especially the case in Pomerania and the Mark of Brandenburg, where the black game increased in such a manner, that in the year 1729 no fewer than 3600 wild boars were killed in these provinces; many of them were of enormous size, so that in the records of the hunting parties mention is often made of wild boars weighing five or six hundred pounds. Nearly four thousand of these animals being thus killed in a few weeks, it may be asked what became of them. Our author says,

"The king, who was a good manager, knew, when the pleasure was over, how to sell the produce of the chase to advantage, which was done indeed in a manner that accords but ill with our present notions of propriety and justice. 'It is the custom,' says Fassmann, 'to send the boars that have been killed to certain persons, with a note stating how much they are to pay for them; this is especially done at Berlin. First the king takes what is wanted for the use of his own domestic establishment, where a great quantity of hams and wild boars' heads, smoked, is consumed. Then his majesty makes presents of many to his cousins and other illustrious relations, also to his generals, ministers of state, &c. The remainder are sent to his majesty's privy councillors and secretaries in the several offices; also to many citizens, booksellers, merchants, inn-keepers, brewers, &c. who pay, according to the size, from three to six dollars for each. It is true, they are very useful in a family. The Jews in Berlin are the worst off; for they too are compelled to take a certain number of wild boars, which they pay for immediately without making any objection, and send them to the workhouses and hospitals.'"

With respect to partridge shooting, the king killed on an average about four thousand birds every autumn, and often fired above six hundred shot in a day. As the queen had to furnish the powder for partridge shooting, the expense to her was considerable; but then she had, as has been above mentioned, the profits of the sale of all the birds not used at the royal table, and the king was so conscientious in fulfilling his contract with the queen, that, when he was confined by illness, he sent General Flauss, who was reputed to be the best marksman, to shoot partridges for him.

The eighth chapter of the first volume is entitled "*Frederick-William I. as Head of a Family.*" This chapter is of course

Almost entirely dedicated to the account of the plan laid down for the education of the crown-prince, and of the very unhappy results of the king's endeavours to model the mind of the prince according to his own notions. We are really glad that we are relieved from the very disagreeable task of discussing the topic of the differences between the king and the prince. They have been the subject of too many inquiries to leave any thing very new to be adduced. The king, no doubt, wished to make his son a model of perfection, but the means which he adopted were not suitable to the character of his son, and the mode in which he enforced his own notions and punished any opposition was wholly unjustifiable. The partial reconciliation that afterwards took place rendered the situation of the prince, during the remainder of his father's life, tolerable, and in many respects even agreeable; but the impression made on a mind like that of Frederick II. was too profound ever to be effaced. However, having married in June, 1733, the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick Bevern, he appears to have lived happily at the newly-built palace of Rheinsberg, near Ruppín, where he remained till June, 1734, when the king, who was bound by treaty with Austria to send 10,000 men to the Rhine, thought it high time that he should see something of actual service, and sent him to serve as a volunteer under Prince Eugene. He was accompanied by Major-Generals Count Von Schulenburg and Von Kleist, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bredow. The instructions given them by his majesty, for the conduct of the crown-prince, are detailed under twenty-seven heads, and are extremely judicious and affectionate. The king himself followed in July, but, being seized with a severe illness, returned to Potsdam in September. He was considered for a time to be in great danger, but recovered and lived for some years, on the whole, upon very good terms with his son. He never recovered his former strength after this attack, and frequently endured great corporeal suffering; but he was unremitting in his attention to the affairs of government till his death, which happened on the 31st of May, 1740.

In Dr. Förster's second volume, which relates to the public affairs of the reign of Frederick-William I., he seems to have had particularly in view to show the honourable manner in which the King of Prussia, as a prince of the empire, acted towards the emperor, and the duplicity and want of faith with which the imperial court treated him in return, of which he adduces irrefragable proofs from the papers of Count Seckendorf. The differences with the court of England form likewise a prominent feature, as well as the enmity between him and George II. Perhaps we

cannot do better than quote some passages from the author's preface to this second volume.

"As soon as the electorate of Brandenburg took on itself the protectorate of the Protestant religion, and placed itself at the head of the reform in the church, state and learning in Germany, a violent collision between the Crown of Prussia and the Holy Roman empire and the imperial house, was unavoidable. It is therefore not without reason that the seven years' war has been called a continuation of the thirty years' war; for Frederick fought at Prague and Leuthen, as Gustavus Adolphus did at Leipzig and Lützen, for freedom and the Gospel. This is the honour and the glory of the great king, and at the same time the legacy which he has bequeathed to us; and if his enemies now even accuse him, and say that he violated the respect due to the imperial house, that he put an end to the Holy Roman empire, that he carried his victorious arms into Silesia, he has long since recorded his justification in indelible characters, with his sword and his pen, in the field of battle and in the pages of history. But, if King Frederick has his justification in the results that *followed* his actions, we believe that we produce no less valid arguments in his favour by publishing the motives which *preceded* them, and in this view, the life of Frederick-William I., as we have been enabled to write it, may essentially contribute to justify Frederick the Second's unexpected and unexplained attack on Austria, and the war which was the business of his life.

"With the most honourable sentiments and the devotedness of a vassal, Frederick-William I. attached himself to Charles VI., in whom he honoured the head of the German empire. No personal sacrifice, no kind of service, was too great for him, when he might hope thereby to gain the good-will of the emperor; and he sought no higher honour than that of proving himself worthy of the name of a prince and elector of the German empire. He secures to the House of Austria the succession in the female line, to the emperor's son-in-law the imperial crown, saves Charles VI. from the ruin which England prepares for him, and appears in arms for him as soon as the French, ever ready for war, show themselves on the Rhine. And how does the emperor reward such fidelity and attachment? He separates him by empty promises from his allies; makes him assurances respecting the acquisition of Juliers and Berg, and at the same time concludes treaties by which he betrays the king, who is so truly devoted to him. But, to keep him in constant delusion and dependence, a complete system of bribery is introduced at the court of Berlin; from the prime minister and influential favourite down to the valet de chambre, a great number of persons were taken into the pay of Austria. Even Gundling was thought sufficiently important to be attached by favours. The most detestable circumstance was, the extension of this system of bribery to the crown-prince himself. First he is surrounded with spies; every word that he speaks or writes becomes known to the court of Vienna; and, as soon as they are satisfied that *this young gentleman*, as Prince Eugene writes to Count Seckelsdorf, *may in time become a dangerous neighbour*, every means is employed to gain him. They even go so far as to expect the crown-

prince of Prussia, for an imperial pension of 3000 ducats per annum, to intrigue against the king his father in the conferences of the cabinet ministry. The marriage of Frederick with a niece of the empress is resolved on, negotiated, and concluded in Vienna, as a ransom from his imprisonment at Cüstrin; his bleeding heart is demanded, and he must give it. The base intrigues practised on this occasion necessarily came to his knowledge, and this alone would have been ground sufficient for a seven years' war.

"The documents affording this important information are almost entirely from the archives of Count Seckendorf, the use of which the present proprietor has most liberally allowed me."

We shall show how Dr. Förster has supported these charges against the court of Austria, by the production of the original documents, premising that Count Seckendorf was on intimate terms with the king as early at least as 1715, when he was with the combined army of Prussians, Saxons and Danes, at the siege of Stralsund, as lieutenant-general in the Saxon army, and highly distinguished himself. From that time the king frequently corresponded with him, and thus we have a clue to his influence at the court of Berlin, which he visited several times before he was appointed ambassador from Vienna. Both Pöllnitz and the Margravine of Baireuth are very inaccurate in their accounts, and it is remarkable that the former, who as chamberlain should have been better informed, says that Seckendorf came to Berlin for the first time in 1726, being commissioned by the emperor to detach the king from the Hanoverian alliance.

With respect to the close connection between Frederick-William and the court of Vienna, it is matter of history, and has no need of proof. The celebrated treaty between Austria and Spain, concluded at Vienna on the 30th of April, 1725, could not be kept so secret but that sufficient transpired to excite apprehensions in France and England, who soon agreed to form a new alliance to counteract that of Vienna. George I. came to Hanover, where the negotiations were opened; and Frederick-William, paying a visit to his father-in-law, was prevailed upon to join in this treaty, which was signed at Herrenhausen, September 3, 1725.

"Before the alliance was concluded, the cabinet of Vienna had notice of what was going on at Hanover. Prince Eugene states this to Count Seckendorf, in a letter of August 8, 1725, and informs him, on the 29th of September, that the King of Prussia had joined the alliance. He commissions Seckendorf to go to Hanover, to endeavour to find out what the nature of this alliance might be. Under the pretext of making interest to obtain the post of Master-General of the Ordnance of the Empire, he accordingly goes to Hanover, and contrives to fish out what had been done. On his report, he receives orders from the emperor to

House of Saxony, but were soon obliged to give up the notion of raising that house, because Saxony and Meissen, though very fine countries, are not able to furnish a strong cavalry force, have no coasts to enable them to do any thing by sea, and must always be in fear of Austria and Bohemia. Nevertheless, the apostates, having once got these notions into their heads, have never given them up; and it almost seems, now that so unexpected and sudden a change has taken place in the Electoral House of Brandenburg, as if the Lutherans were likely to gain more than they could before hope. To see this more clearly, we have only to look into past events.' Here the chancellor gives a view of the small beginnings and progressive aggrandizement of the Mark of Brandenburg and the Princes of the House of Hohenzollern, observes that 'Prussia can bring into the field 6000 cavalry and 11,000 infantry, might fit out a fleet at Königsberg, and that the Electors of Brandenburg had contrived with much cunning to combine the Elbe, the Oder, the Spree, and the Havel, so that the Baltic and the North Sea were connected together. As they had joined Prussia with the Mark, they now wanted to lay hold of the rich and well-fortified countries on the Rhine, the Maese and the Ruhr. Now,' he continues, as 'Juliers and its dependencies, without the Mark and Prussia, have each of itself the power of a kingdom, 'it is well to be considered that these countries are very powerful, and if they should remain together, *the Elector of Brandenburg might become the chief whom the Lutheran and Calvinist vermin have so long wished for and expected.*'"

After some further observations on the dangerous increase of the power and influence of the Electors of Brandenburg, the writer continues, ' "

"It cannot therefore be doubted that, by the increase of the power of Brandenburg, the heretics are encouraged to form a closer union with it, in order thereby to kindle a greater fire. But it is especially in the west that the danger is beyond measure great; because Juliers, Berg, and Cleves border on the Netherlands. If the Dutch rebels should have access to those countries, and be able to make use of their navigable rivers, it may come to pass that the Rhine, the Maese, and the Ruhr may be closed, the House of Austria thereby alarmed, *Belgium, already restless*, be induced, nay, compelled to revolt, while France might become a hired servant, and England and Switzerland find their advantage. But England and Denmark are firm friends to the Electoral House of Brandenburg, the Swiss are at its command, the Hanse towns are especially attached to it, and cannot do without it. *Thus all the heretical vermin, in and out of the empire, are devoted to that house, upon which all the hope and consolation of the apostates now rest.* Nevertheless, it does not appear how the matter is to be remedied, for the right of Brandenburg to the succession to Juliers is so strong that no title can exist or be devised, no pretext discovered or invented, nay, hardly any means be proposed, by which Brandenburg can be excluded. However, there are, God be praised, still means to check the fire in some degree, if not wholly to extinguish it.'"

The learned vice-chancellor then proposes various *Macchiavelistic* stratagems, by which the prosperity of the Electoral House may be nipped in the bud, and, in the first place, the Duchy of Juliers be prevented from falling into its hands.

“To this end,” says the chancellor, “it might not be amiss if Austria supported the old claims of the House of Saxony to the reversion of Juliers. That house, indeed, is fully informed, and is itself conscious that its claims are unfounded; but all good fortune has its envious, and many a one would lose an eye that his neighbour might lose both. Thus the increasing power of Brandenburg is not only suspicious to Saxony, on account of its proximity, but an eye-sore to it; for, whereas no house in Germany has stood higher, next to Austria, than Saxony, it would under such circumstances decline, and see another enjoy the honour that was possessed by its ancestors. Saxony might, therefore, not be so much in earnest to obtain Juliers as to prevent Brandenburg from getting it. Only it may be necessary not merely to cherish this ill will, but to urge Saxony on; if they once come to discussions, disputations, arrangements, and the like, very great advantage might accrue to the Catholic Church and the House of Austria, if due diligence were used to turn this state of things to account.” He then advises to send a special imperial commissioner, under the pretext of instituting an impartial inquiry. ‘Now it might be conjectured that, if both parties would be persuaded, Saxony could not possibly hesitate; but Brandenburg might not immediately perceive the snare spread for it, and, trusting to its just rights, run into the net. His imperial majesty must not omit at the beginning to try amicable means, earnestly to exhort both parties to peace, but in the mean time secretly to undermine them both, so that the imperial court may get possession of the country by an exchange, and make an amicable arrangement with all parties.’ He proposes to give to Brandenburg Lower Lusatia, to Saxony Upper Lusatia, and to Pfalz-Neuburg some portions of Silesia. ‘If, contrary to expectation, one party should not approve of this mode of settling the matter, it would be quite free to have recourse to legal measures; the two parties might then quarrel and go to law with each other as long as they liked, provided only that his imperial majesty held the sequestration in his hands. While this was doing, there would be no reason to fear any of their intrigues, and the day of judgment would come before the affair would be settled. But, if they insisted on having the matter determined at once, the attorney to the Treasury must act against them both, and by his proceedings come to the conclusion, which has already been hinted at, namely, that Brandenburg, having been under the ban of the empire (for getting possession of the domains of the Teutonic Order,) is disqualified, and that Saxony has not certified its right, and has forfeited its claim by prescription; so that the countries in dispute have reverted to the empire. With this sentence they might go about their business, and joy go with them. But if the claimants would not go to law, but chose to fall together by the ears, we should only have to let them alone. Then the Catholics, sitting still, might avert all danger from themselves, and laugh to see Lutheranism, after soaring on ambitious wings into the

air, wilfully cast itself down. This would also serve to keep France, England, Switzerland, the Hanse towns, and Denmark neutral; for all these are, on the one hand, equally in need of both parties, equally bound to both, and in many ways allied to both; on the other hand, the intrigues and instigations to rebellion would cease, as the Catholic princes, sitting still, would incur no suspicion, and *the heretics would be excited against each other*. Some assistance must, however, be given now and then, secretly, to Saxony, that it may be able to counter-balance the other party, and so one wolf gradually devour the other, and that they may exhaust themselves and their adherents, so that they may afterwards be easily subdued and got rid of, and at the least no more to be feared. Meantime the territory of Juliers might be quietly secured, and the heretics put down to all eternity.'

"Such was the light in which Austria viewed the first steps of the House of Brandenburg to obtain the duchies on the Rhine, and it is very evident that it remained faithful to the same principles in the time of Frederick-William I., when the danger was so much greater."

We have gone rather more at length into this subject than we intended, because the author lays much stress upon it, and the documents which he has brought to light prove the duplicity with which the cabinet of Vienna treated the King of Prussia, and which could not fail to inspire his successor, who must have been aware of it, with feelings of contempt and distrust towards the House of Austria.

Faithfully devoted to the House of Austria, Count Seckendorf was not content with keeping the reigning king of Prussia steadfast in his attachment to that power; extending his views to the future, he endeavoured, by all the means at his disposal, to serve the crown-prince. After the failure of the prince's attempt at flight, he contrived, by a show of the extraordinary interest felt by the imperial court, not only to acquire an ascendant over the king, but to make himself indispensable to the prince as a friend and protector. He found means, through Grumbkow, to obtain information of every thing that the prince did, thought, or wished, while in confinement; and copies of all the reports made to the king respecting the prince, (all these reports are here published,) and even the confidential letters of the prince to Grumbkow and his answers, are found among the Seckendorf papers. It was, therefore, easy for Seckendorf to play his cards so as to gain his end. The allowance made to the prince by the king being really too small, and the prince himself not a good manager, he was always in want of money; and, as the king had strictly prohibited all persons from lending him any, under severe penalties, nothing could be more welcome than Count Seckendorf's sending him, unasked, considerable sums as soon as he was liberated from his arrest in Cüstrin, and in the sequel constantly supplying him

with money when he wanted it. The correspondence between the crown-prince and the count, (so far as it has been found), turns almost entirely on money matters. In this very delicate business, the greatest caution was used. The first mention of it is in a letter from Prince Eugene to Count Seckendorf, dated 29 January, 1732, in which he says that the emperor has allotted a sum of 2000 or 2500 ducats, which he is to employ at his discretion, either to pay for tall recruits (by producing such, the prince pleased the king), or to assist the prince in some other way, taking care, however, to manage so that the king might conceive no suspicion of the prince's receiving money from Vienna, or any other quarter, which would enrage the king against his son, and against the emperor himself. It appears from Seckendorf's correspondence with Prince Eugene and with the crown-prince, that he conducted the affair with the greatest discretion, so that no suspicion was entertained. We really regret to see so great a man as Prince Eugene engaged in these base intrigues, one grand object of which was to prevent England and Prussia from being too closely connected by the proposed marriage of Frederick, Prince of Wales, to a Prussian princess, (the Margravine of Baireuth,) and of the Crown-Prince of Prussia to the Princess Amelia. The various recommendations of Count Seckendorf as to the persons whom it would be proper to bribe are not a little curious. At the beginning of 1734, he writes,—

“ For the Crown-Prince Frederick, 3210 ducats was paid me by Messrs. Palm, in April, 1733. The prince has represented to me personally, as well as through Grumbkow, his pecuniary difficulties, and desired some assistance, but, as he has for some time past conducted himself in a manner by no means worthy of the emperor's favour, I have suffered him to wait, and get into the greatest distress before I assisted him. It depends on his imperial majesty whether he will continue the pension of 3000 ducats for this year. I have given no positive promise; but, as the *pecuniary embarrassments* of the crown-prince are very urgent, and he is henceforth to be present at all the *conferences*, I would humbly advise that it should be tried another year. The Princess of Baireuth has received 1000 ducats for 1733, and as the crown-prince, her brother, pays more deference to her than to any other person in the world, if there is a possibility of inspiring him with other principles, it must be through her. His imperial majesty will decide whether she shall have 1000 ducats for the year 1734. He more especially recommends the continuation of the pension of 1000 ducats to Grumbkow. If any body in the world deserves to be favoured it is this man. Count Manteuffel, the Saxon minister, received 6000 florins per annum, which, says the count, he amply deserves for his diligence, zeal, and valuable private correspondence. The following is

An Extract of the Account of Secret Expenses partly remaining to be paid for 1733, partly to be provided for 1734.

To the Crown-Prince	3000 ducats.
To the Hereditary Princess of Baireuth	1000
To Grumbkow	1000
To Eversman (the king's Castellan at Potsdam)	100
To Count Manteuffel.....	6000 florins.
To Reichenbach (Prussian Minister in London)	900
To the Irishman Murnay in Potsdam	60
To Duhan (<i>for two years</i>)	1200

Duhan, formerly preceptor to the crown-prince, was disgraced and banished to Memel, on occasion of the prince's intended flight; he was a great favourite with him, as appears from a letter to Seckendorf, in which he expresses his obligations to the emperor for having done something for him. The pension was given him in the hope that, when the crown-prince became king, Duhan would show his gratitude as in duty bound.

Among the remarkable documents brought to light by Dr. Förster, there is one of vast importance and extent, and so honourable to Frederick-William I. that it deserves especial mention. On his accession, he found the finances in particular, and the administration of the domains, in the most wretched condition, which, as has been observed, he partly remedied by a great reduction of the expenditure of his court and by a general system of economy. The evil was, however, too deeply rooted to be at once cured, and the king required time to make himself acquainted with every thing bearing on the subject. It was, therefore, not till he had been ten years on the throne that he ventured to introduce the projected reform. Instead of two distinct boards, one called the Commissariat of the War Department, the other, the Board of Domains, he established in 1722 a general supreme board of finance, war, and domains, for whose guidance he drew up the instructions which have been often alluded to by the Prussian historians, but which were unknown to them, and are here published for the first time. These instructions, to which the king himself gives the title of *Constitution* (*Verfassungs-Urkunde*), are drawn up in thirty-five articles or chapters, most of which are subdivided into several sections, the whole occupying nearly one hundred pages of the volume.* This remarkable fundamental law, the greater part of which is in the king's own handwriting, entitles him to the gratitude of his countrymen, as laying the foundation for a new and consistent system of administration. Having made so good a beginning, the king introduced in the sequel still further improvements in the internal administration of the kingdom. Thus, notwithstanding his des-

potic character, he relaxed in this respect towards the end of his reign, when the people had improved in civilization and knowledge. In 1738, he issued the ordinance called *Prügelmandat*, in which it is stated that "His majesty has heard with great displeasure, and has himself seen, that the farmers and their clerks use whips and sticks to compel the peasants to work when they have to perform feudal services; but as his majesty is absolutely resolved that such a barbarous mode of scandalously driving the subjects with whips and sticks, like brute beasts, shall no longer be tolerated, it is hereby ordered," &c. &c. Very severe penalties ~~are denounced~~ are denounced against the farmers (of the domains) who transgress. A kind of proclamation was ordered to be posted up in the public houses, and read to the peasants, in which they were to be reminded and exhorted to perform all due services willingly, faithfully, and diligently, otherwise to expect due punishment; but it is added, "that they shall not suffer themselves to be treated like slaves with whips and blows, but immediately complain to the magistrate when any such treatment is inflicted on them."

We have already exceeded the intended limits of our article; and must conclude as briefly as possible. As the work occupies nearly 1600 very closely printed pages, it may be readily believed that we have been obliged to leave many interesting matters wholly untouched; but we hope that we have sufficiently shown the value of Dr. Förster's researches, for the additional light they throw on the characters both of Frederick-William I. and his son Frederick II. With respect to the former, it must be regretted, that, with so many good moral qualities and great capacity for government, his violent passions, and the deeply-rooted principles of despotism, should have rendered him a terror to his subjects, and exposed him to the severe, but just, animadversions of posterity. With respect to his conduct to his son, harsh and even cruel as it was, it seems to have been, on the whole, sincerely designed to effect a change in the prince's character and conduct, which, from the extensive correspondence now for the first time published, appears to have been much needed. Whether the means were well chosen is another question. We rather think not; they were, perhaps calculated to produce hypocritical submission rather than real reformation. That they had some good effect is evident. Mr. Wolden, who was one of those appointed to form his household, when he was released from his strict imprisonment at Cüstrin, and allowed to lodge in the town, says in a letter to Grumbkow of 2d October, 1731, "I can say that the abode in Cüstrin has done him no harm; for, besides that adversity has formed his heart and his mind, he begins to have just notions of many things, of which he was before wholly

ignorant. Heaven grant that his majesty may live a few years, that the prince may become mature, and then *I predict that he will be one of the greatest princes that the House of Brandenburg has ever produced.*" The king himself seems to have had a similar presentiment, when, on the 2d of May, 1736, his conversation turning on the conduct of the imperial court to him, he spoke, pointing to the crown-prince, these memorable words "*Here is one that will revenge me!*"

ART. III.—*A Dictionary in Sanscrit and English, translated, amended and enlarged from an Original Compilation prepared by Learned Natives for the College of Fort William.* By H. H. Wilson. The Second Edition, greatly extended, and published under the sanction of the General Committee of Public Instruction in Bengal, Calcutta. 1832. 4to. pp. 982.

IF, when Johnson was projecting his celebrated Dictionary of the English Language, it had been prophesied to him that in 1819 posterity were to possess a Lexicon of the learned language of India, a language of which, it may almost be doubted, whether he knew much more than the name, and that this work should be little inferior in magnitude and completeness to his own, he would, in all probability, have treated the prediction as the dream of an idle visionary, to be ranked only with the projector of the art of flying, in Rasselas; yet is this undertaking accomplished, and it is of this that we propose to give as ample a sketch as the narrow limits of a Review will admit of.

However just may be our admiration of the vast progress which civilized man has lately made in the physical sciences, and of the astonishing extent of the empire which we have thereby obtained over nature, we certainly think that an almost equal portion of admiration is due to the vast accessions that have been made to our knowledge of literature, and of the productions of the human mind, in various ages and nations. So lately as the time of Johnson, the whole extent of philological learning seems to have been comprized in Greek and Latin, a few of the modern dialects of Europe, Hebrew and Arabic, and some of the ancient northern tongues. Since then, what a vast store has been opened to us! Even in Europe we have discovered innumerable varieties of the Celtic, Gothic, Teutonic, and Slavonic—all highly interesting, but whose existence before had been scarcely suspected. But, if we extend our views beyond Europe, the prospect appears almost interminable. The endless list of the dialects of India proper, with Sanscrit at their head, those of Ceylon, of Burma, of Nepaul, of the Eastern Archipelago, and beyond these, the

hitherto inaccessible languages of China and Japan, are all laid open to our view; nay, those of Australia, and the wandering tribes of Africa and America, begin to form objects of interest and inquiry. In a few years more there probably will not be a single dialect in use among mankind, however obscure and apparently insignificant, that will not have had its grammarian and lexicographer.

The object of grammatical science is to determine the means by which mankind are able to carry on trains of thought in their own minds, and to communicate them to others—an object certainly as interesting and worthy of research as any that can be propounded for human consideration. In this point of view, Grammar may be regarded strictly as a science of induction. In order to determine how mankind may carry on or communicate their thoughts, we must inquire how they have been able actually to do so; and this immediately leads to the study, not of a few favoured languages, whose literature may be particularly rich, but of every language, and of every variation of every language, that is or ever has been.

As all animals agree in the possession of vitality, so, if any organ essential to one class be not found in another, we may safely conclude that its non-existence is made up by something else, to be pointed out by the physiologist; and, in the same manner, as all languages agree in being capable of communicating human ideas, while yet the structure of all is different, it follows that, if any part of one be wanting in another, the want must be compensated somehow or other. It is the business of the grammarian to determine how this compensation is actually effected. In some cases this is easy, in others, so difficult as to require the profoundest sagacity. To explain by a few examples—the complicated inflexions of Latin nouns and verbs are well known to be compensated, in modern languages, by the use of prepositions and auxiliaries. Again, Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, and German, have three genders; Arabic, Hebrew, Hindostanee, French, Italian, &c. only two; Persian, English (generally), and Bengalee, only one. Yet these last languages, with their single gender, are as intelligible as the first class with their three, or the second with their two. Now, unless it can be shown that the double or triple gender is superfluous (which we doubt if any grammarian would undertake to do,) it follows, that the want of it must be compensated by some equivalent contrivance; and the question for the grammarian is, to determine what that contrivance actually is. Again, Sanscrit, the Classical languages, German, and even English, abound in compound words; Hebrew, Arabic, and the rest of the Shemitic languages, French, Italian, &c. have none at all. How is the want compensated? Again, those adjectives

which express the qualities of natural and sensitive beings are, in the European languages, applied metaphorically to those that are not so. We can say, for example, a clever man, and a clever book. In the Asiatic languages this is totally forbidden; the literal translation of clever book into Persian would be absolute nonsense. How then are the ideas expressed? All these are the problems which the science of universal grammar proposes, and all of which must be solved to render it perfect. In fact, grammatical science may be considered as still in its infancy. Before our knowledge of the Oriental languages, and while all our learning was confined to those of European structure, ~~our~~ ideas were necessarily narrow, crude, imperfect, and cramped by those prejudices which led us to consider the principles of the classical languages as the natural principles of speech. Our acquaintance with the Eastern tongues has given a new impulse to the science, and tended wonderfully to correct and enlarge our ideas respecting it; but the prospect which it has opened is so immense, that we have as yet been able to do little more than to cast a hasty glance at some of the more prominent parts. It will require indefinite periods of literary labour to comprehend the whole.

The two great instruments for obtaining a knowledge of an unknown tongue are a dictionary and a grammar; the first to explain the meaning of each word singly, the second to unfold the laws by which they are combined, so as to form intelligible sentences. And there are few parts of the history of literature that would be more interesting than a history of grammars and dictionaries, beginning with the remains which have descended to us from the ancient world; comparing these with the works of the Eastern nations, the Arabs, the Hindoos, and the Chinese, and with the early attempts at lexicography in Europe; and from these imperfect attempts coming down to the more finished productions of modern times. Were such an undertaking as this accomplished, it would form a most valuable index to the state of general knowledge among those nations to which it referred through the successive periods of their literary history; but really to accomplish it would require research, judgment, and genius, of no ordinary kind.

There are, indeed, few literary undertakings which have been so unjustly appreciated as that of a Lexicographer. The compilers of dictionaries were long considered as standing in the very lowest ranks of learning, and the name was a sort of by-word to express a mere drudge of literature, destitute himself of taste or talents, and appointed to no higher employment than that of ministering by his dull industry to the wants of genius of a superior order. We believe, however, that of late years the difficul-

ties of this task have been better understood. The person who appears to have chiefly contributed to this change of opinion, at least in our country, was Horne Tooke, who, by the industry of his researches, the sagacity of his inferences, and the novelty and ingenuity of his speculations, together with the very entertaining forms in which he contrived to present them to the public, succeeded in investing etymology, and even the abstruser parts of grammatical science, with a degree of popularity which they had never enjoyed before; and who, by pointing out many of the principles on which scientific dictionaries must be compiled, taught the public to estimate more justly the merits of the author.

To ascertain and accurately to define the precise meaning of words has been admitted, by all who have tried it, to be a task demanding the utmost stretch of sagacity; yet this is what the lexicographer is called upon to do, not only in his own but in a foreign language, and, after he has accurately so ascertained the meaning, he has then to find for the words of one language in all their various significations, as they alter by construction, by metaphor, or by allusion, equivalent words in the other; and, in those cases, by far the most numerous, in which this is impossible, he has to discover such metaphors and periphrases as will approach most nearly to the meaning required, and this not in a few insulated instances, but throughout the whole extent of the language. All this, even in the languages with which we are most familiar, constitutes a task requiring such extent of knowledge and sagacity, that the utmost that can be said of the greatest geniuses who have attempted it, is, that they have not failed. What shall we say then of a dictionary of the Sanscrit language, a language of the most unbounded extent, belonging to a people whose manners and notions are totally at variance with ours; a language which may be said to have been discovered within the last century only, and into the portal of whose literature we have scarcely yet entered! Such is the task which Mr. Wilson has undertaken, and of which we are endeavouring to lay some account before our readers. To judge of the mode in which he has executed it, we must consider, first, the nature of dictionaries in general; next, the sources from which they are to be compiled; and lastly, notice some peculiarities in the structure of the Sanscrit language, which necessarily affect the arrangement of its vocables.

As a preliminary step, however, it is requisite to pay some attention to the nature of Sanscrit learning. Respecting this, two very different opinions have divided the literary world, and in all probability will long continue to do so. The first disco-

verers of Sanscrit, struck, as it would appear, by the new and unexpected pictures which it presented of civilized manners, opinions, and human nature, were led to exaggerate its importance beyond all reasonable bounds, and to exalt the merits of its literature to the level of those of the literature of the West. While the study was yet a novelty, and before European scholars had had time to examine its pretensions, they were advanced so confidently by its cultivators as to bear down all opposition, and to render it questionable whether the whole of European history, poetry, and science, was not about to be sacrificed to make way for that of India, and whether Calidasa was not to be elevated to that pedestal in the temple of fame, which had hitherto been occupied by the everlasting image of Homer. After a certain time, however, western scholars began to become jealous of the high encomiums which the cultivators of Sanscrit had so liberally bestowed on the object of their studies, and to scrutinize the foundation on which they were built; and, remarking the glaring deficiencies of Sanscrit history, the imperfections of its science, and the unnatural tone of its poetry, they have of late years been inclined to degrade its whole literature below the rank to which it is justly entitled, and even in many cases to represent it as almost unworthy of cultivation. We do not pretend to reconcile these contradictory opinions, both of which are to a certain degree founded on just and incontrovertible principles; it being true that Sanscrit literature has opened a vast field to the antiquarian, the historian, the grammarian, and the speculator in the history of the human mind: but at the same time it is impossible to deny its imperfections in all those branches of knowledge which are most interesting in the present state of the world. Still, after this concession, we must observe, that, without pretending to determine the precise value of Sanscrit literature, there are some reasons which render its cultivation an object of importance.

It must be considered that Sanscrit is the language in which are contained the records of one hundred and twenty millions of the human race; it is that by which their whole system of opinion is guided, their whole system of manners influenced, and from which all their living languages appear to be derived. Altogether to neglect or despise it, then, is to refuse to sympathize with the feelings of an immense proportion of our fellow men, and to imitate the Hindoos, Mahomedans, and Chinese, in one of their most disgusting characteristics, that of a contempt for all nations and all manners but their own—a principle which has tended more than almost any other to alienate mankind from each other, and to perpetuate bloodshed and war.

But, if this consideration renders Sanscrit literature a rational object of curiosity to all civilized nations, it must make it peculiarly interesting to us, on whom Providence has conferred the rule over these people, placing them in a manner under our guardianship, so as to render the right government of the Hindoos a most important object in British policy. For us to neglect a study of their manners and institutions, and of the literature on which they are founded, is evidently as contrary to political wisdom as to justice. It can serve only to keep us ignorant of the dispositions of our subjects, and to inspire them with dislike and contempt for their rulers. Again, in a religious point of view, the study of Sanscrit is indispensable to those who undertake the important office of converting Hindoos to Christianity. For any one to undertake this who is not well versed in the Sanscrit language and literature, is like a physician undertaking to practise his profession without a knowledge of the *Materia Medica*, or a surgeon without the elements of anatomy. The lamentable want of success, which has hitherto attended the labours of our missionaries, is, no doubt, in a great measure, imputable to their ignorance of, or at least deficient acquaintance with, the language and literature of those whom they undertake to convert. Independently of the evident fact that ignorance of the standard literature of a country must miserably cramp a foreigner in his intercourse with its natives, it is to be considered that in India there is no prevailing language which can, with any propriety, be called that of the country. Almost every one of the different districts into which that extensive region is divided has its peculiar dialect, and this is generally unintelligible to those who speak another. A few of the principal and most cultivated, such as the Hindostanee (which is a dialect invented and employed by the upper classes of Mahomedans, in the north-western provinces of India,) the Bengalee, Ooriya, Mahratee, Guzaratee, Tamool, &c. are known to Europeans, and attempts have been made to compile grammars and dictionaries of them; but besides these there are innumerable others, of which we are almost totally ignorant, such as the Assamese, that of Arracan, the language of the Coles, that of the mountainous districts about Bhaugulpore and Behar, of the district of Chunar, &c.; all of which tracts contain a wide extent of population, but with whose inhabitants scarcely any European is able to communicate. It is unnecessary to add, that nothing in the shape of guides to these dialects has yet been compiled, nor (so great is the labour) can it be expected that any thing satisfactory in this way will be done, except by length of time and much labour. No method of

attaining these dialects therefore exists, excepting the very limited and uncertain one of oral communication; and yet it is plain that, without a fluency in them, the labours of a missionary are utterly futile. Now, although it is true that a mere knowledge of Sanscrit will not of itself render these dialects intelligible, yet they are all so intimately connected with or derived from that parent language, that a knowledge of it will render the attainment of them infinitely easier, and serve as an index or key for tracing their syntax and etymology, with a facility which nothing else whatever can give; so that a Sanscrit grammar and dictionary may, in some respects, be regarded as a grammar and dictionary of all the Indian languages whatever.

And lastly, to every one who desires to study grammar as a science, and to cultivate philology in the spirit of a philosopher, there is no doubt that Sanscrit, a language of so great, though unknown, antiquity and duration, whose structure is in itself so refined and complicated, and which is so unaccountably connected with the languages of Europe, must ever be an object of the liveliest interest.

Dictionaries may be considered as divided into two classes: the first, those which are intended to explain the language of the country in which they are compiled, by means of that language itself; the second, those which profess to explain the language of one nation by that of another. The objects of these are totally different. That of the first is to give a precise definition or illustration of each word in the same language as itself. The second class professes to give no definitions, but, supposing the meaning of the words of one language to be perfectly understood, undertakes to point out the words to which they are equivalent in another. Obvious as is this distinction, it has yet in many cases been overlooked, more particularly with respect to the Oriental tongues; and dictionaries have been composed on the one plan, when it was plainly the other that should have been adopted. And this mistake has greatly increased the difficulty of the acquisition of the Oriental tongues.

The Dictionary, which we are about to consider, belongs to the second class, that is to say, it professes to explain the words of Sanscrit by those of English. The sources whence such a work is to be compiled are chiefly three: First, the native Dictionaries of the Sanscrit language now in use among the Hindoos; secondly, the books in that language; thirdly, the words or phrases used in conversation. We must consider the nature of each.

At first view it might be supposed that the native dictionaries would give the state of a language in its most complete form, and that, could their contents be collated and systema-

tized for the European student, nothing more could be desired. It must be remembered, however, that native dictionaries are necessarily of the first class, and their object is therefore different from that of Mr. Wilson. However accurately they may give the definition of a word, both the word itself and its definition still require to be translated, and this, instead of diminishing, rather increases the Lexicographer's difficulty; since he has to find a word that will not only in his opinion express the true sense of the original, but will also agree with the definition so given. And though this at first sight might appear not to be difficult, it will be found on trial that the genius and idioms of different languages are so different, that it is hardly possible to find vocables that will fulfil both these conditions. Native dictionaries do not give translations, but definitions, of words. Now there are but few words that admit of precise definitions, and these are chiefly the names of sensible things and actions. The vast class of metaphysical terms which have reference to the operations of mind, which, as Locke would have said, express ideas of reflection, can seldom be defined, and are with very great difficulty illustrated. It follows, therefore, that there are but few words in native dictionaries which can be considered so distinctly explained as to be intelligible to a foreigner, unless he have previously some idea of the meaning of the word, that is, in fact, unless he be in possession of the very thing which we are supposing him to be seeking. Independent of this, there are a vast number of evanescent shades of meaning in words, which habit and familiarity cause a native to overlook, but which the attempt to translate them into another language immediately causes to appear; like two spheroids, which may seem perfectly similar and equal till you attempt to place both in the same concavity. And these minute differences accordingly are seldom or never registered by the Lexicographer of his own language, though to foreigners they may be perplexing in the extreme. To illustrate by one example. If any word in the whole compass of the English language could be supposed well explained by Johnson, it surely should be the simple word "man;" and, on looking at his explanation, we should be apt to think that he had collected and illustrated every variety of sense of which it was susceptible; yet, if we compare his list with that of Boyer, what a number of additional varieties do we find unnoticed by the English Lexicographer, but which appear immediately when it is attempted to translate them into French. Such as "to show one's self a man;" "to live like a man," "a merchant-man;" "a man of war;" "so much a man;" "the good man of the house;" "a chess-man." If such omissions would render a

mere translation of Johnson insufficient for a Frenchman, how much more so must they render the mere translation of a native Sanscrit Lexicon insufficient for a European! And what an infinite number of phrases are there which it is absolutely necessary for a foreigner to understand, but which the native lexicographer would never think of noticing!

The next source for the compilation of a dictionary is the study of the books existing in the language, from which are to be extracted all their vocables, in all the different senses in which they are found. This, no doubt, is a most satisfactory mode of proceeding, but it implies a degree of labour to which no individual can possibly be adequate. All that the most industrious can hope to execute is to collect a certain quantity of such materials, and, supposing such a work to be actually begun, it must be the labour of centuries before it could be made even to approximate to a conclusion.

The last source of compilation is the conversation of the people. In every country, there are an infinite number of phrases, which, though in every one's mouth, scarcely ever find their way into books. Yet it almost constantly happens that these very phrases are the most expressive and idiomatic of all; and hence, in a dictionary that professes to exhibit the whole strength of the language, their insertion is absolutely indispensable. It is for want of these that, in spite of all the exertions of the learned, the dictionaries of the classical languages must for ever remain to a certain degree unsatisfactory. Now, for the collection of these, are required talents and opportunities which seldom fall to the lot of a laborious scholar. The collector of colloquial phraseology must be capable of mixing with all classes of society, and taking part in all kinds of conversation; he must be a man of quick observation and most retentive memory. As these qualities are to be united in one individual, with the solitary habits and secluded diligence of a student of languages, it is no wonder that the combination should seldom be found, and, if found, that the rare and valuable compound should find far more profitable employment than the irksome compilation of dictionaries. To this it is to be added that colloquial language is of a much more fluctuating nature than written. The language of books, indeed, varies, but the variation is gradual. To use the phraseology of astronomy, their inequalities are secular, and some rules may be applied for their calculation; but the changes in colloquial language are totally beyond rule, and altogether indefinite as to date or duration. A set of phrases may be in vogue one year and perfectly familiar and intelligible; in the next they may have completely disappeared, and their places be supplied by a voca-

bulary entirely new, but destined to be as short-lived as its predecessor. Yet it is such changes as these that best exhibit the genius and capabilities of a language; and to pass them over without notice, though it may render the task of the lexicographer much easier, will yet render it much less interesting and useful.

All these observations show why the colloquial part of the dictionaries of all languages is that which is most defective and in all probability will ever remain so.

The sources from which a dictionary is to be compiled being thus disposed of, its arrangement remains to be considered. This may be made on two principles, one of which may be called the popular, the other the scientific. The popular is that which every one knows, wherein the words of a language are all, without regard to their etymology or mutual relations, ranked in mere alphabetical order, and each explained in a separate article. The scientific arrangement is that employed in Stephens' Greek and Golius's Arabic Lexicon, in which the radicles are arranged alphabetically, so that each occupies a distinct section of the dictionary, accompanied by all its derivatives; thus exhibiting, at one view, the relations which exist between them, and the changes produced in their meaning by the various signs of derivation—all which, it is plain, must be absolutely wanting in a dictionary of the former kind, wherein the vocables are arranged in alphabetical order merely, without any regard to their grammatical or etymological relations. Now there is no doubt that the latter of these methods is much the most philosophical; and, were the system of derivation and inflexion in any language quite analogical and regular, the student would have little to do but to learn the meaning of its primitives, after which he would find all its derivatives occupying a determinate and easily ascertained place. But, unfortunately, there is no language so perfect as to admit of this; and the infinite diversity of ideas renders it difficult to conceive that there ever should be. There are a number of words in all languages, of which it is hard to say whether they are primitive or derivative, and, if the latter, from what root they are derived. Even when this is ascertained, it may be difficult or impossible to point out the link between the meaning of the primitive and that which the derivative has in progress of time acquired. In many cases the same relation of meaning is produced by different methods of derivation. In others, the same mode of derivation, applied to different radicles, produces totally different relations of meaning. In many compound words it is impossible to determine which of the parts is to be considered the radicle. These, and a variety of other circumstances which might be enu-

merated, render it very difficult to carry this scientific arrangement into practice, however excellent it may seem in theory; to which is to be added that, even were it done, the dictionary can be of no use but to advanced students, who are well acquainted with the primitives of the language and its rules of derivation, which a beginner cannot be; to such, then, dictionaries thus arranged are nearly useless.

It is true that these disadvantages may be corrected in a great degree by the method adopted in Scapula's Greek Lexicon—that of adding an alphabetical index to the whole, directing to the place where each vocable is to be found. This, no doubt, remedies the disadvantage, but it is a tacit confession of the defective nature of the arrangement that renders such an appendix necessary. It may be added, that it necessarily doubles the labour of the student, by compelling him to seek each word, first in the index and then in the body of the work itself.

Notwithstanding all this, however, there are certain languages, such as Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Sanscrit, and German, that are so plainly composed of a few radicles, branching out into innumerable derivatives, by rules approaching so nearly to complete regularity, that the scientific arrangement seems in them the preferable of the two; and their native lexicographers accordingly appear, almost uniformly, to have adopted it. In this case it becomes necessary to inquire what really are the radicles of a language. Now, excepting particles, into whose mysterious nature we do not propose to inquire, it is plain that the great body of the words of every language are derivatives from its nouns and verbs. A dictionary, then, arranged on the scientific plan, should have its roots arranged in two classes, the nominal and the verbal. But it so happens that oriental grammarians, both Mahommedan and Hindoo, have endeavoured to carry simplification further than the nature of things admits of, and to reduce these two classes of radicles to one; and, as they seem to have considered it easier to derive things from events than events from things, they have agreed to view all nouns as derivatives, and to allow no words to be radicles but verbs only; and upon this plan they have accordingly arranged their dictionaries.

This point being settled, the next question to be decided is, what particular part of a verb is to be considered its radicle, from which all its inflections may be derived. Now in most languages there are two parts which may be viewed in this light, the simplest in their form and the first made use of by infants in their attempts to speak. Of these one is almost invariably the second person of the imperative mood. The other is sometimes, as in the case of the classical languages and our own, the first

person present of the indicative, and sometimes, as in the case of the Shemitic languages, the third person of the past. To follow the order of nature, then, either one or other of these two should be considered the root, according to its simplicity and the nature of the verb. But here, again, grammarians have carried their attempts at simplification farther than is warranted by the nature of things, and have endeavoured, in their systematic arrangements, to employ only one as the root, to the exclusion of the other. Europeans, as it is well known, have, in the classical languages, fixed on the first person present, and arrange their dictionaries according to the alphabetical order of these. In the modern tongues they have chosen to be governed by the infinitives, though many words in all languages will readily occur to the reader, in which the second person of the imperative is equally or more simple than either of these. Again, the grammarians of the Shemitic languages, Hebrew, Arabic, and their relatives, take as the root the third person of the past tense; so that, in those cases in which the imperative is the true root, it becomes a matter of difficulty or uncertainty where to find the verb required.

But the Sanscrit verbs are so complicated in their inflections, that no part, whatever, can with propriety be fixed on as the root. Even that which, in other languages, is the simplest and most invariable of all, the second person of the imperative, is in this language liable to most capricious variations. Thus of the verb *Dā*, to give, the second person imperative active is *Daehee*, and the middle is *Dutswa*. It is impossible, then to consider this as the root; and, as the other inflections are less suited to the purpose, Sanscrit grammarians have been compelled to adopt a system altogether artificial, and, instead of fixing on any one determinate inflection, have invented for each verb a word otherwise unmeaning, which is understood to be the abstract representative of all the inflections together; just as an algebraical character may represent all quantities whatever of a particular class. And to this unmeaning word they give the name of *Dhatoo*, or elementary principle; the only condition of its formation being that it shall contain the letters which appear most prominently in the inflections, which letters, if consonants, are to be connected by such vowels as will render the combination easy of pronunciation. For example, in the English verb *to come*, it is evident that the most apparent letters are *c* and *m*. We might, therefore, take these two, and, connecting them by a vowel, call *cum* or *cam* the *Dhatoo*, or element of the verb—a sound which, in itself, would have no meaning, but from which all the significant inflections of the verb might be sup-

posed to be derived, according to the rules of etymology. In the same manner in the verb *to bring*, the chief letters being b, r, and g, the word brig might be considered as the Dhato, and then, in the manner of the Sanscrit grammarians, a distinctive mark called an Anubundha is added to the Dhato, to show that n, the nasal, is inserted in certain inflections. In the present case this Anubundha would be an i at the beginning, and hence *ibrig* would be the representation, or root, of all the inflections of the verb *to bring*, with this information that an n is to be inserted in certain of them.

Mr. Wilson's plan has been to endeavour to unite these two methods. He gives all the Dhatoos alphabetically arranged, followed by their various meanings, and points out the most remarkable circumstances in their inflection. He then gives a list of the inseparable prepositions with which they are compounded, and the variations in the significations produced by these. This concludes the account of each Dhato taken separately, after which the most remarkable and irregular participles, substantives or adjectives, thence derived, are arranged in their proper alphabetical places in the general course of the Dictionary. It is true that this method necessarily produces a good deal of repetition, but it is upon the whole the most convenient to the student.

The foregoing observations will not be deemed too long, if it be considered how little is yet known in Europe of the Sanscrit language, and in what a deep cloud of mystery it is still supposed to be enveloped. It is now high time to turn to Mr. Wilson himself, and to give a more particular account of his book.

Of this Dictionary two editions have already been published, one so long ago as 1819, the other in 1832. The first difference between them that strikes the reader is, that the former has a preface of considerable length, giving an account of the sources from which the work is compiled, and which preface is omitted in the latter. This omission, we confess to be to us a subject of regret; for though it might, in a small degree, increase the size of the book, yet the information which it contains is so valuable as to be a full compensation.

The edition of 1819 is dedicated to the Honourable Court of Directors, and we cannot omit quoting from it the following paragraph:—

“ It is an assertion that scarcely requires proof, that the Hindu population of these extensive realms can be understood only through the medium of the Sanscrit language; it alone furnishes us with the master-spring of all their actions and passions, their prejudices and errors, and enables us to appreciate their vices or their worth: without this knowledge, therefore, the kindest intentions and wisest designs for their happiness and amelioration will often prove, as they have often proved,

abortive; and even where successful, will attain success only by a prodigal waste of time and exertion, occasioned by the wrong direction of laudable zeal, and the idle opposition of unnecessary doubt and absurd misapprehension."

To the same purpose we find in the short preface to the edition of 1832:—

"Notwithstanding these considerations, however, I might still have hesitated to engage in a reprint of the Dictionary upon the original plan, had it not been thought desirable by the Committee of Public Instruction in Bengal to provide, with as little delay as possible, the assistance it was calculated to afford to the conjoint acquirement of English and Sanscrit in the native colleges under their superintendence; such a combination being in their opinion of the first importance in those seminaries where Hindoo youth are reared, not only for the diffusion of the English language, but for the communication of an elementary knowledge of Sanscrit to numbers now precluded from an attainment, which is essentially necessary to the natives themselves, for a critical knowledge of the languages which they speak, and for the correct application of them to written compositions. This latter circumstance determined me to publish at once a second edition of the Sanscrit and English Dictionary, with no other alterations than such as were requisite to render it more comprehensive, and less bulky and better suited to general use."

After this decided opinion from this distinguished scholar and excellent judge, the reader will be justly surprised to learn that at present the whole force of public opinion in India, and as it is generally understood with the concurrence of government, is directed to the suppression of the study of Sanscrit. The language is denounced as useless, immoral, and pernicious, and its votaries as ignorant, self-interested bigots; and on all hands the cry resounds to prohibit the study, we may in fact say to persecute the students. To such a length has this been carried, that strong measures are now in operation to abolish the whole of the Sanscrit colleges throughout the British dominions in India, and to disperse their students. We may go the length of asserting that nothing is now understood to be so effectual a bar to the advancement of an individual in that country as his being known to be addicted to this proscribed language. The consequence is, that its cultivation among Europeans has almost entirely ceased, and there is every reason to believe that in a very short time there will not be one of our countrymen in the East acquainted with it. This extraordinary infatuation has existed only for two or three years past. To point out its cause, though easy, would be highly invidious; we shall therefore be content with saying that its effects are already beginning to be sadly apparent. Independently of the extraordinary consideration that a British government, in the

nineteenth century should re-act the part of the Gothic and Saracenic destroyers of ancient literature, we are by such conduct voluntarily putting a bandage over our own eyes with respect to every thing connected with the real views and sentiments of our Indian fellow-subjects. We are alienating in the strongest manner the most respectable and best-informed Hindoos. We are divesting ourselves of all sympathy with their feelings, and are cramping and abridging our means of intercourse in the most lamentable degree. All this may be considered the more extraordinary, as every other nation in Europe is daily becoming more sensible of the importance of the study and more zealous in its prosecution; so that, in all probability, British India will soon be the only part of the civilized world in which the study of Indian literature is discouraged and crushed.

We are far from wishing to undervalue the labours of the Calcutta Committee of Public Instruction, of which mention is made in the extract we have given above. We are well aware that in general their exertions have been highly useful and meritorious; but truth compels us to say that, on the present occasion, they have allowed themselves to be carried away by this popular delusion, and are now exerting their whole influence to discourage the study of Sanscrit and Oriental literature in general. Public education in India has accordingly taken a retrograde direction, and instead of going on to communicate to the natives knowledge of a higher and higher kind, we have turned back to confine our efforts to the lowest steps of literature and science. Of this, did our space admit, it would be easy to give abundance of proofs. In the mean time we may mention as one, our almost total inattention to translations of respectable books *into* the Oriental languages—a want which cripples our attempts to communicate instruction to the natives in a degree appreciable only by those who have been engaged in the attempt. To such a degree does this want exist that, were our dominion in India now to cease, though we have held it so long, not a single monument of our literature would remain in its languages; nor should we have communicated to the Oriental world a single work of real value.

The foundation of the present work of Mr. Wilson's appears to have been a Dictionary compiled for the use of Fort William College by its pundits, and published in 1809. Its plan is thus stated by its author:—

“ To collect these different authorities (the native Coshas or Dictionaries) into one compilation, and arrange their united contents into an accessible shape, were the objects of the work undertaken for the use of the College; and to these were added the citation of the authority, and the synonymes there given, the specification of the genders of nouns and

the etymological analysis. It was written in the Bengali characters, and occupied four large volumes. A copy of the Dictionary thus described came into my possession shortly after my Sanscrit studies, and I anticipated the most valuable assistance to them from such a source. I found, however, that it comprehended in its etymological details and lengthened quotations of synonymes, much more than I required, and that from its unwieldy size it was inconvenient and embarrassing in use. I therefore effected its conversion into a more commodious form, and prepared a translation of its abbreviated contents for my private reference.

“ Upon the completion of my task, circumstances led to the communication of its results to Mr. Colebrook, a name which in Hindu literature and science carries with it a weight and authority that all must bow to, and by his advice I was induced to revise my labours, and to hope that they might be rendered serviceable to the study of Sanscrit lore. I had therefore to recommence my labours, and carefully to collate the compilation of Raghumani with the authorities on which it rested, and it soon appeared that accuracy was no part of the compiler's merits; the mistakes were innumerable and of every kind; words incorrectly written and erroneously interpreted, fanciful etymologies, covering and sanctioning those errors, passages wrongly cited, and the names of the original vocabularies constantly confounded, met me in every page, and the adjustment of these inaccuracies, added to the difficulty inseparable from a reference to such unmethodical guides as the Sanscrit Coshas, has rendered the business of collation the most laborious and harassing portion of my task; fortunately, it was a duty on which my native assistants were best employed, and they have been especially so occupied. To those who are acquainted with the character of these assistants, it is needless to expatiate upon the necessity of vigilantly superintending and revising whatever they do, and it would be difficult to convey to a person not acquainted with them any conception of their carelessness and indolence, and of the limited dependence to be placed upon native research, when not sedulously and unremittingly controlled. I have had in the course of my labours the aid of many pundits of high credit and respectable acquirements, and regret much that I cannot associate the name of any of them with my own as a partner in the little credit I may hope to derive from the present publication.” •

Mr. Wilson then goes on to state the imperfections which must necessarily exist in a dictionary compiled from native authorities alone: we quote what he says in confirmation of our own observations on this subject.

“ The plan of the original compilation including the contents of the vocabularies alone, left the work exceedingly defective; the roots of the language are all excluded from those collections, as are most technical terms and words of common occurrence, and none of these accordingly were comprised in Raghumani's dictionary. I am disposed, indeed, to question the expedience of the primary plan, and to conceive that a more useful Lexicon might have been drawn up from the classical compositions of the best Hindu writers, instead of deriving it from the

Coshas only. At the same time, as these last are the received authorities of all India, and as the interpretations resting on general writings may be contested; as they are also perpetually cited in the ablest commentaries, and their omission might have given undue importance to their supposed contents; it was absolutely necessary to comprehend as many of them as were procurable within the scope of the work: to have added to those authorities the general body of Hindu compositions would have involved an amount of labour, cost, and time, and a voluminous extent of preparation, which the state of Sanscrit study does not yet require, and perhaps does not permit."

He then goes on to give an account of the native dictionaries now used in India. Of these the most celebrated is the *Amer Cosha*, or vocabulary of *Amera Sinha*, which was published with a translation by Mr. Colebrook at Serampore in 1808. Mr. Wilson enters into an elaborate inquiry as to the date of this celebrated Lexicographer, through which our limits will not permit us to follow him. Unfortunately, the complete darkness which hitherto involves every thing connected with ancient Indian history and chronology is such, that even Mr. Wilson's efforts are unable to attain any satisfactory conclusions. All known on the matter is, that *Amera Sinha* *probably* flourished in the court of king *Vicramaditya*; but who, we may ask, was he?

"The real date of *Vicramaditya's* reign is, however, still a desideratum in Indian History; and, in spite of the learned labours of that profound investigator, Major Wilford, we have yet to ascertain whether the voice of tradition be that of truth; the circumstance of *Amera's* being cotemporary with him depends upon no more positive proof, and there is some inconsistency in making the Buddha philologist the favourite and minister of a monarch, who is always described in the legends recorded of him as a pious worshipper of the orthodox divinities, and the liberal patron of the regular priesthood. The age of the *Amera Cosha* can scarcely be fixed within any very narrow limits, and we can only feel satisfied of its composition at some period long anterior to the tenth century; an opinion farther warranted by the grammarian *Vopadeva*, who is generally assigned to the twelfth century, and who enumerates *Amera* among the eight *old* grammarians, an epithet he would no more have attached to a writer but two or three centuries anterior to himself, than any grammarian of the present day would think of giving to *Bhattoji Dicsita*, who compiled the *Caumudi* about two hundred years ago. *Amera Sinha* may therefore be left, agreeably to tradition, to the beginning of the Christian era, or, as connected with other traditionary notices of names and events, which I shall proceed to describe, he may be brought down to a later date, and placed about the middle or end of the fifth century after Christ.

"The persecution," continues Mr. Wilson, "of the followers of Buddha by the Brahminical order is a subject on which both sects are agreed. One of the earliest and most harmless effects of it, it is generally

believed, was the anathematizing of the Buddha works, and amongst them of the compositions of Amara, all which consequently perished with the exception of his vocabulary. As the persecution is thus restricted to Amara's literary existence, we may infer his personal exemption from its fury by his existence prior to that event, and, by ascertaining therefore the time of its commencement, we may be able to add another conjecture to those we have formed of our author's age.

Celebrated as is the persecution and temporary suppression of the Buddha heresy, it is an occurrence of which the date is as uncertain as any other event in Hindu history; its institution is generally attributed to Sancara Acharya, and with his age therefore must originate our inquiry."

After a long investigation of this also, Mr. Wilson proceeds to give the result of the whole inquiry, and this we shall quote at length, both as settling this point, as far as it admits, and also as exhibiting a specimen of those gross mistakes into which Europeans will always be led, who pretend to investigate the history or manners of the Hindoos without a knowledge of Sanscrit.

"The examination I have thus instituted into the age of Amara Sinha has extended itself to limits no doubt disproportioned to the importance of the inquiry. I had, however, to correct errors, and to controvert prejudices, as well as to contend with the natural difficulties of the subject, and to support my averments by the best authorities within my reach. As to the result of the research, I shall willingly, if convinced by worthy testimony of having erred in my conclusions, submit to correction; those conclusions, indeed, are only positive within certain limits, and, as the sum of the investigation, I have only satisfied myself with the choice of one of two alternatives: either assent to the tradition which places Amara Sinha in the time of the primitive Vicramaditya, fifty-six years before the Christian era; or to the inference deduced from the contiguous position of a number of persons and things connected more or less directly with our author's supposed history, which designates the early part of the fifth century as the time at which Amara flourished.

"Those notions which attribute an extravagant antiquity to the Hindus are fully as absurd as those which deny them any antiquity at all. As I have combated one set of opinions, therefore, it would have been but just to expose the other, as epitomised in Fra Bartolomeo's account of Amara Sinha. To do this, however, it will be sufficient to cite his expressions, pausing only to observe that these absurdities are the composition of a man who lavished every term of abuse upon the *Angli Calcuttenses*, then engaged under the auspices of Warren Hastings and Sir William Jones in instituting the legitimate inquiries, which alone have displayed to European knowledge the true extent and character of *Indian* learning, and which he arrogantly and abruptly denounced as vain speculations and idle dreams. After most gratuitously and ridiculously converting Amara Sinha into *Amara Chihina*, and explaining that to signify 'librum cali signa continentem,' he proceeds, 'ita certe hujus

vocabuli etymologiam et analysim mihî tradidit linguæ Sanscrdamicæ peritissimus vir, Ciangra Aashan, atque halucinatos fuisse puto *Calcuttenses* *Anglos* qui Amarasinha philosophum et Vikramaditya regis Indici a consiliis virum fuisse adstruunt, ipsique hunc librum nullo prorsus fundamento innixi adscribunt, cum tamen evidens esse videatur, *librum istum una cum Idolatria Indica compositum fuisse, &c non solum totius mythologiæ et liturgiæ basim, sed primum librum precatorium esse, quo Brahmanes in ipso suæ idolatriæ exordio usi sunt*—elevating in this extraordinary manner a common vocabulary to the distinction of a *Ritual* and *Liturgy*, co-existent with the origin of the Hindu idolatry and the basis of the Brahminical superstitions. A blunder of another character, although of an equally absurd description, connected with the *Amera Cosha*, has been committed by Anquetil du Perron, and has been adduced by Mr. Mills as ‘a remarkable instance of the disposition of Brahmans to accommodate by falsification even their sacred records to the ideas of Europeans.’ Du Perron says—‘Si je n’avois pas sçu que le commencement de l’*Amarkesh* contenoit la description du *Lingam*, peut-être m’eût il été impossible de decouvrir, que mes Brahmes, qui ne vouloient pas dévoiler le fond de leurs mystères, paraphrasoient et pallioient plutôt qu’ils ne traduisoient.’—A description of the *Lingam* in the introduction to the *Amera Cosha*! Du Perron’s Brahmans must have been much astonished at the discovery, and at the perverse spirit and gross ignorance which converted *Amera*’s account of the contents of his vocabulary, comprising the genders (*linga*) of nouns, into the mystical mention of an object with which his preamble has no kind of connection, except the indispensable employment of a grammatical term that happens also to have the same meaning, but which, occurring where and how it does, the merest novice in Sanscrit literature could not possibly misunderstand. We have had too much of mere pretenders to knowledge in oriental literature, and it is high time to weigh accurately the real merit of all authorities on matters of Asiatic learning and history, if we wish to gain any real acquaintance with such subjects, or if we retain the slightest veneration for truth.”

Mr. Wilson then goes on to give an account of the other native works which he had consulted. These are, first, eight Commentaries on the *Amera Cosha*, and twenty independent Vocabularies. All of these he has employed in his compilation. The most celebrated of them is the *Medini Cosha*, which is thus characterized:—

“An excellent Dictionary of homonymous words, arranged according to their final letters and their syllabic lengths, and then further disposed with alphabetical precision; it is a compilation of great accuracy and high authority, and constitutes, after the *Amera Cosha*, the basis and bulk of my labours.

“The closing section of the *Medini* recapitulates the authorities employed in its composition, and comprises, amongst others, the fullest list of *Coshas* to be met with. On this account, and as they appear to be enumerated according to their supposed comparative antiquity, I shall

here transcribe the catalogue, accompanying it with such information as to their present existence as I am able to offer from my own knowledge, or from the oral accounts of the Pundits."

The list here alluded to comprised twenty-four distinct works, "forming, with the Medini, twenty-five vocabularies, all prior to the fifteenth century, and of which my original and myself, aided as we were by Mr. Colebrook's valuable collection of Manuscripts, have been able to procure no more than nine or ten. They are not, however, the whole number of works extant in the times of Medini Cara and his predecessors, which were either vocabularies themselves, or treated of the forms, inflexions, genders, and meaning of words, in a manner that sanctioned their being included in the same class."

The preceding may serve to give the reader some idea of the extent of the labour expended in the compilation of Wilson's Dictionary. As a specimen of the result, we shall here present our readers with the explanation of a root in common use throughout the Classical and Teutonic languages. The root *Sh'thā*,* to stand, &c. We have inserted a few explanations in italics, and those passages which are within brackets are the additions which the second edition makes to the first.

"SHT'THA', r. 1st. cl. *root of the first conjugation (third person sing. pres. tense, active, TISHTHATI.)* ¹ To stand, to stop, to be still, to refrain from moving. ² To abide, to stay, to be (third pers. sing. pres. tense, middle, TISHTHATÉ.) ¹ To apply or refer to, as an umpire or judge. ² To indicate or reveal one's thoughts to another. With the inseparable preposition ADHI prefixed, it becomes ADHITISHTHATI. ¹ To excel, to surpass, to overcome. [² To sit or stand upon or over. ³ To be placed or preside over. With the prep. ANU, (ANUTISHTHATI.) ¹ To practise as a duty, to obey or follow as a law. ² To apply or adhere to.] With the prep. AVA (third pers. pr. act. AVATISHTHATI do. mid. AVATISHTHATÉ.) ¹ To stay or stand. [² To attend upon.] With the prep. A'N, which here loses its final n, (A'TISHTHATÉ, middle.) ¹ To affirm or assert. [² To apply,] (ATISHTHATI, active.) ¹ To ascend, to mount. [² To promise or engage.] With the prep. UT (UTTISHTHATÉ, mid.): To seek for, to endeavour to obtain, (UTTISHTHATI, act.) To get up, to rise as from a seat, &c. With the prep. UPA (UPATISHTHATI, act. —té, mid.) ¹ To propitiate (as a deity.) ² To praise or hymn, to worship, to adore. ³ To em-

* For the convenience both of the printer and reader, we have endeavoured to express the Sanscrit words in this quotation by Roman letters, according to the system of Sir William Jones, as it is given and followed by Mr. Wilson in the first edition of the Dictionary. We find, however, that in the second edition this system is abandoned, and such Sanscrit words as require expression in Roman characters are spelt in a manner totally different. Being ourselves fully persuaded of the impossibility of establishing any satisfactory system of Roman orthography for oriental languages, we are neither disappointed nor surprised at Mr. Wilson's change of system, and shall only remark upon it, that such a vacillation in a scholar so eminent, and so well qualified to establish, were it possible, a correct oriental Roman orthography, is one of the strongest proofs of the hopelessness of such attempts in general.

brace. ⁴ To treat in a friendly manner, to form a friendship or connection with. ⁵ To pass or lie along or near to, that is, as a path or road. [⁶ To arrive at or near.] (UPATISHTHATÉ, *mid. only.*) To hope to gain or acquire. [With the *prep.* NI (NITISHTHATÉ.) To be established. With the two preps. PARI and AVA united, which then become PARYYAVA (PARYYAVATISHTHATI.) To be stationary or immoveable.] With the *prep.* PRA (PRATISHTHATÉ.) ¹ To set off, to go forth, to depart. [² To go to:—with the preps. PRA and UT united, which then become PROT (PROTTISHTHATI.) To get up, to rise.] With the *prep.* PRATI (PRATITISHTHATI.) To be erected for holy purposes, to be sacred or consecrated. With the *prep.* VI (VITISHTHATÉ.) ¹ To stand apart, to be separated. [² To stay or be:—with VI and AVA united, which become VYAVA (VYAVATISHTHATÉ.) To decree, to pronounce.] With the *prep.* SAM, which, in composition, becomes SAN, (SANTISHTHATÉ.) ¹ To be well. ² To be close to, or together. ³ To be of the same inclinations or opinions, to conform, to agree. [⁴ To be completed or finished. With SAM and A'N united (SAMATISHTHATÉ.) To perform, to be engaged in. With SAM and UT united (SAMUTISHTHATI.) To rise or get up. With SAM and PRA united. To go forth, or on a journey. With the *prep.* PRA prefixed to the root in the causal form] of conjugation, which is a form appropriated to this purpose (PRASTHAPAYATI.) To send, i. e. to cause to go forth.

We shall add another: the root Kri, to do or make, that is, the Latin Creo.

“ KRI, r. 5th cl. root of the 5th conjug. To this root is subjoined an Anubundha or indicatory letter N', which implies that the active and middle voices of this verb are used according to their real nature, the former to denote an action passing from an agent to an object, the latter, an action operating on the agent himself. The root thus becomes KRIN (third pers. sing. act. KRINŌTI, *mid.* KRINŪTÉ.) To hurt, to injure, to kill. With the two Anubundhas (DU and N'), the former of which indicates that a particular form of adjective may be derived from the root, it becomes DUKRIN, r. 8th cl., and is then reckoned a root of the 8th conj., and very irregularly inflected (KARŌTI, KŪRŪTÉ.) To do, to make, to perform any kind of action: this root admits most of the prepositions and a variety of significations; it is also active or deponent, according to its prefix and import; as, [¹ With ATI (ATIKŪRŪTÉ.) To exceed, to do more.] ² With ADHI (ADHIKŪRŪTÉ.) ^a To [surpass or] overcome. [^b To superintend, to govern. ^c To hold of right.] ^d To bear patiently. ^e To refrain from. ³ With ANU (ANUKARŌTI.) [^f To copy,] to imitate, to act like or after. ⁴ With APA (APAKŪRŪTÉ.) ^a [To wrong, to injure.] ^b To do evil. ⁵ With A'N (Ā'KŪRŪTÉ.) ^a To call. [^b To take shape or form.] ⁶ With UT (UTKŪRŪTÉ.) ^a To kill or hurt dangerously. [^b To collect, to assemble.] ⁷ With UD and A'N UDAKŪRŪTÉ.] To reproach. ⁸ With UPA (UPAKŪRŪTÉ.) [To befriend,] to serve [or assist.] ⁹ With UPA and S—inserted (UPASKŪRŪTÉ, or UPASKURŌTI.) To alter. (UPASKŪRŌTI *only.*) ^a [To polish,] to adorn. ^b To assemble. ^c To reply. [¹⁰ With TIRAS (TIRASKARŌTI.) To abuse, to revile. ¹¹ With DUR, in which the

final r is—by orthographical rules changed into sh and is the Greek Δσ
 (DUSHKAROTI.) To do evil. ¹² With NIR and A'N (NIRA'KÜRÜTÉ.)
^a To make light of, to contemn. ^b To expel. ^c To annihilate.]
¹³ With PARI [and S inserted] (PARISKARÖTI.) To polish, [to refine,
 to [make elegant or] perfect. ¹⁴ With PARA and A'N (PARA'KARÖTI.)
 To act well. ¹⁵ With PRA (PRAKÜRÜTÉ.) [^a To begin. ^b To do any
 thing quickly. ^c To serve.] ^d To allot, to portion. ^e To violate. ^f To
 chayne, to recite. [¹⁰ With PRATI (PRATIKÜRÜTÉ.) ^a To counteract.
^b To retaliate. ^c To remedy. With PRATI and UPA (PEATYUPAKÜ-
 RÜTÉ.) To requite, to return a kindness.] With VI (VIKURÜTÉ.)
^a To utter, to sound. [^b To seek, to strive for.] (VIKARÖTI.) ^a To
 alter, to change in form. ^b To disturb or agitate. ¹⁸ With VI and
 A'N (VYAKÜRÜTÉ.) ^a To explain, to expound. ^b To make manifest or
 public. ¹⁹ With SAM, *which in composition becomes SANG* (SANGSKA-
 RÖTI.) ^a To polish, to perfect. ^b To assemble, to bring together.
 [²⁰ With SU (SUKARÖTI.) 'To do well.']"

The length to which these remarks have already extended, warns us that it is time to conclude. We shall, therefore, sum up the whole by observing that the present is one of those fortunate works whose value cannot be overlooked. It is evident that no student of Sanscrit can be without it, and even to those who are not professedly such, but who are interested in the study of general and rational philology, history, and antiquities, and in the present manners, politics, or statistics of India, it is indispensable. To every one of these, in his several departments, it presents in itself an inexhaustible treasure of information already collected, and points out the surest way of obtaining more. Had the work been of the most imperfect kind, it would still, from the total want of any thing else, have been an invaluable present to the literary world; but when we consider its high absolute excellence merely as a Dictionary, without any reference to the wants of Sanscrit scholars, it is impossible not to admire the talents which could not only project the plan of a Sanscrit Dictionary, but bring its execution so near to perfection.

But it is justly observed by Mr. Wilson, that Sanscrit is a language "which may be said to have no limit." However much then may be contained in this Dictionary, and however much the author may have done, much still remains to do; and the best wish we can express for those who have leisure and inclination for such studies is, that Mr. Wilson, as in the Preface to his second edition he gives us some reason to hope, would favour the world with a third edition, with such addenda as his experience must by this time have enabled him to make, among which we would venture to suggest that of a reverse part, or Index, so as to form a Dictionary English and Sanscrit.

ART. IV.—*Storia del Reame di Napoli, dal 1734, sino dal 1825.*
Del Generale Pietro Colletta. (*History of the Kingdom of*
***Naples, from 1734 to 1825.* By General Peter Colletta.)**
 Capolago, Cantone Ticino, 1834. 4 vol. 8vo.

THIS is a most important historical work, written with ability and eloquence of no common kind, and in a spirit of truth and sincerity, by a man who acted a not insignificant, though always honourable part, in many of the vicissitudes and events which he has here narrated. Colletta was born at Naples in 1775. He early applied himself to the study of mathematics, while his classical education was not neglected. In 1796 he entered the military service as an officer in the artillery, and was present during the disastrous campaign against the French in 1798. He served afterwards under the turbulent and short-lived republic, without being either a demagogue or a fanatic. His friends succeeded in saving him from the proscriptions that followed. Being, however, dismissed from the service, he found employment as a civil engineer in draining the marshes near the mouth of the Ofanto. When the French took possession of Naples, for the second time, in 1806, Colletta was reinstated in his rank, and employed at the siege of Gaeta, and at the taking of Capri. He was afterwards sent by Murat, as Intendant, to Calabria, where he remained two years. In 1812 he was made a general, and director of the roads and bridges. Two of the finest roads in the neighbourhood of Naples were planned by him, and executed under his directions. In 1813 he was appointed chief of the engineer department. He accompanied Murat in his two campaigns of 1814-15, and after the reverses of the last, he was sent by him to the Austrian head-quarters, where he signed the capitulation of Casalanza, by which Ferdinand was restored to the kingdom of Naples. He was continued in his employments by the restored government, which he served with loyalty. He kept entirely aloof from the plots and machinations that brought about the revolution of 1820. During the short period of the constitutional government he was sent as captain-general to Sicily, to restore order in that island, and was subsequently appointed minister of war: but the entrance of the Austrians, and the overthrow of the constitution, again and finally threw him out of employment, and drove him into exile along with many others, on account of their liberal opinions. After spending two years in the Austrian dominions, where he was treated with respect and attention by that government, he was allowed, on account of his health, to return to Italy in 1823. He took up his residence in Tuscany, and beguiled the tedium of exile, in his latter years (he died in November, 1831,) by

composing the work before us, which forms a most valuable addition to the stock of Italian histories, and may be considered as a worthy continuation of Giannone's History of Naples. It embraces the period from the establishment of the Spanish Bourbon dynasty on the throne of Naples, in 1734, to the death of Ferdinand I., in 1825. It is divided into *ten* books, the *first* of which contains an account of the reign of Charles III., and the useful reforms and improvements introduced by that well-intentioned monarch. The *second* book treats of the early part of the reign of Ferdinand I., who, by means of his ministers, followed for a time the steps of his father and predecessor. Then came the French revolution, which, by the fears it inspired and the passions it excited, changed the whole system of Neapolitan policy, and plunged the country into an abyss of calamities. The ill-advised and worse-directed war against the French, the invasion that followed, the madness of the republic, and the atrocities of the counter-revolution—these form the subject of the *third* and *fourth* books, and are all portrayed in vivid but true colours. Those who are acquainted with Cuoco's and Botta's histories of the same period, will yet find in Colletta's narrative much that is new. The six years that elapsed between Ferdinand's first restoration and the French invasion under Joseph Bonaparte fill up the *fifth* book. The *sixth* is occupied with Joseph's short but troubled reign. The *seventh* comprises a very interesting account of the administration of Joachim Murat, during the seven years of his reign, followed by his melancholy catastrophe and tragical end. The *eighth* book contains the account of Ferdinand's administration from his restoration to the revolution of 1820. The *ninth* gives a narrative of the establishment of the constitution and its fall in 1821. The *tenth* book relates the events which followed Ferdinand's third restoration, till his death in 1825.

The information which Colletta gives us of the circumstances of the feud between Murat and his imperious brother-in-law is not a little curious. Soon after Murat's precipitate return to his capital, after the disasters of the Russian campaign, negotiations were entered into between him and Lord William Bentinck, who commanded in Sicily. Full of the apprehension that Napoleon's headlong ambition and reckless obstinacy were about to bring down ruin upon himself and all those connected with him, Murat became exceedingly anxious to save his kingdom of Naples from the general wreck. He had been grievously offended by Napoleon on several occasions, and especially by the sneering manner in which his departure from the army was announced in the French *Moniteur*, and the preference therein exhibited towards Eugene

Beauharnois, who succeeded him in the command of the French army. Napoleon, maddened by his reverses, wrote to his sister, Murat's wife, bitterly reproaching her husband, in his usual violent style, as a traitor, an imbecile in politics, unworthy of his alliance, and threatening him with condign punishment. Murat replied to this epistle by another, which he sent to Napoleon, without communicating it to his wife. Colletta, who enjoyed Murat's confidence at the time, gives us some extracts of the contents of this very characteristic letter :

“ The wound you have inflicted upon my character is deep, and it is beyond your Majesty's power to heal it. You have insulted an old companion in arms, who was faithful to you in all your dangers, who contributed not a little to your victories, and who seasonably revived your downcast spirits on the 18th Brumaire. . . . You are pleased to say, that one who has the honour of belonging to ‘ your illustrious family ’ ought to avoid every thing that may prejudice its interests, or tarnish its splendour. But I, sir, tell you in reply, that your family has received from me as much honour as it has imparted to me with the hand of your sister Caroline. Although I am called a king, many is the time that I have recalled, with a sigh of regret, the days when I was a simple officer, when I acknowledged superiors—but no master. Since I became a king, I have been tyrannized over by your Majesty, and domineered in the bosom of my own family ; and at such times, I have felt more strongly than ever the want of independence, and a thirst for liberty. It is ever thus that you afflict—that you sacrifice to your suspicious temper—the men most faithful to you, those who have been your firmest supporters in the portentous career of your fortunes. Thus you sacrificed Fouché to Savary, Talleyrand to Champagny, and afterwards Champagny to Maret, and now you have sacrificed Murat to Beauharnois;—to that Beauharnois, whose great merit, in your eyes, is his mute obedience, besides the other merit, yet more acceptable to you, of having announced to the French senate the divorce of his mother. . . . I cannot refuse to my people some alleviation of the intolerable evils which your maritime war inflicts upon the country. From all that has passed between us, it is clear that our old mutual confidence exists no longer. You will act as you think proper ; but whatever be your wrongs towards me, I call myself still your affectionate brother-in-law,

— JOACHIM.”

Murat had about him persons who encouraged him in thus casting off his dependence on Napoleon. Ever since 1810, says Colletta, several Neapolitans, and a native of another part of Italy, men placed in confidential stations, perceiving that the headlong career of Napoleon must lead to a precipice, conceived that the only chance of safety for Naples was the union of all Italy under one sceptre. In their eyes, Murat's ambition and bravery marked him out as the man who could achieve this great object. The suggestion was whispered to Murat's ear, and he

listened to it without displeasure, but kept it a profound secret from his ministers and his wife. On his return from Russia, the same counsellors represented to him that the opportune moment was now arrived, that all the armies of Europe were concentrated in Germany, that Italy was free from both French and Austrian troops, that Buonaparte could never recover his former supremacy over the world, and that, by making peace with England, he (Murat) might occupy all Italy, unite it under his sceptre, and make it independent for ever. Acting upon these suggestions, Murat sent messengers to meet Lord William Bentinck in the island of Ponza, and, after some negotiation, it was agreed between them that Murat should march to the north of Italy, and wrest the whole Peninsula from the power of Napoleon, and that an auxiliary English army should co-operate with him. This took place in the spring of 1813. Murat was only waiting for the ratification of the treaty by the English ministry. But, in the mean time, his wife had been using all her exertions to effect a reconciliation between her husband and her brother; Napoleon again wrote in a friendly strain, and commissioned Ney and Fouché to write to Murat, that the French army was on the eve of a fresh campaign and calling loudly for the king of Naples; that the cavalry was waiting impatiently to place itself under its old commander, that the destinies of France and of Europe were to be tried once more on the banks of the Elbe, and that he, even for the interest of his own kingdom in the event of a peace, ought to be present on the spot. Murat, wholly at a loss what course to pursue, and being urged by his wife, at last revealed to her the secret of the negotiations which he had been carrying on with Lord William Bentinck. Caroline persuaded him to join the French army, while she, as Regent, would continue to carry on the affair with England. Murat, with his natural credulity, at last yielded, and proceeded to Dresden; and the negotiation with England fell to the ground.

After the defeat of Leipzig, Murat, having sustained his high military reputation during the campaign, took his last leave of Napoleon at Erfurt, and returned to Naples towards the close of 1813. In January, 1814, he made a treaty of peace and alliance with Austria, and soon after a convention with England, which put an end to the hostilities by sea, and opened the intercourse between Naples and Sicily. Murat then marched with 22,000 men, occupied the Roman States, besieged the French garrisons of Ancona and Civita Vecchia, and, having taken those places, joined at Bologna and Ferrara the Austrian division under General Nugent, with which he was to act on the southern bank of the Po against the Italian and French army under Eugene. Murat

had now taken his part openly and after mature deliberation, and it was his policy, as well as his duty, to have co-operated sincerely and frankly with the Allies. Colletta, who had urged him to the step, because he thought it the only chance which Naples had of escaping further calamities and of retaining its independence, was for a straight-forward active co-operation. But Murat wavered between his old attachment to his brother-in-law and the interests and the wishes of his own subjects.

The real sentiments of Murat, during his singular campaign of 1814, have been a matter of dispute; Colletta clears up the question. There was mistrust on both sides—of the Allies towards Murat, and of Murat towards the Allies. Lord William Bentinck remembered the fate of the negotiations of the preceding year. Bellegarde, the Austrian general, feared that Murat was acting a double part, and that, at the first opportunity, he might join the viceroy against him. Thus Murat, on the southern bank of the Po, was rather a check than a support to the operations of the Allies. The only thing he had effected in the common cause was to clear the Roman States and Tuscany of the few French troops stationed there, which he sent back to France. Bellegarde requested Murat to attack Piacenza and threaten Eugene on that side, while he should force the line of the Mincio, but Murat refused. The cabinet of Vienna meanwhile delayed the ratification of the treaty agreed upon between Count Neipperg and the Marquis del Gallo in January, 1814, by which the possession of his kingdom was guaranteed to Murat. The Neapolitan generals in Murat's army, who were attached to him personally, and were anxious for the safety of their country, seeing that his vacillation and ambiguity threatened the ruin of both, remonstrated with him, and urged him to act frankly and decidedly in concert with the Austrians. The soldiers seem to have been actuated by the same spirit; and we have heard, from persons who were at Modena at the time, that the Neapolitans would cry out, on seeing their king pass, "Viva Gioacchino! and death to the French!" And this they said to Murat, a Frenchman, having still many French officers and generals in his service.

Another incident added to the perplexities of that most confused epoch. The Pope, Pius VII., being released from his French confinement, arrived at Parma, on his way towards Rome. General Nugent, who commanded at Parma, received him with the utmost respect, and gave him an escort as far as the Neapolitan advanced posts, half-way between Parma and Reggio. Murat, who had occupied the Roman States, and who wished to keep them either all or in part, commissioned General Carascosa, who commanded the advanced guard, to go and meet the Pope,

and endeavour, by all means of persuasion, to prevail on him to turn back, or at least to stop at Reggio. The scene that took place is characteristic :—

“ Hardly had Carascosa arrived at one end of the bridge on the Enza, where the outposts were placed, when the Pope appeared at the other extremity, coming from Parma, and escorted by an Austrian guard of honour, and followed by an innumerable crowd of people, which increased at every step. At the foot of the bridge, the Pope dismissed the Austrian escort with his blessing and thanks, and proceeded in his carriage without stopping. The Neapolitan officers and soldiers now confusedly joined the crowd, which was propelling the wheels in sign of reverence. Carascosa himself, turning his horse's head, followed, or rather was impelled along with the multitude; any attempt to stop the Pope being out of the question.”

In this triumphal manner Pius VII. entered the town of Reggio. The Pope went to the Episcopal Palace, and Carascosa immediately solicited an audience, and was admitted. The general, after kissing the Pope's hand, asked him what were his holiness's intentions?—“ To continue my way to Bologna.”—“ But his majesty, the King of Naples, is ignorant of your holiness's arrival; nothing has been prepared for your reception.”—“ I do not require anything of his majesty, on whom I invoke the divine favour.”—“ The post-horses on the road are engaged for the service of the army, and your holiness might be liable to be detained.”—“ I shall trust to the charity of these devout people who accompany me.”—“ But private horses have also been taken for the military service.”—“ Well, I shall proceed on foot, as long as God will give me strength.” Carascosa was now silent a moment, and then asked Pius when he would receive the visit of the officers of the army. “ To-morrow at nine o'clock, before I set off on my journey.” Carascosa then kissed again the Pope's hand, took his leave, and hurried to the king at Bologna, to report to him the conversation word for word, advising him to yield to the power of opinion. Two of Murat's ministers entreated him to favour openly the Pope's cause, which appeared identified with that of the people; but Murat had not decision enough for this. The Pope, having arrived at Bologna, after some rest, went to visit the king, who returned the visit, and remained long closeted with Pius. The principal subject of conversation was the restitution of the Papal States, which were then occupied by the Neapolitan troops. After much debating, it was agreed that Rome and the provinces south of the Appennines should be delivered over to the Pope's authorities, and that Murat should retain, *pro tempore*, the northern provinces. In his treaty with Austria he had insisted upon having the Marches added definitively

to his kingdom of Naples. Another question was raised concerning the road which Pius was to follow. He was desirous of proceeding by the Romagna road; but Murat, fearing the influence of his presence on the minds of the people, whom he wished to consider as his subjects, endeavoured to induce him to take the route of Florence. But Pius was resolute, and Murat could not think of preventing him by force. Next day the Pope proceeded to Cesena, his birth-place, where he remained some time, and it was only on the 24th May following that he made his triumphal entry into Rome.

The Pope's passage being thus settled, Murat thought of the military operations. A corps of Eugene's troops, 14,000 strong, under General Grenier, attacked General Nugent near Parma, drove him away, and pushed its success as far as Reggio, close upon the line of the Neapolitan outposts. It was high time for Murat to decide on which side he was to fight. Colletta confirms what we had before heard, that just before that event Murat had made overtures to Eugene, and would have joined him; but Eugene, mistrusting him, or from old aversion to him, not only spurned his messengers, but found means to reveal Murat's double-dealing to the commissioners of the Allied Powers, who were in Joachim's camp. Murat then decided upon attacking Reggio; the Neapolitans fought heartily on the occasion, and Eugene's general, Severoli, was severely wounded in the action. Murat next forced the passage of the river Taro, and pursued the Italians and French as far as Piacenza. In these various affairs, the Neapolitan troops fought with spirit and success. While he was preparing to attack Piacenza, a messenger arrived with the news of the abdication of Napoleon. Murat, who was then conversing with Colletta in a field not far from the walls of the town, on reading the letters, turned pale, gave orders to suspend the operations, and soon after returned to Bologna.

The Allied Sovereigns charged Murat with faithlessness during the late campaign in Lombardy, and Talleyrand, the French minister at the Congress of Vienna, was hostile to him, and favourable to the claims of Ferdinand of Sicily. Meanwhile Murat entertained a secret correspondence with Buonaparte at Elba; he received and took into his service several political emigrants from the north of Italy; he would not restore the Marches to the Pope; and his consul at Rome was intriguing against the papal government. Thus began the year 1815. On the 4th of March, Murat received the news of Buonaparte's escape from Elba, at which he could not conceal his joy; yet the next day he wrote to the courts of Austria and England, promising to remain faithful to his alliance with them, whatever might be the fate of Napoleon. Colletta observes that there was deception in this,

for he had already made up his mind to march again into northern Italy. His idea was to conquer the whole peninsula, and then to treat with both France and Austria in order to retain possession of it. In vain some of his counsellors remonstrated against the hazardous experiment; he exaggerated his own resources, and trusted to the promises of a few partisans in the rest of Italy, who wrote that they had regiments ready to join him, of which regiments, however, not one ever made its appearance. On the 22d of March he rushed on to war and his own destruction.

“ He had 35,000 men; ten of his twenty-five generals, and thirteen out of twenty-seven colonels, were Frenchmen, between whom and the Neapolitans there was but little harmony; the discipline was relaxed and not uniform; arms and ammunition were scarce; the commissariat far from trustworthy; the military chests almost empty: he calculated, like Napoleon, on maintaining his army at the expense of the countries he was going to occupy.”

He issued a turgid proclamation to the Italians, in which he boasted of 80,000 Neapolitans, who were marching to assist in establishing the independence of Italy, and delivering it from foreigners; “ but this proclamation,” observes Colletta, “ was signed by Murat and countersigned by his adjutant, Millet de Villeneuve, both Frenchmen.” The appeal had no effect, except at Bologna, where some students volunteered in Murat's cause: at Milan, where the proclamation was allowed to circulate freely, together with Bellegarde's reply, it was read with great indifference; and we remember an Austrian officer in the theatre of La Scala, who was going next day to join the army against Murat, saying to some friends that it would be merely a “ *promenade militaire*.” There was, however, some sharp fighting of divisions; the Neapolitans forced the passage of the Panaro, and pushed on as far as the Po, but were soon afterwards attacked and defeated by the Austrians at Carpi; and Murat, alarmed at the same time by the news of the hostile preparations in Sicily against his kingdom, and the advance of an Austrian division through Tuscany, resolved to fall back upon his own states. The battle of Tolentino, on the 2d and 3d of May, proved on the first day successful to the Neapolitans, who afterwards, through the mismanagement of some of their officers, sustained considerable loss. Murat continued his retreat, but, as soon as the troops reached their own frontiers, all discipline was at an end: the generals disobeyed their orders, and the soldiers dispersed and went home. On the 18th of May, Murat had no longer an army. He returned almost alone to Naples, and, on meeting his wife, exclaimed that “ all was lost.” His wife had meanwhile signed a convention with Admiral Campbell, and she secured her passage on board an

English ship for Trieste. She displayed great fortitude in this sudden emergency. Murat sent Carascosa and Colletta to the Austrian head-quarters to make the best terms they could for their country; he stipulated nothing for himself. The convention of Casalanza was signed on the 20th of May, and Naples again acknowledged its old King Ferdinand. On the following day, Murat sailed with a few friends for France. Driven thence after the battle of Waterloo, he repaired to Corsica; persecuted by the authorities there, and disdaining a life of quiet obscurity, instead of joining his wife and children in Austria, he made a desperate attempt, in October, 1815, on the coast of Calabria, which led to his tragical end, of which Colletta gives some interesting particulars. Murat intended to have landed at Salerno, where the remains of his old army were stationed.

"It was a fortunate thing for us," says Colletta, "that the weather prevented him, as the insurrection he would have excited, although it could not be successful, would have spread to some extent, and would have again plunged our country into civil war, followed by cruel reactions and proscriptions."

Murat landed at Pizzo, with only twenty-eight men, shouting "King Joachim for ever!" He was answered by a discharge of musketry from the assembled natives. It is a remarkable circumstance that a steward of the Duke of Infantado's, a Spanish grandee, well known in the war of Spain against Napoleon, and who is possessed of considerable estates in the neighbourhood of Pizzo, together with an old officer of King Ferdinand's, were the two persons who collected their friends and arrested Murat and his followers. Murat attempted to regain his vessel; but the master, a Maltese, whom he had in the time of his prosperity raised to the rank of captain in the navy, stood out to sea, leaving him to his fate. Murat was then seized, and, after being ill used by some of the mob, was shut up in a cell in the castle of Pizzo. General Nunziante, who commanded in Calabria for King Ferdinand, hastened to the spot, and, having recognized Murat, treated him with proper attention. "Nunziante was an old loyalist officer of Ferdinand's, and in this delicate circumstance he knew how to reconcile fidelity to his king with a feeling regard for his unfortunate and fallen enemy." An order was transmitted from Naples to try Murat by a court-martial. When Nunziante brought him the news, on the morning of the 13th of October—"I am a lost man," exclaimed Murat, "trial is in this case synonymous with death." He wrote to his wife and children, giving them his blessing, and entreating them to think no longer of what they had been, but to accommodate themselves to their altered condition. He refused the counsel that had been assigned to him,

saying that the court was incompetent to try him. "He was either a King or a Marshal of France, and could not be tried by subalterns." To Captain Stratti, who was on guard upon him, he observed that he had done much for the Neapolitans; that he had for them forgotten his own country, and had been ungrateful to the French and to his brother-in-law. And he added: "King Ferdinand now avenges by my death the tragedy of the Duke of Enghien, in which, however, I took no part; this I swear before God, in whose presence I am soon to appear." He then thanked the captain for the kindness he had shown him in his misfortunes. A priest, named Masdea, next entered.

"Sire," said he, "this is the second time that I address you. Five years ago, when your majesty came to Pizzo, I asked you for pecuniary assistance, in order to complete the building of our church, and you granted me more than I requested. My application having once found favour with you, I trust that I shall be as successful now in my anxious care for the eternal safety of your soul."

Murat acquiesced in the good priest's entreaty, and, after performing the rites of religion, he wrote, at Masdea's request, "*Je déclare que je meurs en bon Chrétien. G. N.*" Meanwhile the court was proceeding with the trial in another room of the castle. Murat had landed in arms as a public enemy—had excited the people to revolt—had brought with him proclamations and a flag for the same object; he had upon him printed copies of a decree by which he ordered that all the ministers, officers, and other agents of Ferdinand, who should oppose his progress, were to be considered as rebels and traitors, and treated accordingly: which crimes are by the articles of the criminal code punished with death. The sentence being read to him, he heard it without remark. He was led to a small court of the castle, where a platoon of soldiers was formed; he refused to be blindfolded, and when the men made ready their arms: "Spare the face," he cried to them, "and aim at the heart;"—and immediately afterwards he fell, without a struggle, still holding in his hand the miniatures of his wife and children. They were buried with him in that very church to the erection of which he had contributed, and the priest Masdea performed the funeral service. Murat was in his forty-eighth year. He was born at Cahors, in France, of humble parents—entered the army at the beginning of the revolution—soon became a colonel—served with Buonaparte in Italy—was made successively General, Marshal, Grand Duke of Berg, and lastly King of Naples. He fought in hundreds of battles, and was never wounded. "He had the aspirations of a king, the head of a soldier, the heart of a friend. Ambitious and obstinate, he lost his kingdom through his ignorance of the art of government, which

he confounded with the art of war. The mode of his death excited universal compassion."

Previous to commencing the history of the restoration, which fills up the three last books of his work, our author gives a summary of the good and the evil effects which the ten years of French occupation had produced upon the social state of the kingdom of Naples. The *civil* laws, which in 1805 were scattered through hundreds of volumes, were now compressed into one coherent and wise civil code. The *criminal* code, which, before that, did not exist except in detached edicts and forensic customs, was likewise reduced to a fixed form and series of laws, however objectionable the latter might be, in some instances, on account of their too great severity, and the inequality between offences and punishments.

"It was not unbecoming to us to adopt the civil laws of France, founded, as they are, upon principles recognised by European civilization, and collected from the wisdom of both the ancients and moderns. But the *reason* of the penal laws must be looked for in the physical and moral nature of each country; the feelings and the sufferings of the various races of men differ greatly in their nature and intensity; the proportion of guilt attached to the same crime is not the same every where, any more than the degree of suffering inflicted by the same punishment; and, therefore, punishments which are requisite in one state of society are often either too harsh or too slight in another. The prodigality of the penalty of death in the French code was a consequence of twenty years of revolutions and wars, during which the life of man had been held of little value; the unjust award of confiscation was likewise derived from the habits of the French revolution, or rather from the avarice and cupidity of the revolutionists, and from the immense subversion of private and public fortunes. To the same causes may be traced the practice of placing individuals acquitted by the Courts under the *surveillance* of the police. The use of the pillory was likewise unfit for us; it was death to some, whilst, to others, it was only matter of indecent mirth."—vol. iii. pp. 76, 77.

The *code de procedure*, or form of legal proceedings in criminal matters, on the contrary, ought not to be subservient, like the penal laws, to times and countries; it ought to be derived from universal reason and judgment, and applicable alike to all times and places. The code of *procedure* which the Neapolitans received from France was, however, defective. There was no jury, and there were exceptional courts and magistrates, special and military tribunals, and police courts. Of these great abuse was made under the French, especially during Joseph's reign. But, on the other hand, one great improvement introduced by this code was the system of public and *viva voce* trials, instead of the former inquisitorial process and written depositions. This was the innovation which best pleased the Italians, for they felt

that it was a security for their persons against the influence of wealth and power, and against the indolence, ignorance, or corruption of the magistrates and judges.

"Among our Neapolitans, especially, a race naturally suspicious and restless, but deficient in political virtue, there ought to be one security of civil liberty, instead of the thousand securities which our modern innovators have devised, and that is *publicity*: every act of the government, whether civil, judicial, or political, ought to be public, and open to public investigation."—vol. iii. p. 79.

Another advantage of the new code consisted in the so-called correctional laws, which repressed and punished petty transgressions against persons and honour, such as assaults, defamation, offences against decency, all which were formerly overlooked, because the Spanish vice-regal government, the principle of feudality, and the divisions of *ceti* (castes) kept the lower classes in a state of complete personal degradation.

The code of proceedings in civil matters was too much encumbered with forms, which entailed considerable expense and delay on suitors; but the establishment of local courts, the regular succession of judgments and appeals, the independence of the judicial power recognised in principle, although by a law of Murat's, of 1812, the magistrates were not yet made permanent; the security given to property by a public registry of deeds and mortgages, and lastly, the institution of the Supreme Court of Cassation, the guardian and protector of the laws; all these were the advantages of the new code.

The civil and financial administration had also its courts; a *Council of Intendance* in each province, the *Royal Court of Accounts*, which revised the decisions of the provisional councils, and lastly, the *Council of State*, which was a court of appeal. The proceedings of these courts were different from those of the civil tribunals; the principle of Napoleon's administration being essentially despotic and unbending, and tending always to favour the interests of the treasury and crown domains, or, in other words, of the fisc.

The commercial code was liberally conceived. Courts were instituted consisting of commercial men, chosen by the body of merchants; frauds in trade, so common before at Naples, were strictly defined and punished; and suits speedily decided. The external or international part of the code, owing to the long maritime war, was never digested.

Such was the judicial system instituted during the ten years of French occupation, and, considering the confused and arbitrary state of things which it replaced, it must be regarded, notwith-

standing all its defects, as a great and essential benefit conferred by the conquerors on the country—magistrates in every *comune*, superior magistrates in every province, trials begun and terminated on the spot, an end put to secret practices, to tortures or threats, and to inquisitorial methods or suggestive examinations.

“And thus the immense mass of errors and vices of the old jurisprudence, the accumulation of eighteen centuries of national calamities, wars, invasions, and revolutions, disappeared for ever, and the law, which had formerly appeared to us merely an act of power, now assumed a character of benevolent protection; it no longer enjoined a blind obedience, but appealed to the reason and persuasion of the people.”—vol. iii. p. 81.

The system of finances likewise underwent a thorough reform. The many old unequal taxes were abolished, and property and consumption became the bases of taxation. But this taxation was ruinous to the proprietors. A *catasto*, or inventory, of all the real property in the kingdom was begun, but never completed. The *fondiarìa*, or land and house tax, was laid indiscriminately upon all property; it averaged 20 per cent. of the net income, and produced seven millions of ducats. The burden was heavy, and, through intrigue, or from the want of accurate information, was often unequally laid. The old tax on salt was converted into a government monopoly, and every individual was obliged to buy a certain quantity of it (5 *rotoli*) per year. This salt tax was the most obnoxious of all others to the Neapolitans, who, seeing Nature lavishing this valuable article around their coasts, and in many of their mountain streams, cursed the financial oppression which thus deprived them of her bounty. The public debt was acknowledged; the interest amounted to 800,000 ducats at the time of Murat's fall. A sinking fund had been established. All feudal rights and possessions were abolished, although not without many acts of injustice towards the old possessors. The *fidei-commissi* were suppressed, and property made free and divisible between the children, male and female. Of the convents, those which were possessed of property were closed, but the mendicant orders, from which nothing could be taken, were allowed to remain. And the once wealthy monks and nuns, who had a life-interest in the property of their order, who had given up their prospects in the world, and had devoted themselves to monastic life, when the laws and customs of society not only protected but encouraged, and in some cases compelled their choice, were now turned adrift upon a friendless and contemptuous world, with a scanty and ill-paid pittance, (in most cases about one shilling a day). Colletta himself acknowledges

that "this suppression of the monasteries was effected, not in a spirit of philosophy or sound policy, but under the direction of financial rapacity."—Vol. iii. p. 47.

His picture of the state of society, in all classes, is drawn with a masterly hand.

"Many of the magistrates were better informed, more just, more honest, than the former ones. The clergy had become worse in character and reputation; the conquest of Naples, in 1806, had introduced the principles and the licentiousness of French liberty, and the clergy, as the church became poor, looked for wealth far from the altar; they were less hypocritical, less artful, but more scandalous in their lives; the monks, when converted into secular priests, threw discredit upon the clergy in general. The old nobles were poor, and decayed; the new ones, unaccustomed to the patrician tone and manners, were more jealous of their power and wealth than of their rank; both classes were an ornament to, but not a support of, the monarchy: all privileges being abolished, the nobility became a class of landholders; their interests were no longer those of an order, but common to other proprietors. Of Murat's army, the soldiers remaining were few, as most of them had deserted, the officers many, the generals too many; and the spirit of all was restless, their language presumptuous, their craving for war and for honours had increased, while discipline and morality were relaxed. Ambitious men were accustomed to be rewarded for any services, and unscrupulous in seeking employment under any rulers. The lower orders had grown up among the dishonest profits of civil wars, and afterwards among the plunder of the feudal estates; they were now used to the enjoyment of equality, and were become covetous, restless, and ungovernable, unless by physical force. The old *prestige* which once surrounded the kingly person had vanished, since new men, like Joseph and Murat, had risen to that dignity before the eyes of the people; the blind veneration of our fathers was changed into a feeling of dread of the kingly power, while the former reverence for the king's acts had become mixed up with calculation; a moral change, fruitful of other results. The nation, tossed, as it had been for twenty years, in a sea of strange vicissitudes, bore in mind the unjust persecutions of 1793, the proscriptions of 1799, the despotism of the following years, the deceptions of modern liberty, the rapacity and insolence of foreign armies, the impotence of its own troops. It remembered the broken promises, the perjured oaths, the arts practised, either to extract money, or to favour the views of power. It perceived that kings, both old and new, were equally careless of the sentiments of the people; that the old relied on legitimacy, and the new on military force. But now both were alike broken; the real Bourbonists or Muratists were few; and the greater part of thinking men were *Carbonari*, or liberals, not displeased at Murat's fall, but watchful and suspicious of the conduct of his successor."—vol. iv. pp. 4, 5.

Ferdinand, in his addresses to the Neapolitans, dated from Sicily in May, 1815, promised peace and oblivion of the past.

He promised to maintain the civil institutions established during his absence; he recognized the political equality of all his subjects; he confirmed the rank, honours, and pensions, of those who had served the late government; the sales of national property; and the amount of the national debt. And he kept his word. No one was molested for his past political conduct. The impartiality shown towards the officers who had returned from Sicily, as well as towards those who had served with Murat, was carried to an extreme which appeared ingratitude to the former; and we remember hearing bitter complaints from some of them at the time. The French codes were maintained, with few modifications. Ferdinand confirmed the system of administration established by Murat; and yet, with all this, he did not succeed in giving general satisfaction. His conduct was the very reverse of that of his nephew, Ferdinand of Spain; and yet, a few years after, revolutions broke out alike against both.

What was the condition of Naples in 1819? Ferdinand had, up to that time, retained, with slight alterations, all the institutions adopted during the ten years of French domination, the codes, the equal administration of justice: the taxes were equally distributed; the civil administration was orderly, strict, and judicious; the police was not arbitrary, as in the old times of the monarchy; the bands in the provinces had been put down; the country enjoyed peace; the judicial power was independent; the ministers of the king, and the officers of the revenue, were subject to a public inspection; and, lastly, there were communal and municipal councils, provincial councils, and a chancellery; all assemblies of citizens and magistrates, for the purpose of promoting the common weal. These institutions, observes Colletta, acting together under the form of a mild, though nominally absolute, monarchy, constituted, in fact, a practical constitution which might be called one of freedom. The treasury was full, public credit good, works of improvement and embellishment were carrying on, the state was prosperous, the rulers benevolent, the present was happy, and there was a prospect of a happier futurity. Naples was among the best-governed kingdoms in Europe; it had adopted most of the new liberal ideas; it seemed to have gained the largest share of the benefit accruing from all the changes that had distracted Europe for a quarter of a century.

“ Whence, then, the sudden discontent of the subjects? whence the tumults of the subsequent rebellion? What was wanting to the public satisfaction? It wanted persuasion, the confidence of the people in the good intentions of their rulers. Where that confidence exists, even injustice is easily tolerated; where it is wanting, justice itself becomes an object of suspicion. That confidence had been destroyed by the

atrocities of 1799, by the simulations and uncertainties of the restoration, by the personal history of the king, by the intrigues of his ministers, by a commonly received opinion of their weakness and incapacity. The social body was flourishing, and yet, strange to say, the head was withering. The liberals were tormented by the fear that the good laws might fall into desuetude, that the moderate monarchy might return to absolutism; they trembled for their persons, and the purchasers of national domains trembled for their property. It was not any real ground of complaint, but it was suspicion that brought about the revolution of 1820."—p. 98.

With slight alteration these remarks might apply equally well to the state of France under Charles X. It is a consequence of all revolutions effected by bloodshed and violence, and attended by a disruption of the social bond, that they destroy for a long time afterwards all confidence between the people and their governors, whoever these may be; and this moral consequence, though generally less noticed, is more fatal to the tranquillity of a nation than even the material mischief attending the convulsion.

There was in the king and his ministers a feeling of half-smothered aversion for what had been done, whether of good or evil, under the French occupation; their words spoke one thing, but their hearts meant another, and their measures, under the influence of these two opposite impulses, gave a jarring discordant motion to the social machine. Several imprudent acts of the government, though in minor matters, which Colletta notices at length, had brought that feeling to light, and the disaffected of course exaggerated their own suspicions, and excited those of others. The two sections of the army, Sicilian and Muratist, were jealous of each other; mutual taunts passed between them, and not all the benignity of the king could reconcile them. The king had individually shown favour to some of his old Sicilian officers, which was natural enough; but the jealous eye of partisanship overlooks nothing, and forgives no preference shown to an adversary. But the great, the principal, engine at work during the five years that passed between the restoration and the revolution of 1820, was the political sect of the Carbonari. Colletta gives a full account of this famed society. The origin of the Carbonari is attributed by some to the old associations of the *Charbonniers* (charrers or charcoal-burners) and *Fendeurs*, or hewers, which were formed at different times in the Jura mountains, in the Vosges, in the Netherlands, and in Germany. A vast tract in the Ardennes was called the Carbonarian forest. Men employed in cutting wood and making charcoal, in the vast forests and wild mountain tracts of those regions, joined in common bonds for mutual assistance and protection against robbers and other ene-

mies, as well as against the oppression of the forest laws and their officers or foresters, which in Germany especially gave rise to frequent revolts of the peasantry. The Charbonniers adopted conventional signs known only to themselves. Important services rendered to the members of the association procured at times for persons of other professions, and of higher rank in society, admission into the order; and it is even asserted that several members of the French parliament, when dissatisfied with the court, were enrolled in it between the years 1770 and 1790.* In a curious book published at Paris in 1815, on the Secret Societies formed against Napoleon's Government, there is an account, apparently authentic, of the origin and the objects of the society of the Charbonniers, or Bucherons, which had long existed in the French department of the Jura, and was called by the members *Le bon Cousinage* (good cousinship), and which was actively employed for political objects during Buonaparte's reign. In Italy, in the Apennines of Genoa, the Charrers had also a sort of confederacy, though not of a political nature, for their mutual protection. A lively description of the existence and habits of these people is given in the Italian novel *La Fidanzata Ligure*.

Having premised thus much concerning the remote origin of the association, we now proceed to its introduction into the kingdom of Naples. Colletta attributes it to some Neapolitan emigrants, who left their country from political motives towards the beginning of the French revolution, and in their travels through France and Germany became initiated in the mysteries of the sect, which, like all other secret societies, had at that time assumed a political character; and who, on their return to Naples, formed a branch society in that kingdom, where, however, it remained for years unnoticed and powerless. Others have attributed its importation to a Neapolitan officer whose name is unknown, and who had served some time in Spain. It is well known that ever since the first French invasion of Italy under General Buonaparte, and his shameful betrayal of the republic of Venice, great dissatisfaction against the French prevailed among some of the Italian patriots, who had at first with credulous enthusiasm embraced the cause of the revolution, and had zealously assisted the invaders, conceiving that they were thus promoting the independence of their country. When they saw that they were mere tools in the hands of the conquerors, that their country was plundered without mercy, that the people, and not the old sovereigns or nobles, were the greatest sufferers by the change, these Italian patriots, more sincere than the crowd of blind or servile partisans of Napoleon,

* See *Memoirs of the Secret Societies of the South of Italy*. London, Murray, 1821.

looked forward to some favourable opportunity of getting rid of the French, as they had already thrown off their own old absolute governments. This feeling gave rise to various secret associations in different parts of Italy. The Carbonari were one of these societies. In 1811, some of the sect applied to Maghella, who was then Director-General of the Police of Naples, representing to him that the Carbonari might be made a useful instrument in gaining over the lower classes, especially in the provinces, to the new institutions of the kingdom, and weaning them altogether from their old sympathy for Ferdinand of Sicily, and in creating a spirit of nationality favourable to Murat's dynasty. Maghella, a man of obscure origin, had been a revolutionist in his native country, Genoa: he afterwards became the friend of Saliceti, and accompanied him to Naples under Joseph Buonaparte. He was Saliceti's confidential agent in the police of Naples, some say his secret enemy. After Salicetti's sudden death, he became his successor as Director of the Police. He was well versed in all the intrigues of the various parties, and was himself a person of daring and unscrupulous character. Knowing that Murat had become really attached to the country which he governed, and that he bore impatiently the yoke of his imperious brother-in-law, he conceived that Murat might be made the instrument of restoring the national independence, and that every thing which strengthened Murat's government in the opinion of the people would tend ultimately to favour the emancipation of Italy from the French or any other foreign yoke. He therefore represented the sect to Murat in a favourable light, and, having obtained his consent, he allowed the Carbonari to organize their society, and hold their meetings under the protection of the police, by whom many of its members were soon afterwards employed. The sect spread rapidly, and in a short time there was hardly a public office in any branch of the administration that had not some Carbonari in it. The government of Eugene, in the north of Italy, being more dependent on, and more subservient to, Napoleon than that of Naples, was informed of the progress which the Carbonari were making in the kingdom of Naples. Maghella was already an object of suspicion to Napoleon's police. Under the pretence that he was a native of Genoa, and therefore a French subject, he was claimed by Napoleon, and Murat was obliged to send him to Paris, where he remained under *surveillance* until 1813, when he contrived to escape, and returned to Naples. About the time that Maghella was sent away from Naples, Murat received a letter from Dandolo, Councillor of State of the kingdom of Italy, (the same who had acted a conspicuous part in the revolution of his native country, Venice,) in which he was warned against the

Carbonari, who were fast spreading throughout Italy, and who Dandolo said, "were the enemies of every throne." This warning, however, produced no immediate change in Murat's policy. He at that epoch entertained secret views of raising the standard of independence over all Italy, a scheme which his wife contrived to avert for the moment, by persuading him to join once more Napoleon's army in Germany. The Carbonari, who had been favourable to those views, now became objects of suspicion and hostility to the Napoleon party at Naples. It seems to have been about this time, 1813, that the Carbonari turned their attention towards Sicily, and its new constitution, established by the influence of the English.*

"The Sicilian government and the English agents in Sicily entered into correspondence with the Carbonari of Naples; they forwarded to them copies of the Sicilian constitution, and of the laws promulgated under it, dwelling on the altered politics of King Ferdinand, and promising similar institutions to the continental kingdom, when once restored to the Bourbons. Murat's police, having discovered these secret intelligences, proscribed the Carbonari, arrested many of them, and instituted courts-martial to try them."—vol. iii. p. 197.

The great strength of the Carbonari lay in the province of Calabria. General Manhes, known for his former extermination of the insurgents in 1810, was entrusted with the task of extirpating the Carbonari. The sect was persecuted without mercy, in the true spirit of Napoleon's system. Numerous adepts were put to death. One of the leaders, Capobianco by name, a bold young man, one of the principal citizens of his native town, and as such captain in the local militia, being too powerful to be safely arrested in his stronghold, was led into a snare. Under the appearance of his being totally unsuspected by the government, he was invited by a friendly letter from the commandant of the province to a public dinner, which was to be given at Cosenza on the occasion of some festival, and to which other officers of the militia, and the principal authorities, were likewise invited. Capobianco went, dined with the general and the other numerous guests, but, on retiring after dinner, he was arrested by the gens-d'armes, brought before a military court, sentenced, and beheaded the next day in the square of Cosenza. Many of the Carbonari fled to Sicily to escape the tyranny of Murat's government, and to breathe, strange as it may sound, the air of liberty under the

* Botta states, and we believe not without reason, that the Carbonari had been already implicated in the former insurrection of Calabria, in the years 1808—1810, against the French, though not exactly in favour of Ferdinand; that they had proclaimed a republic at Catanzaro, and that Prince Moliterno and Capobianco were then at their head. See Botta, *Storia d'Italia dal 1789 al 1814*, books xxiii. xxiv.

old dynasty; and certainly the characters of the two dynasties seemed now reversed. Ferdinand appeared the more just and merciful of the two rival kings. The violence and vigour which Murat's government had formerly displayed against the insurgents and brigands were now enforced against the sect of the Carbonari, but with this difference, that the old insurgents committed crimes, while the sect demanded good laws. The sect has since degenerated, but at that time it was immaculate; it had come into the kingdom at the request of Murat's own government; its rites and its objects were then benevolent and liberal. Many of Murat's friends, who did not belong to the sect, strongly disapproved of its cruel persecution.—pp. 198, 199.

In the following year, 1814, while Murat was with his army at Bologna, the Carbonari of Abruzzo broke into open insurrection, and proclaimed Ferdinand as Constitutional King. The whole province of Teramo revolted; the magistrates were removed and new ones substituted, but without any violence or disorder. Murat, however, sent troops and issued decrees; the revolt was easily put down, and the French general, Montigny, had the charge of prosecuting the leaders. Many deaths, many sufferings, tears and sorrows of families, saddened the Abruzzi as well as Calabria.

The fall of Murat, in 1815, was, as might be expected, a subject of rejoicing to the Carbonari, who, having met with encouragement and support in Sicily from Ferdinand's government, anticipated equal favour from it at Naples. But Ferdinand, after his restoration, mistrusted them; the Sicilian constitution itself was suppressed, and the Prince of Canosa, well known for his furious absolutism, being made minister of police in 1816, encouraged an opposite sect, called *Calderari*, or "braziers," which he recruited from the ranks of the old insurgents and brigands of 1799 and following years. His idea was to put down the Carbonari by means of the Calderari, and he was thus very near involving the whole kingdom in a dreadful social war; when the king, being informed of the illegal conduct of his minister, and the ambassadors of Austria and Russia having remonstrated against such dangerous practices, Canosa was dismissed, and he left the country. The Carbonari, however, were now openly denounced by the government, and their meetings prohibited. Pope Pius VII., also, after his return to Rome, excommunicated them, and having, in 1817, discovered an extensive plan of revolt at Macerata, Ancona, and other parts of the Papal states, which had been arranged by the Carbonari of Romagna and the Marches, a trial was instituted at Macerata, and sentence of death pronounced in October, 1818, against five of the leaders,

which sentence the ~~Hope~~ commuted into one of perpetual imprisonment.* The Carbonari of Naples now shrank from public notice, and ceased to hold their assemblies. There were thousands of these sectarians in the kingdom, but there was no organized sect. Frequent personal quarrels occurred in the provinces between men who stigmatized each other with the names of *Calderari* and *Carbonari*; accusations and imprisonments, murders, and other acts of violence, ensued; the seed sown by Canosa's imprudence had found a proper soil in the fiery temperament and tenacious passions of those wild and secluded populations.

"The Carbonari became irritated, revengeful, and sanguinary; the sect degenerated, and from being speculative it became active, and in the common danger of its members having discovered its own strength, it was no longer satisfied with remaining on the defensive, but turned assailant, and dark crimes were concerted at its meetings. As deeds of wickedness require wicked instruments, the most unprincipled characters, even from the opposite faction, were induced to join the ranks of the Carbonari. Crime became a title to initiation; the sect thus corrupted, not content with meddling in public affairs, fostered private passions, and through private hatred, jealousy and revenge, much blood was spilt both of the guilty and the innocent."—vol. iv. p. 93.

The provinces of Puglia, and that of Lecce in particular, were, during the year 1817, desolated by the outrages of the sects which, under the various names of *Carbonari*, *Calderari*, *Decisi*, *European Patriots*, and *Philadelphi*, exercised club-law over those unfortunate districts. The famous banditti chiefs Vardarelli called themselves Carbonari. The priest, *Ciro Annichiarico*, at the head of several hundred *Decisi*, the most sanguinary and determined sect of all, was the terror of the province of Lecce. General Church was sent with 1200 men, in July, 1817, to put down these bands. It was a regular campaign. *Ciro* defended himself in the village of San Marsano, and afterwards shut himself up in a large Apulian farm at Scaserba, where he sustained a regular siege against several companies of soldiers. He was taken at last, and executed on the 8th of February, 1818. Of his band 227 were brought to trial, and about half of them executed. It was not till September, 1818, that the province of Lecce was again pacified. The trial of *Ciro Annichiarico* brought to light a number of atrocities committed by the sect of the *Decisi*. *Ciro's* career of guilt began in 1803,

* The report of the proceedings of this celebrated trial was printed at Rome, and an extract from them is given in the Appendix to the above-mentioned *Memoirs of the Secret Societies of the South of Italy*, p. 172—193. The plan of these Roman Carbonari appears to have been sanguinary and atrocious.

by a murder from jealousy, and on his last examination he acknowledged that he had killed between sixty and seventy persons with his own hand, and three of his companions confessed to about forty more. The *Decisi* had for their symbols a thunderbolt darting from a cloud, and striking the crowns and the tiara; the fasces and the cap of liberty upon a death's head between two axes, &c. Their tricolour was yellow, red, and blue. They passed sentence of death upon any persons obnoxious to them, and the mandate was fearlessly executed by some of the brethren. They levied forced contributions of money or provisions, which few dared refuse. They called the province of Lecce "the Salentine republic, a link of the great European republic." In its ranks were included priests, canons, and monks, who, although they themselves laughed at religion, yet performed mass before their more credulous followers. It has been an old remark, in France, Italy, and Spain, that apostate priests have proved the worst of revolutionists, and the most remorseless instruments of faction, whether for the king or for liberty, for the old or the new governments.

The severity of the government, though successful in Puglia against one outrageous band, was powerless against the other numerous sects, or divisions of sects, which were spread all over the kingdom. The Carbonari, who may be considered the parent stock of all, had grown too strong; they frightened the prosecutors; witnesses prevaricated; the judges were intimidated, or seduced; and impunity was insured to the adepts. This being once ascertained, every man who was afraid of judicial pursuits, no matter for what offence, or who meditated some future act of violence, hastened to enrol himself among the sectarians; the prisons became *vendite*, or lodges, and the Calderari themselves, perceiving greater security in the opposite faction, joined it; all those who were haunted by an evil conscience became Carbonari.

"Such," observes Colletta, "were the Carbonari in the year 1818, at which time the army, divided in opinions and feeling between Bourbonists and Muratists, being moreover badly organized, ill paid, and worse disciplined, appeared to the sect a proper element for propagandism. The sectarians laboured sedulously to seduce the subalterns; none of the generals, or at most but one, became adepts, and few of the field-officers. The provincial militia, officers and privates, were all sectarians. Nor were the clergy free from the contagion. Religion was fallen: modern philosophy had weakened the belief in some of its doctrines and a licentious morality had swept away the rest; nothing remained but mere rites and ceremonies. Confession was looked upon as the means of settling an old score of sins in order to begin anew; it had become an act of penitence, and not of repentance, as it ought to have been; prayers were repeated with the lips, but not with the heart; alms were given mechanically, and through habit or vanity, not

from real charity; religion^o in short was reduced to mere superstition, or what is worse, to hypocrisy and deceit."—p. 94.

At the beginning of 1819, the society of Carbonari was composed of daring and active men, much fitter to overthrow existing institutions than to found new ones; but towards the end of the same year it received an important accession of strength of a different kind. Men of influence and intelligence, who had hitherto kept aloof from a disorderly association, being now convinced of the power of the sect, and aware of the weakness of the government, hastened to join the former, regarding it as a means either of protecting their property in the convulsion which they saw was at hand, or of acquiring power in the new order of things which might ensue. The Carbonari, having thus added the influence of wealth and of talent to that of numbers, became stronger than the government.

"I often wondered," says Colletta, "within myself, during the five years that elapsed from the restoration to the revolution of 1820, at the supineness of those who were then at the helm of the state, and who must have known what was going on. Was this supineness the result of indolence, of fear, or of political necessity? I afterwards discovered it to have been the result of the old system of politics, which was once looked upon as consummate wisdom, and which consisted in not grappling with opinions, but sometimes reprobating, sometimes tolerating, now yielding and now resisting, until the opinions and sects became contemptible and worn out. Such was the wisdom of our ministers, old in age and in doctrines. But times were changed. The Carbonari, in the eighteenth century, were a mere theoretical sect, because it was kept in check by the remains of feudality and of Catholicism; but now, in the nineteenth, being assisted by the passions and aspirations of the times, it was more than a sect, it became a power in the state. . . . I shall say nothing here of its rites, its vows, its emblems, and degrees, because the spirit and substance of political associations consist not in their external forms and pageants, but in the interests of the men who compose them. We shall, therefore, sufficiently understand the meaning of this sect, if we consider the Carbonari as the lower class of society, who, having rallied round the principle of civil equality, move forward *en masse*, pressing against the higher ranks; an impulse which, in a virtuous and moral community, tends to establish popular and democratic institutions, but, in the corrupt and profligate societies of our days, serves no other purpose than as an instrument for seizing upon power and wealth, under the formularies and the language of democracy."—vol. iv. p. 96.

The news of the revolution of Cadiz, at the beginning of 1820, produced a great sensation at Naples, as the example of Spain was of great weight with the Neapolitans, from the old connections and sympathy existing between the two countries. The revolution of Spain was effected at first without bloodshed, and

this was another argument in its favour with the Neapolitans, anxious for political improvement, but still more anxious, from the sad experience of past convulsions, about the security of their persons and property.

“ Had the revolution appeared with its usual train of evils and dangers, I really believe that our sectarians and liberals would have rejected it at once. . . . The Carbonari were now busier than ever; their numbers increased rapidly, especially among the military. The boasted heroism of Riego and Quiroga had weakened in the consciences of military men the sentiment of the sacredness of their oaths; perjury was represented as a virtue.”—p. 100.

The almost open machinations of the Carbonari, their avowed design of obtaining a constitutional government, their extensive correspondence throughout the kingdom, their vast accession of numbers, all these things were known to the police and to the Neapolitan ministers, who, strange to say, wasted several months without doing anything for the purpose of averting the storm. They were averse to soliciting the return of the Austrian troops, which had two years before been withdrawn at their own request; they durst not grant a constitution, on account of a secret article of the treaty with Austria; they were unwilling to take strong measures against the Carbonari, because the minister Medici had always assured the king that the sect was contemptible and by no means to be feared. Meanwhile nothing was done, and the conspiracy advanced apace, almost in broad day-light. In the first number of a journal published at Naples soon after the revolution, and called *L'Amico della Costituzione*, it was stated, that in the preceding month of March alone the number of Carbonari enrolled on the registers amounted to 642,000. “ The society of the Carbonari was the focus of discontent, not because it propagated sentiments inimical to the government, but because all those whose opinions were hostile to the government had become Carbonari.” They applied themselves especially to make proselytes among the lower orders, among menials, Lazzaroni, and fishermen, by representing to them the sect as a religious one;—for it had a double character,—and of course the lower degrees were kept in ignorance of the ulterior objects of the masters. The boldness of the Carbonari having become too barefaced, the police towards the end of May, 1820, was in a manner obliged to arrest some individuals. The organization of the conspiracy however proceeded at Salerno, Nocera, Nola, Avellino, Aversa, and in all the provinces nearer to the capital. Several regiments were won over. Still the leaders hesitated to give the signal. At last two subalterns of cavalry took the task upon themselves. On the morning of the 2d of July, 1820, Morelli and Silvati,

second lieutenants of the regiment Reale Borbone, with 127 soldiers and serjeants, left their quarters at Nola, together with the priest Menichini, and about twenty Carbonari civilians, and took the road to Avellino, where the sect was strong, and whither other Carbonari from Salerno had repaired on the preceding day. As this band moved along the road and through the villages, meeting the country-people who were proceeding to market or to their labours in the fields, they shouted—"God, the King, and the Constitution for ever!" The meaning of the word constitution was not well understood by the hearers, and not much better by the promulgators themselves, but every one interpreted it according to his own wishes; the farmers expected a reduction of the land-tax, the liberals liberty, the good expected good results, the ambitious looked for power, and the unmeaning cry of the deserters was answered by the *evviva* of the bewildered multitude. Revolutions require a word, however false, which flatters the general interests: for if the furies of civil strife were to show themselves in their nakedness, they would find but few admirers or followers.—p. 105.

Morelli encamped at Mercogliano, whence he wrote to Colonel De Concilj, who commanded at Avellino, a wealthy and influential man in that his native town, inviting him to join the constitutional cause, and to assume the command. De Concilj hesitated. The news reached Naples the same morning; the minister at war ordered General William Pepe to proceed to Avellino and put down the insurrection; but the king's council disapproving the choice, Pepe was countermanded, and this appearance of mistrust served to awaken his own suspicions. General Carascosa was ordered next, but a whole valuable day was thus lost. De Concilj, seeing the weakness of the government, then declared himself, and on the 3d of July proclaimed the constitutional king at Avellino, collected partisans from every quarter, and formed a camp on the heights of Monteforte, on the road towards Naples. Carascosa on arriving at Nola found that he could proceed no farther, having only 600 men under him; while General Nunziante was at Nocera with a larger force, and General Campana at Salerno. Neither of the three columns was of sufficient strength to force the insurgent position at Monteforte, but the three together would have been more than adequate. The government, however, was afraid to unite them, and thus, each of the generals acting separately and without support from the others, all of them failed. Desertion spread among their troops. On the 5th, a whole regiment of cavalry stationed at Nocera set off with colours flying, in the middle of the day, and went over to the insurgents. Other regiments declared that they would not fight

against the Constitutionalists. Mutiny became infectious, as it always happens when it is not immediately repressed. General Nunziante himself, an old tried royalist, wrote to the king that it was in vain to oppose the cry for the constitution which was spreading everywhere, and advised his majesty to grant it. Carascosa had still some hopes of succeeding by negotiation, on the failure of which he had fixed the morning of the 6th to attack the insurgents. On the night, however, between the 5th and the 6th, General Pepe, who had remained at Naples, being told by some Carbonari that an order had been issued for his arrest, left the capital in company with another general, and they induced a regiment of cavalry and several companies of infantry to follow them and join the insurgents. The report of this new defection soon spread through Naples. Five Carbonari went in the middle of the night to the king's palace, saying to the guards that they were public envoys sent to speak to the king on matters of state. At any other time such a piece of presumption would have cost the intruders dear, but in the moment of general alarm a domestic took in the message, and the Duke of Ascoli, the king's confidential chamberlain, came out. "We are delegates sent to the king to say that the peace of the capital cannot be maintained unless his majesty grants the wished-for constitution. The Carbonari and the citizens are in arms and waiting for an answer." The duke went in to the king, and returned with the answer that his majesty had already resolved upon granting a constitution, and that he was now consulting with his ministers upon the subject. One of the five then said, "When will it be promulgated?" "Immediately." "That is to say?" "Within two hours," answered Ascoli, thus taken by surprise. Then another of the delegates, stepping up to the duke, without saying a word, unceremoniously seized the chain of the duke's watch, pulled it out, and pointing to the hand which marked one o'clock, "At three," said he, "the constitution shall be proclaimed." He then returned the watch to the astonished duke, and went away with his companions. This man was Piccoletti, Ascoli's son-in-law.—p. 114.

Three of the ministers were closeted with the king and his son the Duke of Calabria. Those ministers, presumptuous in security, now disheartened in adversity, urged the king to yield to necessity; and, while Ferdinand, more firm, and perhaps more clear-sighted, resisted, they insisted and intimidated him. The old Marquis Circello was the most pressing. Ferdinand yielded at last, and issued an edict, dated the 6th of July, promising a constitutional government, the basis of which should be promulgated within eight days. At the same time he ordered all the

troops to return to their quarters. The edict reached Carascosa while he was preparing to attack the insurgents. The troops that had remained faithful returned to Naples shouting like the rest—"The constitution for ever!" but the insurgents kept their position at Monteforte.

The Carbonari, however, did not trust the delay of eight days; they said that eight days were too few to frame a new constitution, and too many to adopt one of those already existing in Europe; and that as the king, in his quality of Infante of Spain, had acknowledged the constitution of that kingdom framed by the Cortes in 1812, it was better to promulgate at once the same for Naples. The cry was now for the Constitution of Spain, and the capital was again in an uproar. The Duke of Calabria, whom his father had entrusted with the direction of affairs, assembled a council in haste on the evening of the 6th. One of councillors, whom we suspect to have been Colletta himself, being asked by the prince for his opinion, advised, as all means of resistance had been neglected or abandoned, to grant at once the Constitution of the Cortes. "But," observed the prince, "is this Spanish Constitution after all suited to the Neapolitan people?" "It were vain to discuss that point here," replied the speaker, "the question is how to stop the revolution, and not to inquire about the motives of it. Those who cry loudest for the constitution of Spain do not themselves understand the political meaning of it; it is a dogma for them; any other constitution, were it better suited, were it even more democratic, would not satisfy them now." The same evening the Constitution of the Cortes was promulgated. The elections of the deputies to the parliament, a thing totally new in Naples, fell mostly upon men of respectable character, and, strange as it may appear, few Carbonari were among the number.

On the 1st of October, the parliament was opened by the king in person. The eyes of all were fixed upon the assembly, in order to scrutinize the sentiments of its members; it was soon reviled by men of both extremes, the absolutists calling it an assembly of demagogues, and the liberals accusing it of servility. The ministers thought it too restive; the demagogues charged it with being too ministerial. These censures taken together constituted an eulogium. The style of speaking was often turgid and declamatory, like that of men unused to the practice of liberty. Many of the deputies fancied that mistrust of and opposition to ministers was the first duty of a representative. The public, new to all this, often mistook the crude or exaggerated sentences of one deputy for the opinion of the whole house. One of the first acts of the parliament was to change the names of the provinces,

as the republicans had done in 1799, and there appeared again the classic names of the Marsi, Samnites, Hirpini, Lucanians, &c.

"Other innovations were daily proposed, all agreeable to the multitude, because new things please new men, and it is for this reason that the most difficult, as well as the wisest, task in revolutions is to do little and gradually. They wanted to change not only the political, but the whole social edifice. . . . The communal and provincial administration was dissolved; the directors of the forests, of the roads and bridges, of the crown or national lands, of the custom-houses, all were threatened with the same fate; every thing was to be remodelled; new systems of judicature and finances were broached at one and the same time. The hurry of innovation was destroying the work of many years of reflection, labour, and mature counsel. The rage for novelty was encouraged by the noisy applause of the galleries."—pp. 156, 157.

Are we reading the history of the first French or of the Cisalpine legislative assemblies, or that of the Spanish Cortes of 1820–3, or of those of Portugal of the same period? It is the history of all popular assemblies new to the practice of liberty. It is this hurry of doing every thing at once, this love of abstractions, this eagerness for popular applause, that has proved the bane and the ruin of all democratic assemblies in Europe. The idea of trusting to such an assembly, single and uncontrolled, the whole destinies of a nation, seems little short of insanity.

Meanwhile the Carbonari were not idle:—

"They extended their proselytism wider and wider; all who felt ambition or fear applied to become adepts, and the sect received all. Every public office or judicial administration, every regiment, every ship of war, had its *vendita*. In the regiments two opposite gradations of rank were formed—a colonel first in the field was often lowest in the *vendita*, and a non-commissioned officer was above him in sectarian dignity. Their respective duties and engagements clashed, and the destruction of all discipline was the result. The partisans of the Carbonari, totally ignorant of the art of war, extolled the enthusiasm of the sectarian soldiers, forgetting that impetuous passions seldom give birth to any prodigy, but in most cases lead to ruin, and that military ardour without discipline degenerates into confusion. In their nightly meetings the acts and the opinions of the generals were scrutinized, and according to the custom of vulgar societies some were stigmatized as traitors, or as enemies to liberty; the generals felt offended and became suspicious. The police, however, contrived to introduce itself among the sect, so as to control or influence its movements."

We have not space to enter into an account of the revolt of Palermo, which forms an important episode in the history of the Neapolitan revolution. The people of Palermo wanted a "Repeal of the Union" and a "Domestic Parliament." Messina and other towns of Sicily were in favour of the union with Naples.

The insurgents of Palermo, after committing many excesses, were put down by force of arms.

The foreign relations of Naples presented the greatest difficulties to the new government. Colletta treats this part of his subject with soberness and impartiality, and as a man of experience in the affairs of the world. He does not lay much stress on the absolute principle of non-interference, considering it, in its abstract sense, as inapplicable to the present state of European society, and as having been repeatedly infringed even by those who first proclaimed it. But interference can only be excused on the plea of self-preservation, and even then, it ought to assume the character of impartial mediation, and not to be all in favour of one side. Colletta acknowledges that the old monarchies of Europe, and Austria in particular, had some reason for alarm at the turn affairs were taking at Naples, yet they were anxious to avoid open war.

“ The liberals of Europe, while applauding the Neapolitan revolution, and defending its maxims, threatened the security of other thrones ; many Italians, several Frenchmen, some Prussians, one Russian, two Englishmen of some name, stepped forth as the champions of Neapolitan liberty, and offered to form regiments of foreign volunteers ; banking houses in London and Paris contracted loans for us ; foreign generals gave their advice on the defence of the country and the mode of organizing a resistance of the whole population, &c. This, which may be styled a political crusade, gave uneasiness to the monarchs, especially when the nature of the Neapolitan revolution, free from bloodshed or violence, was considered. The military stain of the 127 deserters from Nola had, through success and the public applause, been turned into a meritorious and glorious act ; other armies might follow the example, other governments felt tottering, the change might spread to all Europe. The sovereigns, therefore, wished, if possible, to save their monarchies without resorting to hostilities, by rendering the constitution of Naples more conformable to those already existing in other parts of Europe, thus avoiding scandal and the danger of imitation. France, which was most interested in the preservation of peace, was willing to interpose its mediation, provided the Neapolitan government, by introducing certain reforms in the constitution, should calm the reasonable apprehensions of foreign powers. This proffered mediation was well-timed, and might have maintained peace ; the means were also practicable, as our parliament was then discussing the subject of reforms in the constitution. But the Carbonari vociferated and threatened, and General Pepe, trusting to the muster-rolls and to the boastings of the sect, was favourable to war, and looked upon peace by mediation as humiliating and mischievous. The parliament was divided into three parties : one of the violent liberals, strong in number, and stronger still through the vociferations of the popular galleries, but destitute of talent or eloquence ; another party consisted of men who looked anxiously to the future, who were well disposed, but timid and silent, powerless in debate, but very

powerful by their votes, being the most numerous of the three; the last party was that of the moderate liberals, but foremost in eloquence and talent. Poerio, Borelli, Galdi, Nicolai, Dragonetti, belonged to this last class. But, in the debates, the terror of the Carbonari prevailed, as no deputy dared to encounter the passions, however intemperate, of the sect. Therefore, the speeches of the deputies on abstract matters sounded lofty, independent, and generous, but, on practical subjects, they were low and servile towards the people. Hence it followed, that the mediation of France was rejected, that the reforms introduced into the constitution, borrowed from Spain, instead of rendering it more congenial to the spirit of monarchy, removed it still further from it, and that other and more serious errors were committed, which rendered all negotiation impossible, and war unavoidable. The reforms proposed by the parliament to the king were three; i. e. the number of deputies to be increased by two-fifths, that of the council of state to be reduced by two-fifths, and the councillors to be selected in proportion from every province. The king only sanctioned the second, and took time to consider the others. But the principle of a single chamber, the permanent deputation, the obligatory sanction in certain cases of the laws proposed by parliament, these and other articles injurious or disagreeable to the monarch were confirmed."—pp. 169—172.

Meanwhile the treasury was nearly empty, the expenses of a large army were increasing, the revenue was reduced; Sicily, owing to its own distracted state and its disaffection, contributed but little; public credit had fallen in consequence of the prospect of war; the public works, the charitable institutions, were struck with decay, and in the midst of this, the popular discontent, and the cabals of the police increased, as well as the fears of the king, who had no confidence in his ministers, was haunted by the dread of the Carbonari, had no party in the parliament or among the people, suspected his own guards, mistrusted every body. He secretly informed the Allied Sovereigns, then assembled at Troppau, of his situation, and the three famous letters from the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, requesting an interview with him at Laybach, were the result. The king sent a message to parliament expressing his wish to go in order to preserve peace, by obtaining the acknowledgment of the Allies either to the present constitution, or at all events, "to another charter, which should ensure a national representation, individual liberty, the liberty of the press, the independence of the judicial power, and the responsibility of ministers," and, in all cases, a total oblivion of the past. On the 7th of December, the message was read in parliament, as well as the letters of the sovereigns, after which the minister withdrew. Then loud vociferations broke out from the galleries of "The Constitution or death!" The next day was appointed for taking the message into consideration.

The Carbonari had been busy writing to their friends in the provinces; they knew that their influence and power were essentially linked with the existence of a democratic constitution, and they determined to run into the most dangerous extremes rather than allow any alteration to be made in their favourite statute. The general assembly of the sect at Naples proclaimed itself permanent; the other *vendite* followed its example. They tore the king's message from the walls; they ran in the night about the city with torches, vociferating "The Constitution of Spain, or death!" they alarmed the whole peaceful population. On the morning of the 8th, the capital was full of armed provincials, who had hurried thither at the call. Some of the deputies made their wills and took the sacrament, before they went to the hall of their sittings, and, as they passed through the vestibule, they were accosted, one by one, by the Carbonari, who, by displaying their daggers, significantly manifested their determination of maintaining the constitution of Spain at all risks, but at the same time to let the old king set off if he chose. This last resolve had been artfully brought about by means of the secret agents of the police, who had introduced themselves among the Carbonari, and who, by magnifying their suspicions of the king's sincerity, and extolling at the same time the liberality and good faith of the prince-bishop, had persuaded many that it would be an advantage if the latter were to remain the sole head of the government in the absence of his father.

"The parliament chose the very worst of several expedients that it might have adopted. It might have approved the entire message of the king, and, by accepting the sovereign's spontaneous offer of a new constitution, have strengthened the rights of the people, and made it more difficult for the king to violate his promise; or it might have rejected the message altogether, have confirmed the Spanish constitution, and refused its assent to the king's departure. Or if the parliament had agreed to the king's offer of a statute as a reform of the Spanish constitution, and at the same time rejected the king's proposed departure as being thereby rendered unnecessary, the objections of the Allies would have been removed by the fact of the reform being accepted; every desirable object would have been attained, the king would have been re-assured and glad to concur in averting war and fresh troubles. On the contrary, by insisting, as it did, on the whole Spanish constitution, and allowing at the same time the king to set off, every vantage ground was lost. The deputies did not wish for the worst, but they were terrified by the threats of the Carbonari, and, having no experience in revolutionary affairs, they looked to the nearest danger, without heeding future ones, and their views of durability were founded upon the least durable of all things, the present moment."—p. 178.

But, before this decision of parliament was made known, there

came another message from the king, evidently dictated by mere fright, in which he promised to maintain, at all risks, the constitution of Spain, and to defend it even by arms, if necessary, against the Allied Sovereigns. The king then hurried on board, glad to escape from his present irksome situation. This seems to have been his predominant feeling at the moment.

“My age (he wrote to his son) requires rest, and my mind, weary of so many vicissitudes and changes, recoils at the idea of civil discord and foreign war. Let us preserve to my subjects the blessings of peace, and after thirty years of storms, make ourselves sure of a harbour.”

These words express very clearly Ferdinand's impressions at the moment. On arriving at Laybach, however, he was easily persuaded to return to his former sentiments and habits of thought, and to the conviction that Naples was a country unfit for a popular government.

On the 28th of January, 1821, letters came to Naples from the king, dated from Laybach, in which he stated that he found the Allied Sovereigns determined not to recognize the present state of things at Naples, as being tumultuary and incompatible with the safety of the neighbouring countries; that they had advised him to consult the wisest men in his dominions about new institutions to be given to his subjects, but in the mean time they demanded, as a guarantee, that an Austrian force, which was already in march for that purpose, should be placed in the kingdom for a time. This letter being communicated to parliament, that assembly unanimously decided on resistance and war.

“This decision, and the public joy manifested on the occasion, were the effects, not of prudence, not of hope, not even of the courage of despair, but of that passion for applause which is so strong in the minds of the people of the Two Sicilies. But calm succeeded, and men began to think seriously of the consequences.”

Colletta was recalled from Sicily, and appointed minister at war. The army was divided into two bodies; General Pepe, with 10,000 regulars, besides the provincial militia, had the command of the Abruzzi; and General Carascosa, with 18,000 men, and a large number of militia, was posted on a line of the Garigliano. The Austrians remained for a time on the borders of the Roman territory, as if unwilling to strike the first blow. They even expressed, in several instances, a scrupulous respect for the Neapolitan frontiers. This looked inviting for the purpose of negotiation; the prince-vicar intended to propose the subject to parliament, not daring to take the matter upon himself, but Colletta overruled the scruples of the council, and it was agreed to send envoys to the Austrian headquarters.

"There were still hopes of averting many calamities, when, all at once, we read in a Neapolitan newspaper of the 7th of March that General Pepe had promised, many days before, that he would on that very day attack and defeat the Austrians, who were posted at Rieti, in the Roman state. Whether this was his original determination, or he was urged to it by letters from the more zealous sectarians and deputies, who said that liberty was endangered by the proposed negotiations for peace, he could not be dissuaded from his purpose by the advice and entreaties of several officers under him, nor by the resolutions of the parliament and the instructions of the Regent, which were entirely for keeping on the defensive. He did not consider the heavy responsibility incurred by striking the first blow."*—p. 207.

He did march against Rieti on the 7th, with only part of his troops; the Austrians came out in three columns, which attacked the Neapolitans in front and in flank. The ranks of the Neapolitans were thrown into confusion, and a fine regiment of Hungarian cavalry, charging at the moment, decided the rout. Cries of treason, and *salva chi può*, were heard in the ranks. General Russo, with a small body of men, kept the Austrians awhile in check, but the great majority of the troops fled in disorder. The news spreading in the night and the next day through the other camps, the example became contagious; the soldiers, no longer obeying their officers, took the way to their respective homes; the army of Abruzzo was disbanded, without, for the most part, having seen the enemy. No doubt the King's proclamation, which ordered his subjects not to oppose the Austrians under pain of rebellion, contributed mainly to this extraordinary panic. Colletta observes justly, that, all the foreign invasions of Naples being mixed up with, and supported by, political factions within the country itself, the native troops have appeared in the double character of soldiers and partisans, and as such exposed, in case of reverse, to prison or the scaffold, things more dreaded than the dangers of the field. This, and the geographical position of the kingdom, situated in a *cul de sac*, may serve to explain how the Neapolitans, courageous in single combat, determined as insurgents, brave in foreign countries when united to other armies, have ever made a bad defence on their own frontiers.

The sequel is briefly told. The army of Carascosa mutinied, killed several of its officers, and the general himself was in danger of his life. The guards declared that they would not fight against the king. On the 21st of March, the Austrians

* General Pepe in his "Relation of Events," which he published in 1822, stated his reasons for the attack, which he intended only for the purpose of reconnoitring. He says that the disorder manifested itself, not in the attack, but in the retreat.

occupied Capua by a convention, and on the 23d they entered Naples. The parliament, after protesting, adjourned itself *sine die*.

Colletta reckons among other causes of the Neapolitan failure, that the Muratists, who, whether officers or civilians, were certainly the most able men in the country, did not feel much enthusiasm for the constitution of the Cortes, which was too democratic for them. The Muratists did not effect the revolution of 1820, as it has been supposed.

"The tumultuous and blind choice of the constitution of the Cortes, intrinsically faulty for Spain itself, was impracticable in a double kingdom like Naples and Sicily, in the presence of an hostile king, and amidst a fickle and disorderly people, not yet ripe for so much liberty. The hot-headed sectarians talk of the heroic defences of ancient times, and of Greece in our own days; but they do not reflect that the virtues of barbarism are impossible in civilized times, and that our armies and our people were not in the condition of these of Saguntum or Misolonghi; they were not reduced to the last extremity of despair."—pp. 222, 223.

The 10th and last book of Colletta's history treats of the administration of Ferdinand from the suppression of the constitution to his death in January, 1825. It had been agreed at Laybach, that things should be replaced as they were in 1820; that only the leaders of the military revolt at Monteforte should be punished, though not by death; and that all others should be overlooked, or induced, and even assisted, to emigrate. But the advice of Canosa, who saw Ferdinand at Florence, was for measures of rigour, and the revolt of General Rossarol, at Messina, subsequent to the entrance of the Austrians into Naples, furnished an argument in favour of Canosa's policy. That revolt, however, was soon put down, but several persons suffered death in consequence. In the provinces remote from the seat of government, and amidst local animosities and party feuds, the re-action, as usual, assumed a more fatal character.

"Numerous bands of liberals and Carbonari officers and others wandered about in arms. They had friends in the towns, where they often made their appearance in defiance of the authorities. A Captain Venuti attacked the town of Laurenzana, in Basilicata, defeated the guard, and liberated a Carbonaro, who was in prison. He next entered the town of Calvello in the night, and rescued a Franciscan monk, who belonged to the sect. The monk, in coming out of the prison, and in order to afford a proof of his undiminished energies, threw himself upon an unfortunate stranger, who, having fallen in with the insurgents, had been stopped and pinioned by them, and, without inquiring who or what he was, stabbed him to the heart. Sixty of this band, and the murderous friar with them, were afterwards taken and put to death."—p. 245.

The Bishop of Aversa was shot in broad day-light, by a man

whose uncle, a priest, had been put in prison by the bishop. The murderers of Gianpietro, the ex-minister of police, were tried and executed. Private revenge had instigated the crime.

Canosa, being made minister of police, caused many persons to be arrested at Naples, for having served the constitutional government, among others Colletta himself. The Austrians, however, took Colletta and six other officers and deputies, put them on board a ship for Trieste, whence they were sent to Brunn and other towns of Austria, where they were treated with considerate attention, and had the town for their place of confinement.

Canosa did not remain minister long. Medici obtained his dismissal, and the government assumed a more moderate system. There had been as yet, however, no executions in the capital for past political offences. The persons implicated in the military revolt of Monteforte had been repeatedly urged to emigrate, but they disregarded the hint, and were at last arrested and brought to trial in 1822. The trial lasted long, it was public; the defence was bold; three of the seven judges were for an acquittal. Sentence of death was passed upon thirty individuals, but two only, Morelli and Silvati, the first leaders, were executed. The king commuted the penalty of the others into imprisonment in the Presidj. Many more received their passports for various countries.

In this year, 1822, a statute was proclaimed by the king, with the advice of his council, separating the administration of Sicily from that of Naples, each to have its respective finance, judiciary, and taxation, the two countries however remaining united as one political kingdom. A consulta of thirty councillors at Naples, and another of eighteen at Palermo, were appointed to examine the laws, decrees, and ordinances proposed by the government, and report their opinion thereupon. In each province a council was established to assess its quota of the taxes imposed by the government, and to superintend their collection. These councillors, however, were to be appointed by the king during pleasure. A greater freedom of attributions was given to the municipal or communal councils for administering their local affairs. A council of state, of at least twelve members, among whom six ministers, was to discuss all government matters with the king.

On the morning of the 4th of January, 1825, King Ferdinand was found dead in his bed. He had been carried off by an apoplectic stroke, having not had time to ring for his attendants. He was seventy-six years of age, of which he had reigned sixty-five. He was at first styled Ferdinand IV. of Naples and III. of Sicily,

but he afterwards assumed the title of Ferdinand I. of the United Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. He was succeeded by his son Francis I., who died in November, 1830. Ferdinand was one of the last kings of the old Bourbon school.

"He sincerely believed, says Colletta, that kings were a different race from other men, that the people belonged to him, and that his right over their persons and properties was sacred; yet, towards the end of his life, he seems to have had some qualms of conscience, and he redoubled his devotional practices."—p. 271.

These few words reveal the construction of a mind which few people in our times, and especially in England, will understand, but which was however a reality, and this serves to explain many enigmas, and partly to disarm our judgment of some of its severity towards the departed. Ferdinand's education, it is well known, had been sadly neglected, yet his long experience must have partly supplied the deficiency; he was by no means dull, and many passages in Colletta's book show that he was not so ignorant as it has been supposed. But he was much fonder of hunting and riding than of business, and his dislike of application and cabinet labour was the cause of many errors and many misfortunes.

ART. V.—1. *Li Romans de Garin le Loherain, publié pour la première fois et précédé de l'Examen du Système de M. l'auriel sur les Romans Carlovingiens.* Par M. P. Paris. Paris: Techener. Tome I., 1833; Tome II., 1835.

2. *Li Romans de Horn.* MS. Bibl. Publ. Cambridge, Ff. 6, 17. (*Unpublished.*)

COME listen to an old and true song, a famous history of marvellous value, how the Vandals invaded our land. Miserably had they reduced our holy faith, slain our people, and wasted our country. Rheims had they destroyed, and Paris they besieged; they slew Saint Nicaise of Rheims, and Saint Maurice of Cambrai, with 7000 knights of his company, who were true martyrs for the sake of their Lord.

"Vielle chanson voire volez oïr
De grant istoire et de mervillous pris,
Si com li Wandre vinrent en cest païs.
Crestienté ont malement bailli,
Les homes morts et ârt tout le païs;
Destruirent Rains et assisrent Paris,
Et sains Nicaïses de Rains i fut ocis,
Et sains Morises de Cambrai la fort cit,
Uns grans seigneurs, si com la chanson dit,

*En sa compaignie de chevaliers sept mil
Qui por Jesu furent vrai martir.*—p. 1.

Charles Martel could no longer oppose the progress of these invaders, for the strength of his kingdom was reduced by internal as well as by external causes. On the approach of death, his subjects had been persuaded to neglect their own relatives; and they gave to the black monks of the order of Saint Benet all their lands and their rents and their mills, leaving nothing to their sons and daughters. The nation was thus impoverished, and its riches thrown into the hands of the clergy.

A council was held at Lyons, where Charles conferred with the pope and 3000 of the clergy. • He had with him more than 20,000 knights, but they were unarmed and without horses, and few were men of years and experience. “Sire Apostle,” said the emperor, “for the sake of him who died on the cross, have pity upon me, and upon these my knights in our extremity. My land is burnt and destroyed, my castles broken down, the monasteries profaned, and my clergy, with their bishops and archbishops, slain without mercy. I have here about 20,000 knights, who possess neither arms nor steeds. Take good counsel, that they may be enabled to defend themselves, or I will give up the nation to you to guard it as you can.” The pope proposed that the church should give some small part of its riches to support the war against the pagans, but the proud archbishop of Rheims swore, “by the faith which he owed to St. Martin,” that he would not consent to subscribe a penny to any such secular purposes, and it was not without much opposition that Charles at last obtained the loan of the tithes of the church, with which he speedily armed and furnished 40,000 men.

Meanwhile Troyes was besieged by 100,000 infidels, and another army, equally numerous, lay before Paris, to which latter place Charles Martel advanced with his host, attended by his trusty liege, Hervi of Lorraine. Hervi pushed forward with his Lorrains; encountered and defeated the enemies before the arrival of the emperor, having slain in the engagement one of their kings, “Charboncle, a king of the Saracens,” who had formerly killed his cousin, a knight of Metz; and the infidels fled towards Sens and Soissons, losing by the way at Pont-Girbert, where Hervi again lay in wait for them, more than 3000 men.

Soon after this battle, while Hervi was at Paris with the emperor and his queen and young Pepin, tidings arrived that the pagans were in host at Troyes and before Sens, and that they had ravaged the vale of Soissons, and had slain the archbishop of Rheims. The consultation on this message was short:—“What shall we do?” said the king to Hervi. “With God’s aid, we will

go:" was the answer;* and the army was in motion at the break of the following morn, when suddenly a second messenger appeared from Sens, whose inhabitants prayed for immediate aid against another army of pagans, who cruelly ravaged their district. The emperor, accordingly, divided his host, sending duke Hervi with his Lorrains to the valley of Soissons, while he hastened with the French to Sens. The duke defeated the Saracens and drove them from Soissons, but the emperor was less fortunate. In the night he had attacked and defeated the infidels before Sens, and had pursued them to their grand host which lay before Troyes, where, overcome by numbers, his army was only saved from discomfiture by the sudden arrival of Hervi, who had hastened forwards to join him after the flight of the enemy from Soissons. The duke immediately made a new attack upon the Saracens, slew three of their kings and 20,000 of their men, and pursued them three leagues and a half from the city. After the battle, he carried Charles, who was mortally wounded, to Paris, where he died, and was buried in the monastery of St. Denys: and, calling together the turbulent barons who held their fiefs of the Frankish monarch, in spite of the opposition of many of them, he caused the young prince Pepin to be crowned and acknowledged as king. After having recommended the new monarch to the guardianship of Hardré, he returned to his own territory, where he married Aélis, the sister of the noble knight Gaudin, who in the course of two years bore him as many sons, the first of whom was called Garin, and was duke after the death of his father; and the second, who was called Begues or Begon, had the castle and territory of Belin. He had also seven daughters, who were all married to noble and worthy knights.

In the mean time the Hungarians (Hongres), "que Diex puist maléir," entered the territory of the Duke Hervi, which they ravaged with fire and sword, and laid siege to his town of Metz. Unable singly to make head against such powerful invaders, the duke sought aid at the court of Pepin, whom he found with Hardré and Amauri,—

" N'ot plus felons, jusqu'à l'esve del Rin,
Cis les destruite qui confondit Caïn!—
N'ot si felons en soisante païs."†—pp. 52, 53.

* " Un mes en vint droitement à Charlon ;
' En non Dieu, sire, cis del val de Sissons
Ont desconfit Païen et Esclavon ;
Ta terre metent en feu et en charbon,
Et dit li rois ; ' Hervis, que la ferons ?'
Respont li dux : ' Se Diex plaist, nos irons.' "—p. 17.

† " There are no greater rascals on this side the river Rhine, may he destroy them who confounded Cain ! * * There are no such rascals in sixty lands."

They persuaded the king to refuse the aid which the Lorrain sought, and to advise him to seek assistance amongst his own kinsmen. Disappointed and mortified at the emperor's ingratitude, he withdrew his fief from the Frankish monarch, went to Cologne, and there offered to hold it of king Anséis, on condition that the latter should give him immediate and sufficient aid. The offer was accepted; Anséis in person accompanied duke Hervi to the war, and the infidels were entirely defeated, but in the pursuit the duke was slain by an arrow. Anséis was at first embarrassed by this accident, but, fearing to lose the advantage which his situation had given him, he suddenly seized upon the city of Metz, though not before Berengier, the tutor of Garin and Begues, Hervi's sons, had mounted them both and escaped with them towards Châlons in Champagne, where he placed them under the care of the bishop, who was their uncle.

One Pentecost, when Pepin held a court at Mont-Loon, the bishop Henry presented his two wards, who had now been under his care seven years and a half, to the emperor, who received them graciously, and put them under the guardianship of Hardré. The latter placed them as the companions (compains) of his two sons—Begues, the younger, being the companion of William, and Garin, of his brother Fromont. The king loved much the two young Lorrains, particularly Begues, to whom he gave the whole of Gascony, a gift which displeased much the jealous Hardré; and, at a court held at Langres, he knighted them both, and, at the same time, their two companions. Shortly afterwards, the two brothers signalized themselves in an expedition against the Normans, who had invaded France, and caused duke Richard to make reparation to the king. In reward for this service, the latter obtained for them the restoration of their patrimony, which had been so long usurped by the King of Cologne.

While the brothers were still young, and were at Paris with the court, tidings were brought how four Saracen kings had entered Provence, Auvergne, and Savoy, and how they were at Valprofonde, where they had besieged King Thierry in his capital. Thierry sent a messenger in haste to demand aid of the emperor, but Hardré had counselled him to consult rather his own ease, and to leave Thierry to his fate until the following spring; and the messenger was about to return with this sinister response, when Pepin's resolution was changed by the pressing supplications of Garin and Begues and their companions. The army was accordingly assembled, and was far advanced on the road towards Valprofonde, when the heat, for it was summer, threw the king into a serious illness. He was again on the point of listening to Hardré's advice to desert Thierry, and would have disbanded his

army, but Garin with Begues, Fromont, William and Bernard of Naisil, entered the royal chamber, and expostulated with him, the former offering to lead the expedition himself, whilst the king returned to Paris for the recovery of his health. The king accepted Garin's offer, gave him the chief command of the army, and they advanced speedily to the relief of King Thierry, when, as they approached the enemy, a new difficulty arose;—Fromont, fearful of the superior numbers of the infidels, refused to advance to the combat. In vain Garin urged the oath which they had all taken to obey his superior command: Fromont departed with his friends and retainers, and Garin, with Begues and the remainder of the army, approached Valprofonde, having first despatched a messenger to King Thierry, urging him to fall suddenly upon the Saracens' rear, whilst he attacked them in front. The Lorrains fought gallantly; the Saracens were entirely defeated, and, after the battle, Fromont and his companions, who had stood aloof to see the result, came forwards and laid claim to their share of the spoils, a claim which was naturally refused. Hence began the hatred and dissensions which lasted so long between the families of Fromont and Garin. The rich King Thierry was mortally wounded in the battle; on his death at Valprofonde, he betrothed Blancheflor, his only child, to Garin, leaving for her dower all his possessions and treasures, and the Lorrain received in her father's presence the fealty of his subjects.

The war was now ended, and all the barons and knights returned to their own castles, except Fromont and Garin, who went together to the court, where the latter was received by Pepin with every mark of respect. Garin told the king the result of the war, and how the King Thierry was dead, and had given him his daughter and his territory, and how he had accepted both only on the condition of their being agreeable to his superior sovereign. Pepin immediately ratified the gift, but Fromont, swelling with ire and envy, forbade the alliance, declaring that when the king had given the duchy of Gascony to Begues, he had promised him the first fief that should become vacant, in fulfilment of which promise he now demanded the lands of King Thierry. Pepin represented to him that this was a gift from father to child, and Garin himself expostulated mildly; but Fromont made use of rude threats against his person, which so irritated the Lorrain that he would have struck him with his fist had not Pepin held him back by the hem of his mantle. Both parties now uttered bitter recriminations, till Fromont, rushing upon Garin, was received by a blow on the head which laid him prostrate on the ground. The Bordelais, who were much more numerous in the court than the Lorrains, came to the assistance of their chieftain;

the king was young and weak, and his orders were not heeded; and Hardré himself, who was in his chamber at the time, seized his sword, and hastened to encourage his own men. Fourteen of the Lorrains were killed, and the rest were driven out of the palace, which was strongly barricaded; and Hardré would have put to death Garin, who defended himself as well as he could against his numerous adversaries, had not timely aid arrived.

It chanced that the nephew of Garin, Hernaïs of Orlens, with his brother, the bishop Huedon, and a company of 7000 knights, was on his way to the court to claim the inheritance of his father, who was recently dead. As he approached the palace he met an esquire, who was wounded, and who informed him of the perilous situation of his uncle. Hernaïs hastened forwards with his company, forced his way into the palace, sword in hand, struck down the men of Fromont on every side, and gave Hardré, Fromont's father, a blow on the head, which scattered his brains over the pavement. Garin sprung forwards, thanked Hernaïs for his assistance, and joined in the destruction of his enemies; while Fromont, dismayed at this sudden reverse of fortune, escaped from the palace by a window, and fled to St. Quentin, attended by only fourteen knights. Henry of Montague, Garin's cousin german, also came to the assistance of his kinsmen, and joined in the slaughter of the Bordelais, after which they cleared the palace of the slain, and threw the body of Hardré into a ditch.

Pepin, at the suggestion of Henry of Montague, assembled an army, with the determination to reduce and punish the rebellious barons who had taken part with Fromont. After having taken Soissons, the patrimony of Fromont, the emperor returned to Mont Loon. Meanwhile Fromont had arrived at St. Quentin, had there consulted with his cousin Huedes, and they spent the night in writing letters to their friends whose aid they demanded to avert the danger which threatened his family. To strengthen his alliance, Fromont married Heliseus, the dame of Pontis, and sister of the Flemish count Bauduin, and committed a new act of rebellion in contracting a marriage without the ratification of his sovereign. As soon as the marriage ceremonies had been completed, his allies assembled their troops at St. Quentin, and proceeded thence to plunder and lay waste the lands and possessions of the barons who were opposed to them, till at last they laid siege to the city of Cambrai, which was gallantly defended by Hues de Cambresis. No sooner did these tidings reach Loon, where were still the emperor and Garin, than letters were immediately despatched to every part of the kingdom that all who were loyal and friendly to the emperor should speedily join his standard. The tidings were also carried by a messenger of Fromont to his

turbulent uncle, Bernard of Naisil, with a pressing demand that he should hasten with his men to join the partisans. Bernard rejoiced exceedingly at the intelligence—

"Said Bernard, 'My heart is joyous to day :
We will go and hear what our neighbours say ;
Full well shall the churls and their masters know,
Who have quietly fattened both ox and cow ;
That Bernard's sword, at its owner's will,
Can quickly his folds and larders fill.
Speed, messenger, my nephew tell
That I counsel he look to his warring well,
Nor waste his time in idle sleep ;
While I my quarters here will keep.
Say, Bernard will never desert his kin.' " *

He assembled his retainers and dependents, entered Lorraine, spreading devastation on every side, and had laid seige to Dijon, when his progress was arrested by Garin's brother, Begues of Belin.

One of Pepin's messengers had found Begues at Bordelle, with William, Fromont's brother, quite unsuspecting of the troubles which had arisen out of the expedition against the Saracens at Valprofonde. The intelligence was communicated privately to Begues; he escaped to Gironville, where he assembled an army, and, by the counsel of his allies, instead of joining immediately the host of the emperor, he hastened forward against Bernard of Naisil, taking by the way Lyons and other places of importance which belonged to his enemies. He soon drove Bernard to his own castle of Naisil, where he besieged him, took the castle, and imprisoned its owner in his own dungeon. In the mean time, Pepin, whose messenger had been insulted by Fromont, drove him and his friends from Cambrai, and obliged them to take shelter in St. Quentin, to which town he laid siege. Here Fromont was joined by his brother William with the Bordelais.

Begues, after having reduced and imprisoned Bernard of Naisil, proceeded to destroy Monclin, Verdun, and the other strongholds of the barons who had joined Fromont, when a message from the

"Et dit Bernars : ' Or enforce mes pris
Et ma grant joie et mes tres grant delis.
Or sauront bien entor moi mi voisin
Qui ont les vaches et les grans bues norris,
Coment je sais del roit espieu ferir.
Vas en arriere, messagiers, biaux amins,
Dis mon nevou, gardes ne li mentir,
Qu'il pense bien de sa guerre fournir :
Qui bien guerrole, ne l'estuet pas dormir.
Que par decà voudrai mon lieu tenir ;
Ne li faudrai tant com je soie vis.' " —p. 183.

emperor caused him, to hasten towards St. Quentin, where the latter was much embarrassed by the attacks of his enemies from the town. The king went out to meet him, and rejoiced much when he beheld his host spreading itself over the valley.

“ The king approached a messenger,
 And said, ‘ What men are these I see?’
 ‘ That is the good Duke Aubery,
 A better ne’er held land or fee,
 Burgundia’s arms, I wot, are his;
 And after rides Duke Hernaïs;
 Next comes the Mancel, and Angevine,
 Avallois, and those from beyond the Rhine.
 And there, behind, see Bauduin ride,
 Auvergne is his; and there, beside,
 The Gascons by Duke Begon led,
 His banners o’er the meadows spread.’
 ‘ Thank God!’ said the king, ‘ I have my desire,
 There is none under heaven can brave *his* ire.’”*

After the arrival of Begues, there were many conflicts between the besieged and the besiegers, in one of which he was himself dangerously wounded, but the men of Fromont were always defeated. Begues was cured by a skilful physician who had been educated at Salerno, and soon after he surrounded the town with entrenchments, cutting off all communication with the surrounding country. Fromont and his party were now much dispirited, and when Bernard of Naisil, who was still in prison, made proposals for a reconciliation, they readily acquiesced, and after some previous consultation, pledges of restitution and reparation were given on both sides. The king held a court at Paris, where all the barons attended, and where also came the maiden Blancheflor, the betrothed of Garin, with a splendid convoy.

“ The palfrey on which the maiden rode
 Was whiter than is the fleur-de-lis;
 Its bridle was worth a hundred marks,
 And its trappings shone full daintily.

* “ Un mes demande : ‘ Quel gent sunt ores ci?’
 Et cis respont : ‘ Jâ le pourcez oïr :
 C’est de Borgoine li bons dux Auberis,
 Li miedres dux qui terre puist tenir ;
 Cil sunt Bourgoing qui viennent avec lui.
 Après chevauche li bons dux Hernaïs
 Et après li Mancel et Angevin,
 Et Avallois et cil d’outre Rin.
 Vez cels derrieres, c’est li quens Bauduins
 Qui a Auvergne toute quite à tenir.
 Vez ces banieres parmi ces prés venir,
 C’est li quens Begues dou chastel de Belin.’
 ‘ Diex !’ dist li rois, ‘ or ai tout mon devis,
 Sur ciel n’a homme qui le poïst sofrir.’ ”—p. 250.

A fairer face, or gentler form,
 Or sweeter mouth, or teeth more white,
 Or body of nobler make than hers,
 Ne'er met the gaze of mortal sight.
 Bright eyes, from under well-arched brows,
 Smil'd joyously on all around;
 And flaxen locks hung gracefully
 From head with gorgeous chaplet crowned.
 Well fill'd were the streets of Paris that day,
 And joyously shouted the crowd, I ween,
 'God grant that our noble emperor
 Should make this gentle maiden his queen!'"*

The wish of the good people of Paris was much nearer being fulfilled than might have been expected. When Pepin declared his will that the marriage of Garin should be celebrated the following morning, the Archbishop Henry of Rheims represented to him strongly, that if this marriage took place, the party of Fromont would never be satisfied, but that it would be a cause of perpetual dissensions in the kingdom. "What shall I do, then?" said the emperor. "Marry the maiden yourself, sire," was the ready reply. "But my promise," was the natural answer of the king, a scruple which was easily overcome by the archbishop, who informed him that he had procured two monks to swear that she was too near in relationship to Garin to become lawfully his wife. "Well," said the king, "I will go and see her; and if she suit me, she shall have me for her husband." Accordingly the king went, was charmed with her beauty and manners, fell deeply in love, and consented to the archbishop's proposal.

On the morn fixed for the nuptials, the Count Fromont, with Bernard of Naisil, and thirty-six knights of his party, entered the palace. When he saw Blancheflor, Bernard would have per-

* "Li palefrois sor quoi la dame sist
 Estoit plus blans que n'est la flor de lis;
 Li lorains vaut cent mars de parisis,
 Et la sambue nuns plus riche ne vit.
 La dame ert gente et de cor et de vis,
 Bouche espessete, et les dens ot petis,
 Il sunt plus blans qu'ivoire planéis;
 Hanches bassetes, blans et vermeil li vis,
 Les ieus rians et bien fais les sorcis;
 C'est la plus belle qui onques mais naquit.
 Sor ses espauls li gisent si blou crin:
 En son chief ot un chapelet petit
 D'or et de pieres qui mout bien li avint.
 Toutes les rues emplissent de Paris;
 Dist l'uns à l'autre: 'Com belle dame a ci!
 Elle devroit un roiaume tenir.
 Pléust à Dieu l'empereres Pepins
 L'eüst à fame, si serions tuit garis.'"—p. 297.

suaded Fromont to join him in seizing her person, with the design of marrying her to one of their own friends, Isoré or William of Monclin—he even offered to leave his own wife to take her to himself. Fromont retorted somewhat bitterly—"I come not here," said he, "to make war, but to establish peace, if God will permit"—and provoked the anger of the haughty Bernard.

" 'Wretch!' Bernard said, 'no kin of mine
Could harbour coward soul like thine.' "•

The ill designs of the Lord of Naisil were rendered vain by the entrance of Garin, Begues, the German Ouri, Gerard of Liege, and Aubery of Bourgoigne, with full sixty chosen knights in their train.

When the Archbishop Henry rose and proclaimed the bans of marriage between Garin and Blancheflor, a monk, as had been agreed upon, came forward and declared the union to be unlawful, on the ground of consanguinity. Garin was angry, but there seems to have been some truth in the plea, though it was one which, under other circumstances, might easily have been passed over: the monk persisted in his assertion, the king was well inclined to listen to it, and the marriage ceremonies ceased. Fromont seized the opportunity, went to Garin and expressed deep sorrow for the quarrel which had taken place between them, and an ardent desire that there should ever after be friendship between their families. To this end he proposed that Garin and Begues should marry his two sisters, and that Garin should endeavour to promote the union of Blancheflor with his brother William. Garin at once consented to the project, but it was suddenly overthrown by the declaration of Pepin that it was his intention to make her his queen. The nuptials accordingly took place, but the feast on the occasion gave rise to another quarrel between the family of Fromont and the Lorrains.

Garin served the wine in the hall, an office which Fromont seems to have considered as appertaining to himself; and Bernard, who was sitting at table with him and Isoré le Gris, urged his nephew to snatch the cup from Garin's hand. Fromont refused, and Bernard himself sprang forward, and in his attempt to seize the cup, spilt its contents over Garin's robe.

" 'Would Bernard drink?' Duke Garin said,
With eye unmoved; 'a draught, perdy!
Of better wine I'll give to thee.'
Bernard in angry tone replied,

" 'Voir,' dist Bernars, 'sine ne m'apartenis,
Mauvais couars! Com estes assouplis!' "—vol. ii. p. 7.

' Hold ! caitif wretch ! May ill betide
The fool who gave that cup to thee !
And shame the traitor's portion be
Who touches Fromont's heritage.' " *

Bernard then made a second attempt to seize the cup, but Garin struck him with it on the forehead, tearing off by the blow the skin and the eyebrows, and covering his face with blood. The knights on both sides rose from table, a general engagement commenced in the royal hall, and the Lorrains were nearly overcome by numbers. Meanwhile Begues, who it appears had the care of the cooking, was in the kitchen. When tidings came to him of the confusion in the hall, he called the cook, and ordered him with his men, to the number of sixty, to hasten thither, armed with pestles, ladles, spits, or any weapon on which they could lay their hands. At the same time the king, at the urgent expostulation of his queen, ordered the French to arm quickly to punish the offending Bordelais. Begues himself came armed with a large spit, full of hot roasting plovers, which he broke over the neck of Isoré, and with the stump knocked down the Count Harduin. The Bordelais fled from the hall, but, as they hurried down the steps, a lad who carried rabbits slew Joscelin, the bastard son of Fromont, with a stone which he threw at his head. The king's men took sixty prisoners, and among the rest Fromont, Bauduin, Lancelin of Verdun, William, and Isoré.

In the hopes of procuring their release from prison, they agreed, at the instigation of Bernard of Naisil, to accuse Garin of treason. Isoré supported the charge, and Garin accepted the challenge by battle; but Begues, when he heard of it, pleaded his privilege of defending his brother, and caused the challenge to be transferred to himself. The battle ended in the death of Isoré, whose head Begues clove to the teeth. Bernard fled in all haste to his castle of Naisil, whence he again invaded and ravaged Lorraine, and Fromont and his companions returned to prison; but by the good will of Begues they were released, and they all swore lasting fealty to Pepin, and friendship to the family of the Lorrains. Suddenly arrived tidings of the insurrection of Bernard; but Fromont and his friends renounced all co-operation with him, and joined the king, who assembled his army, and quickly drove Bernard to his own castle. There he was besieged, and, after a desperate de-

* " Garins le voit, si l'a à raison mis :
' Voulez-vous boire, sire Bernars ? ' dist-il,
' Je vous donrai encore de millor vin l' '
Et dist Bernars : ' Malerrous, chaitiel !
A toi que tient de la nef d'or tenir ?
Tu deshérites Fromont et ses amins ;
Il t'en puet bien mal et honte avenir.' " —vol. ii. p. 17.

fence, reduced to extremities; but, at the intercession of Fromont, he was allowed to make terms for the preservation of his castle.

After peace had been again established, Garin and Begues, at the particular desire of Pepin and his queen Blanche-flor, married the two daughters of the king's uncle, the Duke Miles, the "well-made" Aelis and the "fair" Beatrix, who received as their dower each an equal share of the territory of their father, who became himself a monk of St. Surin. The dukes, with their consorts, went to their own castles—Garin to Metz, where he begat a son called Girbert—Begues to Gascony, to his castle of Belin.

Thiebaud, a baron of Fromont's party, who, it appears, had sought in vain the hand and dower of Beatrix, was playing at chess at Bordelle, when tidings arrived that she had been married to Begues, and that the latter was on his way to the castle of Belin, with his wife and a company of eighty knights. Thiebaud suddenly conceived the project of waylaying the duke, slaying him, and carrying away his wife, and with this intent he lay in ambush, with about 280 of his men. With difficulty a party from Belin, who had received intelligence of the peril which threatened their lord, rescued the lady and her wounded husband from their hands; they were carried to the castle, where the wounds of Begues and his friends were soon healed by the care of skilful physicians of Salerno. Thiebaud, who, having himself commenced hostilities, was determined to proceed in them, by great exertions raised an army of 30,000 men, with which he invaded the lands of Begues, and laid siege to his castle. The Duke Begues was closely pressed; with difficulty he found a messenger who would venture out in search of his friends; the messenger came before the king, who was enraged at the tidings; but Bernard of Naisil, who was present, denied the truth of the messenger's story, and insulted the queen, who had spoken in favour of the Lorrains. She complained to Garin, who entered with seven-score knights in his train. He immediately went to Bernard, struck him a blow with his fist, which broke four of his teeth and laid him prostrate on the ground, where the burgesses, who came to the place, would instantly have put him to death but for the intercession of the king. The king and Garin again placed themselves at the head of their army, and compelled Thiebaud to take shelter in the city of Bordelle.

The king now besieged Bordelle. But Bernard, meanwhile, enraged at his misadventure, had repaired to Sens, where he persuaded William of Monclin, and, though not without much difficulty, Fromont, to join him in assisting the Bordelais, and with their friends and retainers they entered the besieged city. After a long siege, during which were performed many chivalrous deeds,

and in which many men were slain, and the city itself taken and burnt, the besieged barons being confined to the castle, the latter were again glad to obtain any terms of reconciliation.

The peace seems now to have lasted for some time. One day Begues was with Beatrix at his castle of Belin; he was sad and pensive, and told his wife that he must pay a visit to his brother Garin, whom he had not seen for a long space of time. He had heard also that the Bois de Puelle was the haunt of a great boar, which he would take the opportunity of hunting, as the wood lay near his way. The wood, however, was in the territory of his old enemies, and Beatrix prayed him not to put himself into their power. The duke left Belin with his cousin Rigaut, taking with him thirty-six knights, with skilful hunters, to assist in the chase; and at Valenciennes his host, who knew well the haunts of the boar, offered to lead him to the wood. The boar was hunted; Begues in the ardour of the chase was separated from his men, overtook the animal and slew it, and being alone and ignorant of the way, at the approach of night he took shelter under a tree. There he made a fire, and sounded his horn to assemble his dogs. The foresters, who had heard the horn and saw the duke with his dogs, carried the tidings in haste to Fromont's friends. Thiebaud and others hastened to the spot; they knew the knight, rejoiced at the chance which had thrown into their power their old enemy, set upon him suddenly, and he was slain with an arrow by one of the archers. The body was carried to Sens. Fromont was angry and sorrowful, for he saw how his officious friends had again drawn him into rebellion against the emperor, by a new quarrel with the party of the Lorrains. He showed all possible respect to the body of the duke; the latter was carried in great honour to Valenciennes, and he was buried in the presence of Pepin and Garin, amid the lamentations of his relations, friends, and followers. On his tomb was inscribed—

"HE WAS THE BEST WHO E'ER RODE UPON STEED."*

Here concludes that part of the poem of the Lorrains which has been printed by M. Paris. The remainder of the third chanson—for he has printed the first two, and part of the third—contains the account of the war which was again stirred up between the Lorrains and the Bordelais—of the flight of the elder Fromont, and of his return to France at the head of the Saracens—his death—and, finally, the death of Garin, and the proscription of his son Girbert, with Hernaut and Garin, the sons of Begues of Belin.

* "Ce fu li mieuldres qui sor destrier seüst."—vol. ii. p. 272.

Such is the plot of one of the best of what have been termed "*chansons de geste*." It is probable that at least some of the romances which are included under this title, are reflections of the earlier national cycles which the Franks, like all their neighbours, must have once possessed. Through what medium they reached their present form, it is not easy to imagine—whether they were really imitations, or modernizations of the other poems—whether they were founded on popular traditions, to which those poems had given rise—or whether, which is by no means improbable, they are metrical versions of Latin histories, which had themselves been formed upon older ballads and songs. The romance of Garin le Loherrain is stated in the manuscripts to be the work of Jehan de Flagy: but it is a poem too full of historical details, too little encumbered with romantic incidents, to be the *invention* of a French romancer of the age at which, in all probability, that person must have lived. It is in fact a poem full of vigour and spirit—the circumstances are told vividly and naturally, without any of that laboured attempt at description, which characterizes what have been generally understood by the title of early French romances. These latter have a distinct character—they generally consist of an ill-arranged heap of incredible combats, of great means to produce little things, of perilous enterprises without any object—the same action, the same stratagem, the same circumstances, repeated till they raise a nausea. Even the romances which belong to the fabulous history of Charlemagne merit in part the same censure. The romance of Garin, on the contrary, is a magnificent and true picture of the evils which every day must have witnessed, when a numerous body of turbulent barons, always jealous of each other, and ever more ready to command than to seek as a boon the royal favour, were ruled by a young and weak monarch.

We turn an incredulous ear to the assertions of M. Paris, of the great antiquity of these "*chansons*" in their present form: and we cast an equally incredulous eye on his fac-similes of the manuscripts, when he informs us that those of the "*oldest*" of these romances, that of Garin le Loherrain, are nearly all of the twelfth century. The romance of Berte aux Grans Piés, the first of these *chansons* which he has published, is evidently a production of no very remote antiquity—its author, named Adenès, flourished towards the end of the thirteenth century, and it has all the appearance of a tale which has been briefly told in some older chronicle, extended and worked up with the common-place descriptions, repeated over and over, of which the French poets of that age made such abundant use.

It is in the notes, however, that M. Paris develops his ideas of

the age of the romance of Garin, and his reasons for adopting them. At p. 140 (vol. i.) it is observed—

"Nostre empereres a fait sa gent mander.
Là véissiez communes assenbler,
Et les villains venir et aüner," &c.*

"Our histories," he says, "speak first of warriors furnished by the commons at the time of the battle of Bouvines, that is, in 1214; here we have a *text*, older by *at least half a century*, in which they are as distinctly mentioned." The text of Garin, then, was formed at the latest by the middle of the eleventh century. Again, the poem speaks of the monastery of Grandmont, (p. 188, vol. i.)—

"Par Grand Mont va, iluec ont messe oï,
Dont ert li lieus et povres et petis."†

"This," says he, "may serve to bound (if not to fix) the date of our poem. Grandmont, before the eleventh century, was a wild place, in the Marche, on the road from Gascony to Berry, five leagues distant from Limoges. But towards 1060, it acquired great importance, by being chosen by St. Stephen of Thiers for the chief place of his order." Here then we have a proof, in contradiction of M. Paris, that the poem could not have been written before the end of the eleventh century, and, since the place can hardly have changed its character at once, a probability that it was written much later. The only conclusion which it authorizes is, that the poet knew that Grandmont was not a place of importance, at the date of the events he describes. In another place, (vol. i. p. 253,) mention is made of the armorial bearings of William of Monclin. Here the editor is angry with those antiquarians, who have supposed armorial bearings to be no older than the middle of the twelfth century, because they find no earlier allusion to them. He opposes their arguments by the *text* of Garin, but, if the antiquarians be right, the text of Garin cannot have been composed before the end of the twelfth century. In the second volume, M. Paris seems to have adopted a still more extravagant theory of the antiquity of this romance. He compares the character of Henry, archbishop of Rheims in the time of Pepin, with that of Heriveus or Hervé, who became archbishop of the same see in the year 900. "*De tout cela*," he says, "*ne concluons pas que les récits du Garin sont fondés sur l'histoire du x^e siècle, mais seulement que les allusions nom-*

* "Our Emperor has caused his people to be summoned. There you might see the commons assemble, and the villains come to the gathering," &c.

† "He went by Grandmont, where he heard mass; the place was then poor and small."

breuses aux événements de cette époque accusent assez bien la date du poème." We do not entirely understand the aim of this argument—the character of a turbulent archbishop could hardly have been so rare, that the poet must have lived in the tenth century, to have been able to conceive his character. The rest of M. Paris's observations are in the same style as the foregoing—the utmost which any of them proves, is the probability that the story was not invented by Jehan de Flagy, but that it existed in an older form. But they have little weight in contradicting the manuscripts, as far as we can judge of them by the fac-similes and the language, which have every appearance of being those of the middle and latter half of the thirteenth century, probably the time when Jehan de Flagy lived.

We are inclined to believe, that these "chansons de geste" were never popular among the Normans: they were certainly not popular amongst them in England, and we are not aware that at an early period any of them received an English dress. The simple improbability of the thing to all but those who, as most of our French critics have been in the habit of doing, confound Normans with Frenchmen, would lead us to adopt the idea that the former, at the battle of Hastings, if they sung at all, chanted not a "chanson" of Roland and of Oliver, and of the disaster at Roncevaux, but of Rollo their own great leader, who had procured them a settlement in the land of the Franks, and that it was the popularity of the former story in Wace's time, which led him erroneously to amplify the brief observation of the chronicles (*tunc cantilena Rollandi inchoata*, or, as another has it, *cantu . . . inchoato*) into the celebrated passage—

" Taillefer, ki mult bien cantout,
 Sor un cheval ki tost alout
 Devant le duc aloit cantant
 De Karlemaine e de Rollant,
 Et d'Oliver e des vassals
 Ki morurent en Renchevals."*

A passage of the chronicle of the canon of Oseney, printed in the collection of Gale, might seem to favour this supposition—its compiler speaks of "*Guillelmus Longespe, filius Rollandi, primi ducis Normannorum*." It is by no means unlikely, however, that the circumstance of Taillefer singing in the battle was an invention of the chroniclers, after the battle of Roncevaux had become itself a popular subject of song—and that the ground of the story was his fame as a poet. The purpose of the anecdote is to show

* " Taillefer, who sang full well, rode on a swift horse before the duke, singing of Charlemagne and of Roland and of Oliver, and of the vassals who died in Renchevals."

the bold recklessness of the warrior, who could amuse himself with his song-craft in the very face of the enemy.

Many wild theories have been started by those who have sought the *origin* of romance, and who would fain discover among one particular people only, that which must have been common to all. The French writers on this subject have generally commenced with a previously imbibed prejudice, that their own country alone must have the glory of the invention, and that unless they establish this position they will have laboured in vain. The author of the preface to the last edition of Legrand d'Aussy's *Fabliaux, ou Contes*, asserts, that we owe the origin of romance to the expeditions of Charlemagne against the Saracens: and, after assuring us that all nations borrowed their romances from those of the French, proceeds to observe—

“ The invention of romance was received throughout England, with the same ardour as amongst our other neighbours. But this people, jealous, and from that period envious of France, was unwilling to give to its paladins a French chieftain such as had been Charlemagne: they formed the design of selecting another from amongst their own kings, and of transforming him into a famous hero, who by his exploits should eclipse our own. The personage destined for this high character was Arthur, a prince unknown and the less fitted for it, because in history he has no place. But what will, I think, appear still more awkward, is, that amongst his conquests this hero of heroes places a portion of France, and that he assumes for his vassals several of the small kings who are supposed to have reigned there. If, however, we recollect, that at the time when these lying fictions were written, England, itself conquered, was subject to a dynasty of French princes, it will be agreed that, to the eyes of attentive readers, it is with nations in their writings as with individuals: their character always peeps out in some place or other.”!!

This ingenious theory, while it shows the ability of its author in laying foundations upon nothing, shows also his entire ignorance both of the history of his subject, and of that of the people of whom he talks. Where, we wonder, did he learn that Arthur, as a hero of romance, was more modern than Charlemagne?—and above all, we would willingly know by what series of investigations he came to the conclusion, that the romances of the Round Table originated in England. He ought to have known, that there never existed any originals of these romances in the English language—that the hero was not one of our kings, and was not likely to be claimed as one: he ought further to have known that in England they were first popular not among the *conquered* people, but among those who had succeeded in intruding themselves into our island; and above all he ought to have been aware, that that people was much nearer allied to Saxon than to

Frankish blood; that, instead of being Frenchmen, they were among the greatest and most powerful enemies of the French nation; and that both the conquered and the conquerors were of all others the least likely to have thus created the romantic character of Arthur.

We possess remains of our own national romance, more purely mythic and of much greater antiquity, than any nation which flourished during the middle ages. We can excuse M. Paris's assertion, that we have in England "*chansons de geste*" whose date mounts even as high as the thirteenth century, because he was evidently not aware that we had one, that of Beowulf, which is probably at least six or seven centuries older. There are still many traces of the older mythic romances of the Germans, and of the Northern nations—and it is not improbable, from the mention of some of their personages in the French romances, (as of Weland, for instance), that the northern cycles were known at an early period in France, perhaps through the medium of the Normans, the influence of whose language and traditions seems to have lasted after they had themselves adopted the *romanz* tongue. Perhaps there existed also an old mythic cycle among the people of Bretagne, of whom so much has been said, and so often—some hero named Arthur may have figured in it. The name and history of the Saxon hero Beowulf were alike forgotten among the English of a later period—the name of Arthur, on the contrary, whose history perhaps was misunderstood, and his character misapplied, may have been regenerated in forming that cycle of middle age romance, the origin of which it seems so difficult even to conjecture.

There seems to have been another class of Anglo-Saxon romances, more peculiarly native to England, because much more modern than that class of which Beowulf is now the representative, whose subjects belonged to the wars between the Saxons and the Danes. The original Saxon poems are now entirely lost. A class of romances which told of the struggles against the Danish invaders—whose ravages were so long remembered, and at the period of the breaking up of the Saxon language so recent—could hardly have failed to give rise to traditions among the people. We know that these traditions were long preserved, and that they often fixed the scene of the story to particular places. Similar traditions, if we trust the details of Pausanias, had originated in the East from the early popularity of the Grecian mythic cycles. Many of the Saxon romances, of which we are speaking, appeared in Middle-English, where they were either transformations of the original Saxon poems, or else poems built upon the traditions to which they had given rise. The popularity of these

romances caused them to be translated into Norman-French, at a period as early, if not earlier, than that of the translations from French into English. Their existence has entirely exploded the old notion that England never possessed any native romances. Even had the originals of these romances been in Norman, they would still have been, strictly speaking, English romances—the stories were English, and the Norman versions were in all probability written in England—and we should truly be surprised to find a copy of *Horn* or of *Havelok* in an early French manuscript along with a "*chanson de geste.*"

In addition to the internal evidence of the fact which these romances afford us, we have in one instance a direct assertion of the French poem having been a translation from the English. One of the romances, which is connected with the story of the struggles of the Saxons with the Danes, is preserved in French metre, under the title of *King Atla*. Among the manuscripts of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, we find a Latin prose version of this romance, under the name of *King Waldeus*, made by John Bromis, or Bramis, a monk of Thetford, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, according to the saying—

"*De Thetford Monachus Bramis edidit ista Johannes.*"

This manuscript belonged to the monastery of Thetford, and is probably the original copy of Bramis's translation, which was there in the days of Leland. The translator, in his preface, states that it was originally written in English verse; and that, at the desire of a lady who could not read the English, it was translated into French verse, from which he had translated it into Latin, having also consulted, as it would seem, a mutilated copy of the original English.* This latter, he tells us, was divided into cantoes, a mode of division which was omitted in the French version. The names in this romance are mostly Saxon and Danish—the plot is laid chiefly in East Anglia—Colchester is held by the Saracens, (Danes,) and is besieged by Waldeus—and more than one battle takes place in the neighbourhood of Thetford: one,

* "*Incipit prologus super hystoriam Waldei quondam Norffolchie Suffolchieque regis eximii de Gallicis et Anglicis verbis in Latinum translatus.*"

"Primitus subsequens regis Waldei filiorumque hystoria suorum in lingua Anglica metrica composita est. Deinde ad instanciam cujusdam femine, que ipsam penitus linguam nesciret, quum non alio quam amice nomine voluit inagare, a quodam in linguam Gallicam est translata. At vero novissime eandem historiam non solum seniorum preceptis et ut verecundans dico rogatibus scilicet ipsis ecclesie a quoque intuitu difficilia queque et ardua celeri lenitate mustescunt muneribus compulsus sum hac de causa in Latinum transferre sermonem. Ejusdem historie pars quedam usque ad quartam hujus operis partem continuata in ipsa lingua qua primo fuerat conscripta reperta est. que in ista legentium sensus in suum protraxit officium (*officium*), ut reliquam ejusdem historie porcionem, que nusquam in ipsa Anglica lingua, quamvis in Gallica reperiri poterat, gravi penitentia deferent."—*MS. Bibl. C. C. C. Cambr. No. 329.*

for instance, between that place and Rowdham, and another towards Elveden. John Bramis assures us that the French translator took many liberties with his story: the narrative, as he has given it to us, for we have not had an opportunity of examining the French romance, would naturally lead us to this conclusion; and, as an instance, we may quote that error into which all the French translators fell. The later Saxons, after the crusade, used the word *saracen* in the sense of *pagan*, and commonly applied it to the pagans of the north. The French poets, whose thoughts ran more upon the *saracens* of Spain and Africa, misunderstood the application of the word: and Waldeus, who in the original fought so valiantly against the *saracens* in East Anglia, is by the French translators sent into Valencia to fight the saracen king of Spain.*

The romance of Havelok is, in the French, called a "lai," and the writer confesses that it is a translation, though he calls his original a lay of the Bretons:—

"Haveloc fut cil roi nommé,
Et Cuaran est appellé.
Pur ceo vus voil de lui conter
Et s'aventure remembrer;
Q'un lai en firent li Breton,
Si l'appellèrent de son nom,
Et Haveloc et Cuarant."—(*Lai d'Hav.* v. 17.)†

And, at the end, he tells us that it was the strong traditional remembrance of his deeds among the people, which caused the lay of his history to be made—

"Haveloc tint en sa baillie
Nicole et tote Lindesie,
.Xx. anz regna, si en fut rois;
Assez conquist par ses Danois;
Mult fu de li grant parlande:
Li auncien par remembrance
Firent un lai de sa victoire."—(v. 1097.)‡

That, however, the history of Havelok could ever have been a Breton story, or that the names which occur in it could have had a place there, is much more than improbable. If the term

* Even the monks, in their chronicles, fell sometimes into the same error—the name of the African king, mentioned in the following paragraph, is essentially northern.—Anno d.xc.iii^{to}. Germundus rex Affricorum et Ysembertus nepos regis Francorum Britanniam vastaverunt, Cristianitatem adnichilaverunt."—*Chronicon Winton. MS. Cotton. Domit. A. xiii.*

† "Haveloc was that king named, and he was also called Cuaran. For this reason will I tell you of him, and recall to memory his story; because the Bretons made a lay of him, which they called after his name, both Haveloc and Cuaran."

‡ "Haveloc held in his dominion Lincoln and all Lindesey; twenty years he reigned and was king of it; he conquered enough by means of his Danes. There was full great talk of him: the ancients in his memory made a lay of his victory."

"Breton lay" were not from the first a name without substance, it seems clear that, at the time of the writer of the French Havelok, the signification of the term was by no means distinctly understood: he, misled perhaps by the equivocal meaning of the word "Bretagne," seems to have considered his English original as one of them; for that an original English Havelok existed we think no one who has attentively read the French poem can doubt. The writer of the latter seems to have been equally well acquainted with the English poem, and with the numerous popular traditions concerning its hero, which certainly at that time existed in England.

Of the three stories of English growth, which are spoken of collectively in the passage quoted by Warton, from a manuscript at Oxford, (three of what M. Paris would term our "chansons de geste,")—

"Of [H]eveloke, Horne, and of Wade,
In romances that of them be made,"

two still exist both in English and in French verse. The romance of Horn seems to have been popular in every form, and we have, in French and in English, no fewer than six manuscripts of it. The manuscript of the French version of Horn, which is preserved at Cambridge, and which we have indicated at the head of our article, is by much the best, but it is unfortunately defective at the beginning and end by the loss of two or three leaves. It is of the thirteenth century. The other two, one in the Harleian MS. No. 627, the other in a manuscript which belonged to the late Mr. Douce, and which is now at Oxford, are but fragments, and supply very little of what is wanting in the other, though they afford some valuable readings, and one of them acquaints us with the name of the Norman poet who wrote it, who is there called Thomas.*

The Cambridge MS. of the French Horn, as it now begins, introduces to us Horn and his companions wandering on the waves. God, it says, gave them a north-west wind—

"He gave them there a wind. from the northwest blowing.
Which drove them to Bretagne. where Hunlaf then was king.
A powerful king, I ween. right brave and rich was he.
A pious man he was. and loved well loyalty."†

* We have printed our extracts from this romance exactly as they stand in the manuscript of Cambridge. As we cannot suppose all our readers to be conversant in this antiquated language, wherever we have thought it absolutely necessary, in order to preserve the thread of the story, we have given in the text a loose rhyming version, in which we have endeavoured to imitate the style and manner of the original, even to the marking of the pauses at the middle and end of the lines by a period.

† "Ki un vent lor dona. del norwest ventant.
Ki en Bretagne les mist. ú Hunlaf fu manant.
Un rei mut poestif. riches hom e vaillant.
De grant religiun. leante mut amant."

They land in Bretagne, and are found by Herlaut, the seneschal of King Hunlaf, who inquires their business there; and after having learnt from Horn their history, takes them with him to the court, and presents them to the king. Hunlaf again questions Horn as to his parentage, and the latter tells him—

“ Mis peres fud uns bers. vaillant hom durement.

Aaluf ad a num. si ma geste ne ment.

En Suddene fu nez. si la teint longement.

Reis Silauf le trova. sil norrit bonement.

Après fu konev. par Deu comandement.

Quil iert de geste real. descendu veirement.

Newu fu Baderouf. de sa fille al cors gent.

Goldeburch out e num. a sun baptismement.

Ne sai si unc oistes. de reis tel parlement.

Pruz e hardi furent. de bon contement.

Des anmes ait merci. li reis omnipotent.

Quant coe fud konev. ke Aalof fud bien ne.

Qu'il fu nefz Baderof. le bon e lalose.

Ki iert sur Alemauns. enperere clame.

Dunc li ad reis Silaus. par grant amour done.

Une fille qu'il out. le vis out colure.

E ouoc li dona. après sei sun regne.

Di cest dunt ioe vus di. sui ioe ioius e led.”—fol. 4. r^o.

He then tells him how the Saracens, under their King Rodmond, had invaded Suddene, put to death his father and all his relations, and how Rodmond, finding him and his companions concealed in the garden, and unwilling to stain his own hands with the blood of children so fair, had exposed them on the sea.

“ And thus Rodmund saved us, the king of Africans.”*

The king, satisfied of the good parentage of Horn, caused him to be treated as his own son, and as he grew up he was respected and renowned for his skill, his humility, his valour, and his generosity. King Hunlaf had an only daughter, the beautiful Rigmel. Her hand had been sought by many princes and noble barons; but she had heard of Horn, of his prowess and his beauty, and her heart selected him as the only one worthy of her love.

One Pentecost, the king held a full court, an annual festival, attended by many barons and ladies of different lands. It was the custom for all the barons to take this opportunity of presenting, for the first time, their sons who were just arrived at manhood. Horn was presented, and was appointed to bear the cup in the hall. The Princess Rigmel had hitherto been sage and discreet, and had concealed her passion, but she now determined to seek an interview with Horn, and for that purpose despatched

* “ Ainz nuns livera Rodmund. çel rei Affricanz.”—fol. 5. r^o.

her confidential maid, Herselot, to summon her father's seneschal to her presence. The maiden found Herland in the hall, standing beside a rich and powerful baron of the neighbourhood, called Godfrei—she delivered her message, and the seneschal soon after attended upon Rigmel. She gave him wine and clarey, for which purpose Rabel, the butler, had brought the royal cup; and she presented him with several gifts, among which was a ring,—

"And first there the maiden. to Herland gave a ring.

Large and rich, which was forged. in the time of Daniel.

For well I wot 'twas made by. the goldsmith Marcel."*

: and a horse, which she sent her Squire Bertin to order of Blanchard. Herland, overcome by her persuasions and her promises, engaged to bring Horn into her presence the following day, but, after leaving her, he began to feel some presentiments that the result might be ill, and he determined to take, in place of Horn, Haderof, one of his companions, who bore some resemblance to him. Rigmel spent the night anxiously and restlessly, and told Herselot how she desired Horn for her husband.

"Dame, dist Herselot. vus l'averez iol devin.

Un avisiun vi. par qei sai k'ert issin.

Qu'il vus fist un gent dun. d'un faukun muntarsin.

El sein le metiez. de desuz l'osterin.

Si nel donisiez pas. pur le regne Pepin.

Bien sai ke c'iert un fiz. ke avezet del meschin.

E la lei fausera. Tervagan e Apollin.

Et par lui, si il vit. murra meint barbarin."—fol. 14. r^o.

Rigmel was a little comforted by Herselot's dream. In the morning her impatience returned; she sent Herselot to the seneschal, who was at dinner, to remind him of his promise. After dinner he brought to her Haderof, who, when she began to speak of Horn, joined in his praise, asserting that there

"Was none better than he. between Norway and Frise."†

Rigmel discovered quickly the deceit which had been practised upon her, called directly her nurse and minstrel, "Godswip," who knew Horn, and was so furious, that the seneschal, to appease her, promised to bring Horn himself the next day. The impatience of the princess, as the time of meeting approached, is well described—twice she sent Herselot to hasten the seneschal. At length Horn came; his beauty was such that she thought him an angel, and she at once declared to him her love.

* "Al premier ad done. & Herland un anel.

Gros, dorquit Melekin. des le tems Daniel.

Fud forgie, s'il forga. li orfievère Marcel."

† "Ke n'ad meillur de lai. entre Norweie e Frise."

giving to him for a token of it a ring, and telling him to be discreet, as she feared to be beaten if their intercourse should be known. Horn was modest, represented himself as a poor orphan, and unworthy of her, but before taking his leave he promised to be her lover after he had proved by his deeds that he was worthy of her favour.

In the mean time came the Saracens into the land of Hunlaf,—

“ D'Aufrike sunt eissu. dui rei de grant puissance.
 Ki onc Deu ne amerent. coe fud doel e mltaunce.
 Freres erent Rodmund. un rei de surquidance.
 Ki ocist Aalof. le rei de grant vaillaunce.
 Le pere a icedt Horn. qu'avom ci en balaunce.

* * * * *
 E vus porrez oir. si ne faites noisaunce.
 Ke cist vindrent od ost. d'orguil e de bobaunce.
 En la terre Hunlaf. ki iert en seguraunce.
 A un port ariverent. k'om apele Constaunce.
 Reis Gudolf e Egolf. furent icist nomez.
 Ki en la terre Hunlaf. sunt ore arivez.
 E od aus sunt venu. d'Aufrike granz barnez.
 Feluns'e surquidez. de bataille adure.”—fol. 26. r^o.

The Saracens ravaged the land miserably, and sent a messenger to Hunlaf, commanding that he should do their will and worship “Mahun,” on penalty of losing his head and all his riches. The king held a “parlement” to consider the message, and Horn offered to go against the infidels, as soon as he should be knighted. “Dan Moroan,” one of the king's men, brought the “adubs,” and Horn was scarcely armed after the ceremony, when one of the Saracens, Marmorin, a great and hideous giant, born in Canaan, who had been in Suddene with Rodmund, and had been accessory to the death of Aalof, brought a challenge to the court. Horn accepted the challenge himself, and, after a terrible combat, told entirely in the style of French romances, avenged his father by cutting off the giant's head. The Christians were comforted by the success of their hero—the army was put in order, the guards were all on the walls, and Horn, with a penon “d'un cendal de Russie,” which Rigmel had sent him, issued forth, mounted on a horse of Hungary. Horn ordered his men to advance silently, that they might surprise “icele gent faée”—they passed a vale “d'une selve ramée,” and came to the port where the fleet was anchored, and where their enemies had landed, and were lying securely in the meadows. A terrible combat followed—many a head did Horn separate from its body—he slew “Eghulf,” and the infidels were defeated, but “Godelof” escaped to his ship, and fled with what remained of the pagan army. The poem

gives us the names of some of the infidels who were slain. Among those killed by Horn was Turlin of Tabarine, a relation of King Godelof—Haderof slew Gibelin, constable and cousin-german to the king—another of the infidels who fell in the battle was named Malbruart. At length the pagans throughout the whole land were reduced to subjection.

Horn had now shown himself worthy of Rigmel, and they exchanged vows of fidelity; but Wikele, one of Horn's companions, was a traitor: he had asked a gift of Horn, which the latter had already given to Haderof—he refused that which Horn proffered him instead—and in revenge he betrayed to the king the intercourse between Horn and his daughter. The king was at first incredulous, but he was convinced by being made a secret spectator of an interview between the two lovers—was enraged beyond measure—reproached Horn with his conduct while he was out hunting—and banished him from his kingdom. The whole court lamented the loss of Horn. The last interview between the latter and Rigmel was very distressing: before parting they exchanged rings, that of the princess possessing many virtues.

" Who bore this ring upon him. might all his foes defy;
For not in fire or water. 'twould be his fate to die.
Nor yet in battle stern. or lordly tournament."*

Horn, after leaving the princess, went towards the sea, attended by his companions who had accompanied him from Suddene. On the shore he bade adieu to them all; and, having adopted the name of Gudmod to conceal his true name and station, he set sail for Westir.

" To Westir he would go. a kingdom of great fame.
In ancient times, I wot. 'twas Ireland bore that name.
There dwelt King Godreche. a full rich king was he.
Two courtly sons he had. of great nobilitie."†

They arrive safely in Ireland, when the poet again observes—

" Lordings, now is Ireland. what then was call'd Westir."‡

Horn mounted his steed, and met the two sons of Godreche, Egfer and Guffer, who were hawking. In answer to their inquiries, he said that he was a native of Suddene, the son of a poor vavasour—that he had come thither to seek service—and that his

* " Hom ki l'ad sure sei. ia ne purra perir.
Ne en feu ne en ewe. mar i cremdra murir.
N'en bataille champel, ne en turnei tenir."—fol. 42. 1^o.

† " En Westir veut aler. ki est regne perisez.
Yrlaunde out si a nun. al tens d'auntiquitez.
La maint un riche rei. Godreche iert nomez.
Dous fiz out francs e pruz. de grant nobilitez."—fol. 43. 1^o.

‡ " Seignurs or est Yrlaunde. lors fu Westir nomée."—fol. 44. 1^o.

name was Gudmod. ° Egfer retained him in his service, and promised him rich gifts. The king soon observed Horn in the train of his son, and, when brought into his presence, Horn repeated the same story, adding, that he had escaped from the pagans who had ravaged his country, and that he had been in Bretagne. "Gudreche" would not believe that a poor man had ever begotten such a son; he had been in Suddene—knew Aalof and his son—and declared that he had never seen any one so like Horn as was Gudmod. Gudmod replied that a poor man often resembled a rich one, and so the conversation ended. The queen, Gudborc, now entered the hall, with her two beautiful daughters, Lenburc and Sudburc. The wine was served in the hall by a valet, whose name was Guidhere. "Lenburc" herself sent the cup to Horn; at this first interview she fell deeply in love with him, and at night she sent her valet to call him to her chamber; but Horn would not listen to her proposals. Meanwhile he showed himself, in all manly exercises, superior to the rest of the court. At Pentecost there was a great feast and games. A person named Eglaf (in other passages called Eggulf and Eggeals) excelled the rest, and was very proud and presumptuous, to the great annoyance of Horn's master, the prince Egfer. Gudmod accepted Eglaf's challenge, and beat him at throwing. After this, the harp being produced, Gudmod offers to play a lay, and sings the loves of Horn and Rigmel in Bretagne. "Guffer" said that he had heard of Horn's renown. ° Lenburc, who became more and more enamoured of Gudmod, then took the harp, and sung a lay of a Breton called Baltof.

One day came the Africans to Westir—

"One day two cruel tyrants. came sailing o'er the sea.
And they have enter'd Westir. with their fleet all vauntingly.
These kings came, as they tell us. from the land of Africa.
And brothers were of Redmund. who Suddene held in sway.
Horn's father, king Aalof. these recreants had slain :
And 'twas their brother, Eggulf. whom Horn slew in Bretagne.

The elder of these kings. his name was Hildebrant.
And the younger, I wot well. was called Herebrant.
A nephew they had with them. Rollac Fitz-Goldebrant."*

"A un ior sunt venu. dui mut felun tirant.
El regne de Westir. od lur flote siglant.
Il erent fors eissuz. del regne Affricant.
Freres erent Rodmund. 'ki Suddene iert tenant.
Aaluf pere Horn. destrustrent le vaillant.
E freres sunt a ces. dunt ot este vengant.
En Bretagne quant fu. od Hunlaf le puissant.

Li ainz nez di ces dous. si ot nun Hildebrant.
E li autre pusonez. nomez iert Herebrant.
Un neuov out od eus. Rollac fiz Goldebrant."—fol. 59. r°.

They arrive at the port—

"When at the port arrived. the recreant Saracens.
To the king they sent Don Rollac. with insolent demand.
This Rollac was the son. of rich Sultan Gudbrand.
Nor better knight there liv'd, I ween. in Saracen domain.
Nephew he was of Rodlac. who Aalof had slain."*

Gudbrand, we are afterwards informed, was Sultan of Persia. Rollac arrived at the court with the demands of the Saracens, and was proud and insolent.

"Nor was there better vassal. in the land of Africa."†

When he had delivered his message, Gudmod replied fiercely, and challenged him to battle; in the encounter Gudmod was almost overcome, when, casting his eye on Rigmel's ring, and learning, at the same time, that Rollac was the person who had killed his father, he recovered new strength, and slew the infidel. Then followed a terrible battle, which is described at great length, and in which the pagans were entirely discomfited. Among the slain was Egfer, the master of Gudmod. Gudreche sent for a king of Orkenie, and would have given Gudmod his daughter Lenburc and his kingdom. Gudmod declined the offer, alleging that he was not worthy of so great honour, that he had formed an alliance with the daughter of a vavasour in Bretagne, and that he should be guilty of disloyalty in accepting the hand of another. While in the hall one day, a palmer arrived—

"En la sale est entre. li paumer pelerin.
Escreppe ot e burdun. e un chapeau feutrin.
Par mi coe qe pouere iert. bien semblot de bon lin.
La ú vit seoir Horn. la tint dreit sun chemin.
Bien conut sa facun. e le vis qu'ot rosin.
E tresqu'il vint a li. a ses piez chiet enclin."—fol. 76. rº.

The palmer addressed Horn by his own name—said that he was himself the son of Herland—and informed him that Wikele had put to death his father for his partiality to Horn—and that he had sought the latter in different lands during three years. He now begged that he would speed to Bretagne, to assist the party of Herland, and to rescue the fair Rigmel, who was about to marry the King of Fenenie. Horn distrusted the pilgrim, telling him that palmers were always liars, and alleging that it was improbable that Rigmel would marry another while Horn lived. "No,"

* "Al port sunt arrive. li culvert Sarazin.
Al rei ont enveie. dan Rollac un meschin.
Fiz le riche soudan. dan Gudbrand le meschin.
N'out si bon chevuler. en la lei Apollin.
Nieff esteit Rodlac. ki Aalof mist a fin."—fol. 60. rº.
† "Ni out meillor vassal. el regne Africant."—fol. 61. rº.

said the pilgrim, "if she had her own will, but her father and Wikele force her to the match." Horn prepared to leave Ireland; the king was grieved, and again offered him his daughter and his kingdom, and his aid in rescuing Suddene from the pagans who had usurped it; but the attachment of the young prince to Rigmel was above all other feelings and motives; he set sail with a party of men, well armed; they soon arrived at a port in Bretagne, which was surrounded by wood, and there they concealed themselves, while Horn rode on in search of intelligence, armed only with his sword. He met a palmer, who told him that the court was at Lyons, where the marriage of Modin, the king of Fenenie, with the princess Rigmel, was on the eve of being celebrated. Horn exchanged garments with the palmer—advanced towards the city, and rested under a pine tree, whence he saw King Modin, who was newly arrived, enter Lyons in company with Wikele. It seemed these two were now intimate friends. When they swore, which it appears they did not unfrequently, their form of adjuration was "Wite God." They admired the good make of the pretended pilgrim, and invited him to the feast. Rigmel served the wine in hall—

"Costume iert aidonc. en icele contrée.
 Ke quant aveneit si. ke dame iert espusée.
 Si ele pucele fust. k'el ne fust essaiée.
 Ke del beivere servist. tut itaunt de fiée.
 Com k seneschal mangast. od cel autre mesnée.
 E quant oust coe fait. apres sa reposée.
 Armes deveit porter. cil a qui fust donée.
 Par defors la cite. ú en champ u en préé."—fol. 85. rº.

Rigmel accordingly, after having dressed herself for the occasion, filled the horn, and served round the wine. When she offered it to the palmer, he refused to drink. She, piqued by this piece of unpoliteness, demanded why he would not take the horn—

"Ne purquant, si li dit. or me dites bea chier.
 Quant beivere ne volez. ke deit le demaunder.
 Dous feiz l'ai aporte. n'en vousistes guster.
 Al semblant que ioe vei. le corage avez fiér."

Horn then threw in the ring, and made himself known to her. During the conversation which follows between them, Horn perceived that he was noticed by Wikele, left the court, and joined his companions. Rigmel rode out, attended by Haderof, to carry the arms of her husband, according to the custom. Horn, who with his troop had been concealed by the trees, suddenly made his appearance, and struck Modin from his horse. Modin's men came to rescue him, but in vain, for Horn blew his horn, and his companions hastened to his aid. Modin and Horn were then

suddenly reconciled, they entered the city together; Horn and Rigmel were married; Wikele was punished, as it was right he should be; and there was a great feast, in the middle of which the MS. ends abruptly.

A very slight comparison of the French Horn with the early English romance of the same hero will convince us that the latter is not a translation. The parts of the French story which are not found in or differ from the English are exactly such as would be added by a French translator from the English, but such as are quite as likely as the rest to be retained by an English translator from the French. The names which are not in the English are generally such names as the French romancers were in the habit of introducing in their tales of the Wars with the Saracens; such, for example, as Herselot, Godfrei, Bertin, Blanchard, Moroan, Marmorin, Turlin, Gibelin, and Malbruart: in the English romance, on the contrary, the names are all good Saxon and Danish. The latter contains nothing about Africans, or sultans of Persia, or single combats with pagan giants, or assemblies at Pentecost, when all the French romance heroes held their courts. In one instance the French poet has retained the *p* which was used in spelling the Saxon name; and when he would refer to authority for his story, he generally quotes "*the parchment.*" For example, speaking of Rodlac, fol. 60. r^o.—

"Cist ocis Aaloff. com dit le parchemin."

And again, when Horn had changed habits with the palmer,—fol. 82. r^o.—

"E Horn ci est ad turne. com dit le parchemin."

The two exemplars of the English romance of Horn, which are preserved, are both perfect. The one (MS. Bibl. Publ. Camb. Gg. 4, 27) is of the thirteenth century, and the other, (MS. Harl. No. 2253,) like many of the articles in the manuscript where it is found, is in all probability the copy of one of the same period.

In the Cambridge copy, the father of Horn was Murry, his mother Godhild. In the Harleian MS. they are named Allof and Godylt. Horn himself was a very promising youth—"nas non his i-liche."—

"Twelf feren he hadde,
That alle with him ladde;
Alle riche mannes sones,
And alle bi were faire gomes,
With him for to pleie:
And mest he luvede tweie;
That on him het Hathulf child,
And that other Fykenild.

Athulf was the beste,
And Fikenylde the werste." *

One summer's day the king was riding along the sea-shore, where he saw fifteen ships of Saracens, (*i. e.* Danish pirates,) who landed, conquered the kingdom, put to death the King Murry, seized upon Horn and his companions, and slew all who would not forswear their faith and become Pagans. The Queen Godhild escaped, and concealing herself in a cave in a rock, she there continued to exercise the Christian faith. The Saracen "admiral," pitying Horn, yet fearing to let him grow to manhood, exposed him with his companions in a boat on the sea. Here begins the Cambridge manuscript of the French poem.

When they landed in Westernesse, (not, as the French has it, in Bretagne,) they met with King Almair, or, as he is afterwards called, Aylmor, who demanded of Horn whence they came, and on what errand. After hearing his story, how he was Horn of Suddene, and had been expelled his country by the infidels, the king took him to his palace, and gave him to the care of his steward, Athelbrus.

"Forth he clupede Athelbrus,
That was stiward of his hus:
'Stiward, tak nu here
Mi fundlyng for to lere
Of thine mestere,
Of wude and of rivere;
And tech him to harpe
With his nayles scharpe,
Bivore me to kerve,
And of the cupe serve.
Thu tech him of alle the liste
That thu evre of wiste;
In his feiren thou wise
Into othere-servise;
Horn thu undervonge,
And tech him of harpe and songe.'" †

Horn soon excelled in all manly accomplishments, and gained the love of Rimenhild, the king's only child. The story of their love is much the same as in the French, except that it has little of the details of the latter, and no maid "Herselot" is introduced.

The story of the battle between Horn and the Saracens also differs much in the two versions. In the English, when Horn, after having been knighted by the influence of Rimenhild, leaves her to seek an opportunity of proving his valour; he takes his

* *Gloss. nas*, (*i. e.* *ne was*,) was, not—*i-liche*, equal—*feren*, companions—*gomes*, lads (*Sax. guma*)—*pleie*, play—*mest*, most—*luvede tweie*, loved two—*her*, called.

† *Gloss. clupede*, called—*hus*, house—*nu*, now—*lers*, teach—*mestere*, craft—*bivore*, before—*kerve*, carve—*evre*, ever—*wiste*, know—*undervonge*, undertake.

horse and rides towards the shore, and there finds a ship of Saracens, who come to ravage the land. At his last visit Rimenhild had given him a ring, by looking on which, and at the same time thinking of her, he would always come off victorious. He looks on his ring, attacks the troop of Saracens who were landed, kills many, drives away the rest, and brings the head of their chieftain to the king. There is no giant "Marmorin," as we might suppose from his name. The treachery of Fykenild is foreboded to Rimenhild in a dream. The king, at the instigation of the traitor, returns from his hunting, finds Horn in Rimenhild's bosom—

"He fond Horn in arme
On Rymenhilde barme," *

and drives him away. Horn takes leave of his "lemman"—

"Rymenhild, have wel godne day:
No leng abiden I ne may;
Into uncuthe londe
Wel more for to fonde.
I schal wune there
Fulle seve zere:
At seve zeres ende,
Zef I ne come ne sende,
Tak the husebonde:
For me thu ne wonde" †—

and sails to "Westene londe," where he meets the king's two sons, Harild (or as it is spelt in another place, perhaps more correctly, Alrid) and Berild. The MS. Harl. calls the first Athylid. Horn called himself Cutberd, (in the Harl. MS. Godmod,) and said he came from the West:—

"Cutberd, he sede, ihc hote,
I-comen ut of the bote
Wel fer fram bi weste
To seche mine beste." ‡

Berild took him to his father's hall, where he was courteously received by the king, whose name was Thurston. The story of the love of the king's daughter for Horn is only in the French, and is, perhaps, but a repetition of that of Rimenhild. Horn slays the giant who had killed his father in the battle with the Saracens, in which both the princes fell. Then it is that Thurston offers Horn his only daughter, called in the Cambridge copy, Reynild; in the Harleian, Ernenild.

It is curious that the Harleian MS. also, in one instance, at v:

* Gloss. Rymenhilde, Rymenhild's—*barme*, bosom.

† Gloss. *godne*, good (accusative)—*leng*, longer—*uncuthe*, strange—*wune*, dwell—*seve zere*, seven years—*zef*, if—the, thee—*wonde*, stag.

‡ Gloss. *ihc*, I—*hote*, am named—*i-comen*, come—*ut*, out—*bote*, boat—*fer*, far—*seche*, seek.

878, calls the father of Horn by the name of Murry, a circumstance which has led Warton into the error of supposing Murry to be the Saracen king who had invaded Suddene. It would seem, therefore, that the writer of that manuscript had the French story, or some older English one in his mind, that he had designedly changed the name of the king to Allof, but that he misunderstood this passage, and supposed Murry here to be some other person.

The king who was to have married Rimenhild was—

“ King Modi of Reynes,
On of Hornes enemies.”

She sent a messenger to seek Horn in strange lands, who at length arrived in Thurston's kingdom, and there met Horn, who was riding, and told him his errand. Horn went to the king, and demanded assistance to rescue Rimenhild, which was immediately granted to him.

“ He dude writes sende
Into Yrlonde,
After kniztes lizte,
Irisse men to fizte.
To Horn come i-noze,
That to schupe droze.
Horn dude him in the weie
On a god galeie.” *

The story of Horn's arrival in Westernesse, and of his bridal with Rimenhild, also differs very much from the same story as told by the French poet. After the marriage, and before its consummation, Horn with his Irishmen hastened to Suddene to rescue it from the hands of the infidels, leaving Rimenhild under the care of her father. The expedition to Suddene was successful, and Horn was rejoiced to find his mother still alive in her cave in the rock. In the mean while, Fykenild had again proved treacherous, had built a strong castle, in which he confined Rimenhild, with the intention of forcing her to another marriage. Horn hastened to Westernesse: with a few of his companions in the disguise of harpers, he succeeded in entering the castle of Fykenild, slew Fykenild himself while at table, and rescued his bride.

Singularly enough, there is preserved a second English romance of Horn, certainly much more modern in its present form than the other, yet which would seem to have been formed on a still older model; and which, though it has no appearance of having been translated from the French poem, has several curious coincidences with it. All these circumstances, perhaps, only tend to

* *Gloss.* dude, did, caused—lizte, light—fizte, fight—schupe, ship—droze, drew.

show that there was a poem on the adventures of Horn much older than those which now exist.* Though the "Horn Childe and Maiden Rimnild" of the Auchinlec MS., like all the other articles of that volume, bears no marks of northern dialect, yet that version of the story seems evidently to have been one formed on the traditional ideas of a person who lived in the north of England. The name of one of the kings of the invading army, Malkan, and the whole story as here told, seem to show that the traditions fixed its date to the period when the Irish Danes, in conjunction with the Scots, were wont to invade the northern parts of our land.

∴ The name of Horn's father is, in this poem, Hatheolf, and he ruled over all England north of the Humber. Horn's companions were "eight knaue childer," whom the king entrusted to the care of his steward Arlaund, who was "to lern hem to ride." Meanwhile the Danes invaded the northern counties of England, and had collected their plunder ready to be borne to their ships in Cleveland:—

"Alle her pray to schip thai bere,
In Clifland bi Tese side."

When these tidings were brought to King Hatheolf, he assembled his army on "Alerton more," and hastened to attack the invaders while they were still in Cleveland:—

"In a morning thai bigan,
Of al that day thai no blan,
That baleful werk to wirke:
Sides thai made blo and wan,
That er were white so fether on swan,
Whiche gamen man aught irke.
When that even bicam,
The Danis men were al slan,
It bigan to mirke.
Whoso goth or rideth ther-bi,
Yete may men see ther bones ly
Bi Seynt Sibiles kirke."

After this victory, the king rode a-hunting on "Blakeowe more," and, after having given a feast at Pickering, he went to York, and there met Arlaund with Horn, and caused his subjects to swear fealty to the latter as his successor. Nine months afterwards came three kings out of Ireland:—

* We have an additional and decisive argument for the existence of this romance in much earlier form, in the striking resemblance between it and the earlier part of the history of the Saxon Hereward, which can only be accounted for on the supposition that popular enthusiasm had applied the circumstances of a romance to the history of an individual.

" Out of Yrlond com kinges thre ;
 Ther names can y telle the
 Wele withouten les.
 Ferwele and Winwald wern ther to,
 Malkan king was on of tho,
 Proude in ich a pres.
 At Westmerland stroyed thay,
 * The word com on a Whissonday
 To king Hatheolf at his des."

He assembled his host, and met the Irish army on " Staynes more." In the battle two of the Irish kings were slain, but Hatheolf himself fell by the hand of Malkan, after having been overpowered by the multitude of his assailants. The Irish withdrew to their own country, but " an erl of Northumberland," taking occasion of the death of the king, and of the minority of his son, seized upon his kingdom, and Arlaund fled with Horn to the court of Houlac, a king who reigned " fer southe in Ingland." Here his intercourse with the king's only daughter, Rimneld, was discovered by Wigard and Wikele, and he was obliged to fly the country. Horn now took the name of Godebounde, and rode west till he came to Wales. He there met a knight in the midst of a forest, who conducted him to king " Elydan," who held his court at " Snowedoun," where he obtained great favour.

While he resided at Snowdon, Elydan's son Finlak, who was a king in Ireland, sent messengers to request aid against the same Irish who had invaded Horn's own country. The messengers returned with a favourable answer, and were accompanied by Horn himself.

" Hem com an haven wele to hand,
 That Yolkil is cleped in Irland,
 The court was ther biside.
 Finlawe king ther thai fande,
 For to here titheande
 Ozain hem gan ride."

The king of Wales with his men was detained by contrary winds; Horn and the two sons of the Irish king with their army were obliged to fight against superior numbers; the two princes were taken and put to death, and Horn wounded, though not till after he had slain Malkan, whose death was followed by the defeat of the invading army. Finlak's daughter, Acula, tended Horn's wounds, and became deeply enamoured of him. She declared to him her love, but he was faithful to Rimneld, and, the ~~several~~ years of his absence being passed, with a hundred knights he set out to visit her, rescued her from king " Moding," who would have married her, slew Wigard, and compelled Wikele to confess his treason, and returned to Northumberland, to recover

his hereditary possessions, which, it appears, had been usurped by Thorbrond. Here the poem ends abruptly by a defect of the MS.

The "*chansons de geste*," whether French or English, form a curious and valuable class of the literary productions of the middle ages. We are inclined to attribute their formation generally to the thirteenth century—but they were evidently made upon some older models. Perhaps some of them preserve much of the character and circumstance of those models, whilst others, again, are little better than modern imitations founded upon some circumstance or some character to which the others have contained allusions. Our own romances of this class are peculiarly interesting to us, as being, perhaps, the last form which the Saxon romances took; and, though the stories in their present shape belong all to the wars with the Danes in England, we are by no means sure that some of them are not modern versions of the older mythic legends, which, in the traditions that lived amongst the people, were applied to times with which that people was more familiar, and to places in the land where they then dwelt. Thus, the different versions of the romance of Horn, as well as the history of Hereward's younger days, may all be so many different appropriations of an early and purely Saxon legend. We should welcome the appearance of a complete collection of these romances in the English and French versions, which should include Horn, king Atla, with illustrations from the Latin Waldeus, Havelok, Guy of Warwick, Bevis of Hampton, &c. The English Horn, from the Harleian manuscript, has been printed (with that of the Auchinlec manuscript) very badly by Ritson in his metrical romances. M. Francisque Michel has transcribed and collated the three manuscripts of the French Horn, and we believe it to be his intention to publish an edition in conjunction with one of his English friends, who will prepare for it the English romances on the same subject. The English and French romances of Havelok have been edited for the Roxburgh Club by Sir Frederick Madden, and the French text republished separately at Paris by M. Michel.

The French "*chansons de geste*" are long and extremely numerous. It seems to have been the design of M. Paris to publish a selection of them, but he announces in the second volume of *Garin li Loherrain* that he has now relinquished the project. We are sorry for this, because his *Garin* is a nice book. Others will, however, in the course of time be published. M. Michel is preparing for publication the very ancient and curious romance of Roncevaux, from the celebrated MS. of Oxford.

ART. VI. *Andeutungen über Landschaftsgärtnerei, verbunden mit ihren praktischen Anwendung in Muskau.* Vom Fürsten von Pückler-Muskau. (*Hints on Landscape Gardening, &c.* By Prince Pückler-Muskau.) Stuttgart, 1834.

OUR readers require not to be informed who Prince Pückler-Muskau is; the translation of his first work carried his name all over the kingdom, yet at that time it was conjectured to be an assumed one by some, who imagined that his princehood and estates existed only *in nubibus*. There is no longer room for any doubt, here being irrefragable evidence that Muskau is something better than a mere creation of the fancy, an arcadian territory embellished by the refined taste of the prince himself, who, after having amused the public by his "*Tutti Frutti*," here gives them the *fruits* of his own principles and taste in a pursuit which not every author is able to indulge in. This new work will add to his fame, without increasing his popularity, for it addresses itself neither to the lovers of piquant light reading,—nor to their antipodes the utilitarians,—but to that, we fear, decreasing class, who, instead of dividing their time between London and Brighton, or London and the Continent, make their own country demesnes their chief homes, and there contemplate with unsated delight the various beauties which art and nature have contributed to form.

It is not every one, indeed, who is capable of appreciating the charms of landscape scenery, to do which a man must in some degree possess

"A poet's feeling, and a painter's eye;"

and, although it savours strongly of paradox, we may venture to assert that a taste for the charms of landscape scenery is quite as much an acquired as a natural one. No doubt all men have an instinctive fondness for the aspect of nature, inasmuch as it is cheering to the eye and gladdening to the spirits; yet that is altogether different from such delicate perception of all its beauties as is implied by the term taste. Attached as they may be to the scenes amidst which they dwell, the savage and half-civilized man are sensible of no other value in them, be they ever so fair, beyond that which they derive from local associations and impressions; neither are the uneducated, or those who, although "educated," have not cultivated minds, much more susceptible. It is not the peasant who enjoys with the most vivid emotion the loveliness of the rural scenery where his lot may have fixed him; and, as to his employer, he is, perhaps, not at all above him in the scale of sensibility. The farmer, *quoad* farmer, will generally be

found to have his mind more blunted by professional habits of thinking, than excited by familiarity with nature, and the opportunities he has of studying it. He looks at fields and meadows through the most unimaginative medium possible, estimating them not according to their beauty as features in the scene, but according to their produce and its market value. In the first volume of her "Visits and Sketches," Mrs. Jameson has recorded a pleasant anecdote illustrative of this professional obtuseness; and it may be taken as characteristic not of an individual, but of an entire class. People, "whose talk is of bullocks," are not apt to have refined sensibility for intellectual pleasures. If, however, a certain degree of refinement be indispensable for fully relishing the beauties of nature, it does not follow that refinement invariably confers an aptitude for enjoying them.

Forming our notions of their taste in this respect by the scantiness of their allusions to it in their writings, we should say that neither the Greeks nor the Romans possessed any high degree of it, or had an eye for landscape composition. The individual features of it, we allow, are mentioned, and sometimes strung together or catalogued; yet nowhere do we meet with any graphic description, with any one complete and definite picture of natural scenery. Here and there a happy expressive epithet occurs, but all the rest is vague and indistinguishable; the objects are not made out; nor are any of them individualized by those touchings and markings which portray their minuter characteristics. Even the languages of both Greece and Rome appear to have been almost deficient in all those terms which are required for depicting inanimate nature, and many of which we moderns have borrowed from the painter's vocabulary. They have few that indicate form and outline with tolerable precision; still fewer that supply all the variety of colouring which landscape description has occasion for. Words certainly cannot express visible objects with such fulness, clearness, and precision, as to convey exact images of them to the mind; nevertheless it is in the power of verbal description to depict impressively, if not accurately; and it is this graphic quality which we miss in the poets and other writers of antiquity. While they set events, and human actions and passions, before us in all their interest and energy, they disregarded, whether through inability to paint it or not, what relates to the local scene, or background, be it landscape or architecture; and herein they may be said to have adhered to the system of their dramatic representations, which, according to our modern notions, must have been nearly altogether destitute of the illusion produced by scenery. Graphic delineation of the kind here alluded to was not the *forte* of the ancients, nor would it be possible to

collect from their writings any such specimens of verbal landscape painting and pictorial description as those which we have from the pen of Mrs. Radcliffe, or Gray the poet, in his account of the Lakes of Cumberland; certainly no parallel to any one of those brilliant graphic *tableaux* which abound in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and which are, in themselves, so many gems. Granting that the nature of their writings rarely admitted any display of decided graphic power, that does not account for the absence of it where the subject is professedly descriptive. Lucian's *Περὶ τοῦ Οἴκου*, and the younger Pliny's celebrated descriptions of his two villas, do not contradict us; for, valuable as they are, being almost the only pieces of the kind that have come down to us, they are so cold, insipid, and formal, so utterly destitute of pictorial quality, that they will not endure the slightest comparison with the landscape and still-life portraiture of the authors above referred to, to say nothing of the total omission of aught that can be deemed critical remark. An artist could make nothing whatever of the Roman consul's two residences and their accessories, whereas Scott's scenery, whether it be out-door or in-door, is so vividly represented to the mental vision, that he has little more to do than take up his pencil and translate into its language that which is so clearly explained in the verbal text. Possibly this apparent deficiency of faculty for the picturesque may have been both cause and effect of the indifference which the ancients seem to have entertained for landscape-painting; and, among all the specimens of ancient painting which have as yet come to light, not one, we believe, furnishes even a decent example of that branch of the art. As far as we are acquainted with them, their pictures have no back-grounds of any kind, or else such miserable apologies for them, presenting such incongruous violations of both linear and aerial perspective, as to afford pretty strong evidence that even the works of their most celebrated artists must have been lamentably deficient in those particulars, unless, as it is most likely, they were dispensed with altogether; otherwise something like a general systematic acquaintance with those two indispensable elements of pictorial representation, as distinguished from sculpture, must have been traceable in very inferior performances of the pencil.

Ancient art seems to have been altogether more *sculpturesque* in its genius than *picturesque*; and not only does this appear to have been the case in regard to the arts of design, but in regard to their poetry likewise, which has far more of the quality of sculpture, relief, and outline, than of painting. Its groupes and figures are accurately defined, but they want the illusive charms of colouring, and the accompaniment of back-ground accessories.

Ancient art limited itself nearly exclusively to the representation of form, and employed itself upon the human figure. So far, then, the ancients appear to have been differently organized from the moderns; for, while gifted with an acute perception of the beauty of the animal form, they seem to have possessed little sensibility for the ever-varying appearances of inanimate nature: since, although they might not have been able to bring them within the reach of art, they would, doubtless, have manifested a more complete recognition of them. Neither Theocritus nor Virgil can be considered a master in the art of depicting rural scenery; with them it consists only of bald, vague generalities, which do not allow us to distinguish any individual features, much less are any of the features themselves expressed with such verity of colouring as to be embodied forth to the imagination.

The Greeks knew nothing of gardening beyond a mere orchard or vegetable ground, with perhaps a formally set out grove of trees. Never do they seem to have at all refined upon the Homeric model of Alcinous's gardens, which, when described in plain prose, are found to have been as unpoetical, and probably far less interesting, than a modern nurseryman's; while those of the elegant Pliny must have been as artificial, as formal, and as quaint, in their disposition as any Dutch *lusthof*. Unless greatly belied by their proprietor himself, of rural or natural beauty they could have possessed nothing, but were altogether too artificial to indicate the delicate skill of art.

Gardening, as an art, is one not only of modern but of very recent invention, for, previously to the early part of the last century, it could hardly be said to exist, unless the most ridiculous contradiction to nature constitutes art; in which case, some of the gardens of an earlier period must have been *chefs-d'œuvre*; since, had the philosophers of Laputa conceived the idea of regulating vegetation by geometry, and exhibiting Euclid's diagrams on a plot of ground, they could not have devised any thing more preposterous than trees clipped into cubes and other mathematical figures, or disposed in formal rank and file. Nevertheless, still do we hear of the genius of Le Nôtre, a man who was absolutely a barbarian or worse in taste, and whose genius seems to have achieved nothing beyond the wonderful discovery that trees may be planted in as regular lines as columns, and that when so planted they will so grow. St. James's Park, which was laid out by him, manifests no genius of any kind;—in fact, it is almost ridiculous to talk of its being "laid out" at all, for we might as well talk of the genius displayed in erecting a line of paling, or in laying out the pavement of a street. But at that period art was altogether so debased and vitiated in France, that

it is no wonder gardening did not escape the general corruption, a corruption which a besotted servility in favour of every thing Gallic extended all over Europe, nor are the ill effects of it entirely overcome even at this day. Another such mischievously influential Mécænas of bad taste as Louis Quatorze might have plunged the world into that very worst and most degraded species of barbarism, which is the second childishness and paralysis of the faculties discriminative of beauty. Le Nôtre was worthy of such a Mécænas. Happily it was reserved for England to emancipate itself and the rest of Europe from the preposterous folly which, under his guidance, waged equal enmity with nature and with art; and, let us be as deficient as we may in the cultivation of the other fine arts, we have, at least, led the way in one, or rather created it altogether. William Kent, who was the very antipode of Le Nôtre, may be considered as the originator of landscape gardening, and in that character his country has as much reason to be proud of him as of any artist it has ever produced. Let it be said that Kent did nothing more than undo the system of his predecessors and return to nature: it was surely no ordinary mind that, in spite of the authority both of ancient and modern times, could discern and adopt what all who had gone before him had overlooked; nor does it detract from his claims upon our gratitude, that in all probability some other individual might in time have done the same, had he neglected it. The fame of Columbus is not the less, because what he accomplished might have been reserved for some other discoverer. Now that Kent has opened our eyes, any body may think that he could have opened his own and those of others, although the eyes of all the world had been almost hermetically sealed up for some scores of ages. Honour then be to William Kent, the father of the art of landscape gardening! of all the fine arts the most humanizing and the most innocuous. With the exception of architecture, all the other fine arts may be, and frequently have been, perverted to minister to grovelling sensuality and vice. Even poetry, so godlike in its energies, has, like an "archangel ruined," oft fallen from its native sphere, and uttered strains worthy of Belial himself. We need not, however, say more on this head, but proceed to inquire whether landscape gardening can legitimately be ranked among the fine arts.

Admirers as we are of this species of gardening, we apprehend that its claims to such rank cannot be substantiated without widening the idea and definition of art, so as to bring it within their scope. It is neither a mimetic or imitative art, nor one of imagination. It is not, like painting, a transcript of nature, but nature itself: not only do all the materials belong to her, but they

are all in fact shaped by her, the office of man being limited to adjusting and disposing them, so as to put her in the way, as it were, of producing a more finished piece than she would do if totally unassisted. This degree of interference on the part of man with nature can hardly be designated art, any more than a cultivated field can be called an artificial object. In our opinion, it is rather selective and combining taste and good feeling that are employed in thus seconding nature, than that creative power which constitutes the artist, and which enables him to draw entirely from the stores of his own fancy, and embody at once his ideas. In gardening, we can do no more than sketch out the leading features of the design: the execution, both as regards the filling up and finishing the picture, must be left entirely to the operation of the earth, the seasons, and the elements. We may raise or level ground, divert water into other channels than those originally assigned to it, plant or cut down; yet, as these operations are only those of manual labour, taste and judgment are concerned only in conceiving the first rough draught of the work. Now this, it appears to us, does not require any very extraordinary power of mind: it amounts to little more than suggesting a subject to an artist, and explaining to him how you conceive it ought to be treated,—the grouping of the figures, the various emotions which their countenances ought to express; nor would it be at all difficult for any one to suggest what, if executed, would produce a first-rate work of art. But in art the happiest conceptions avail nothing, or will produce only palpable abortions, unless there be also the power of distinctly executing them; for it is execution which defines ideas and gives them positive existence. Many a one may perhaps be able loosely to figure to himself a combination of female charms, rivalling, if not eclipsing, the loveliness of the Medicean Venus, or countenances more expressive of refined devotional sentiment than the Madonnas of Raphael: is he therefore an artist?—we leave the reader to decide the question.

At any rate, then, landscape gardening is disengaged from one great test of strength in art, that of execution, which is necessarily consigned over to nature; hence it is so confined, that its office extends very little beyond that of critical skill in disposing the principal features and outline, preparing the canvass and subject, as it were, which nature must be left to fill up, and touch into the beauty of reality. This view of the matter, however, in no wise detracts from the talent requisite for such purpose, since, besides the painter's eye and sensibility, a master in landscape gardening must also possess a high degree of prescient vision, so as to be able to foresee results, that will not develop and mani-

fest themselves until long afterwards. The landscape painter can try an effect and, if dissatisfied with it, efface it, and proceed afresh: not so the landscape gardener; his process is far more slow and uncertain; nor can he alter at pleasure, unless in parts of mere detail. The talent, then, of the latter consists in a fine taste for the beauties of natural scenery, in the power of combining them so as to set off every part of his design to the greatest advantage, and in that of foreseeing what will be the appearance of the whole when matured by time; all which, it must be admitted, certainly differs very much in kind, if not in degree, from the mental energy and manual skill required in the followers of the fine arts.

After all, settle it as we may, it is of very little real moment, whether we call ornamental and landscape gardening a fine art, or assign to it a place by itself. Perhaps we need not be very scrupulous as to so terming it, when we consider how the word *art* is bandied about in common parlance, and to what trivial and unworthy matters it is applied. Whether recognized as one of the fine arts or not, it is undoubtedly a noble and worthy pursuit, and one that cannot be too earnestly encouraged as a source of the purest and most elegant recreation,—one whose indulgence is equally beneficial to the mind and to the body. The enjoyment which it affords is at once sensual and intellectual; and, if less stimulating than many other sensual gratifications, it has this superiority over them, that it is the least palling of any, or rather one that is incapable of satiating. There is, moreover, this great advantage attending the pursuit, that it is one wherein decided failure is almost utterly impossible; for, although the most may not be made of a situation, or the combinations produced be even trivial and poor, there will still be the ineffable charm of the materials themselves, of verdure and vegetation in various hues and shapes; for even the smallest paddock, or shrubbery, which offer nothing answering the idea of landscape, being no more than “bits” of picture, delight the eye by nature’s detail. Still, although this kind of effect cannot be missed, it is not sufficient. The landscape gardener aims at far more: his object is to fashion, as far as practicable, the materials at his command, so as to confer upon them an additional value, and display them in their fullest force, bestowing on them an expression and significancy, when put together, which they do not possess when taken separately and individually. To accomplish this, he must, while in some measure directing nature, submit to be guided by her in turn, and not attempt to give his scenery a character inconsistent with the ori-

ginal constitution of the site. The first and golden rule of his practice must be

“ Consult the genius of the place in all ; ” *

for he is called upon not to put nature into a fantastic masquerade dress, but to attire her becomingly, and to select that garb which shall sit most gracefully upon her form.

It is not every situation in which much can be effected in the way of actual landscape ; therefore, in a level confined spot of limited extent, as will often be the case with the grounds attached to a small villa, it would be better not to aim at it, especially should there happen to be no prospect beyond their boundary, but rather to have recourse exclusively to ornamental gardening, by which term we would, for distinction's sake, denominate that species which admits more of the obviously artificial character, and more of studied, elaborate culture, than the other. The grounds immediately surrounding a residence ought always to partake more or less of this style, to serve as a connecting link between the building and the landscape scenery, properly so termed. Here a high degree of artificial beauty may be tolerated, provided the *artificial* be not suffered to degenerate into the *unnatural* ; that is, the artificial must not show itself so as to shock common sense. We are aware that flowers disposed in parterres or planted in marble vases, trellises covered with trailing plants, level terraces, and uniform slopes, are not the spontaneous work of nature, but produced by the skill and industry of man ; yet so are the roads of a country, the hedges which enclose lands, and tilled fields themselves. The very idea of a garden is that of a carefully-cultivated spot ; consequently the artificial character may be permitted to manifest itself decidedly in the ornamental species, care being taken that violence is not done to nature herself. Trees clipped into formal figures, and hedges cut to resemble walls, show the artificial carried to an absurd and perverse extreme, not only destroying the forms of the plants themselves, but without having any thing whatever to excuse it on the score of utility, convenience, or other advantage ; whereas the

* The same precept is thus expressed by Delille, who probably borrowed it from Pope :

“ Avant tout, connoissez votre site ; et du lieu
Adorez le génie, et consultez le dieu.”

When he afterwards says,

“ Je ne décide point entre Kent et Le Nôtre,”

the poet sacrifices sincerity to national vanity ; for his doctrine evidently decides in favour of the former.

disposing of flowers in parterres, or leading creeping shrubs over trellises, exhibits them to advantage, and conformably with their natural properties. A trellis mantled over with the leaves and blossoms of various "climbers" is hardly a more artificial object than a wall clad with ivy, which has certainly never been deemed unpicturesque. Whatever be the degree of ornamental character bestowed upon a garden or pleasure-ground of this description, we must still avoid that strict architectural symmetry which, being here misplaced, tends not to give the charm of regularity that we properly look for in buildings, but merely to produce a monotonous formality. A parterre, for instance, should not exhibit in its plan an exact pattern, hardly regular figures of any kind; neither should there be corresponding features reflecting each other: thus, should there happen to be a terrace, a flight of steps, or any thing else of the sort, it ought not to have its counterpart, but to be considered a distinct and complete feature in itself, as much as what is less evidently the work of human industry. When we once begin to affect *parallelism* and repetition in such matters, we exceed the allowable degree of the artificial, and act nearly as preposterously as we should do were we to cut two rivers or lead two roads running parallel beside each other. It is not the artificial, properly applied, which is contrary either to sound taste or the picturesque; but that reduplication of it, which not only occasions unbecoming formality, but utterly destroys variety. In ornamental gardening there may be the most studied display, and the study itself may be apparent; yet, however elaborately adorned, the whole scene may wear such an air of ease and gracefulness as not only to be most captivating in itself, but also eminently picturesque, and to furnish a delightful subject for the pencil. In expressing what many will consider a very extraordinary opinion, we do not speak unadvisedly; for we cannot help thinking that those who have written on the subject of the picturesque have taken a very imperfect and partial view of it, accounting for only one particular species, and rejecting from their theories all that is not either exclusively the work of nature, or the result of accident. According to them, the artificial and the picturesque are almost incompatible with each other; yet, if by the latter we are to understand that quality in objects which recommends them to the painter's eye as subjects for his pencil, they surely err egregiously, since their doctrine goes to prove that many of those things are unpicturesque which we nevertheless find treated *con amore* in pictures. This mistake—at least oversight—appears to us to have arisen from too exclusive consideration of the *pure and unmixed picturesque*, without regard to other qualities with which it may be combined. Because native

landscape and wild scenery are picturesque,* they have too hastily come to the conclusion that it must become the contrary in proportion as it aims at other beauties, and displays any effort or any effects of art. Perhaps we can best illustrate their doctrine and our own by instancing tolerably decisive cases that will serve to put both to the test. If they are correct, either a flower-piece is a very unfit subject for the pencil, or there must be a species of the picturesque reconcilable with a very strong degree of the artificial. Flowers of various sorts do not grow together in china jars or embossed vases, while both jars and vases are such evident productions of art, so utterly destitute of any of those qualities wherein the picturesque is asserted to consist, that they at any rate ought not to find their way into the picture; nevertheless they do, and withal add no little to its beauty;—and why? Because they are treated *picturesquely*. As to the flowers themselves also, it would not be difficult to show that, according to all definitions of the picturesque, they have as little pretension to it, more especially as their grouping is studied and artificial. Perhaps it will be said that in pictures of this class it is the skill and fidelity of the representation, more than any thing else, which occasion our admiration, and cause us to overlook the unfitness of the things themselves to be so shown; yet that would be not very far from saying that they are at once pleasing in representation, and unsuitable for it; utterly unfit for painting, yet capable of forming most delightful pictures. Let us turn to what is altogether artificial, and see whether that excludes the picturesque—we mean dress. Of this, neither the fashion nor the materials seem to possess any of those qualities demanded by the theorists, or rather are attended with the disadvantage of having almost diametrically opposite ones; nevertheless, few will deny, and common language itself admits, that dress may be strikingly picturesque; nay, when it is not so in reality, a skilful artist will be able to render it such by his management of it. The same holds good with regard to that species of gardening which is professedly the ornamental style, and admits of the highest degree of *recherché* embellishment, care being taken not to lose sight of artistical effect and sentiment; and as this style depends more upon details and the finish of minutiae than that of “landscape” does, it is better adapted for a small than a large scale, and for the immediate environs of a residence.

For design, or the really artistical part of gardening, no positive rules of any kind can be laid down, either for the ornamental or the landscape style; there we must be governed by individual circumstances and situation. The only general rule which, as in all similar cases, is of least use to those who most need the assistance of any, is not to attempt more than the subject will bear,

and to dispose of every thing with a view to effect. Be the grounds ever so decorated and ornate, there should ever be—we will not say simplicity, for the popular signification of that term would not very well convey our meaning, perhaps seem altogether at variance with such degree of embellishment; we will therefore say breadth and repose—qualities exceedingly compatible with richness and gaiety of expression, with brilliancy and sparkling effects. Of course this is to be understood *cum grano salis*; for it is not to be supposed that in such cases repose can be made a predominant characteristic; no more of it, in fact, is desirable than will suffice to temper down and subdue glaringness, to bring the whole into harmonious keeping, and to prevent flutter and fritter. As in aiming at richness we must studiously avoid falling into glare and gaudiness, which are a debased and corrupt species of richness, so must we take heed that we do not mistake the merely fantastic for the fanciful. In the strictly ornamental style, the latter may legitimately be employed, on the condition annexed to every thing which partakes of art, namely, that the result be satisfactory, which it certainly will not prove, should the fanciful exhibit itself only in trivialities and trumpery. No where ought we to be more upon our guard against triviality than where we are obliged to work entirely in little, because we are there most likely of all to fall into it, if we have recourse to factitious embellishment. We do not say that artifices are altogether unallowable, that in garden ornaments only genuine materials are to be employed; pedestals, for instance, of wood, painted to resemble stone, may be tolerated, provided they are introduced in situations where they cannot be too closely approached; but, let the material be what it may, the form of all such objects ought to be most carefully studied, and calculated to please a critical-eye. Unless that be done, they had much better be omitted altogether, because so far from being ornamental, they prove the reverse, are contemptible in themselves, and betray ignorance and vulgar taste. Happily, the wooden Gothic summer-houses, Chinese alcoves, and other Cockney conceits, together with “clumsy Cupids squirting in a pond,” have been long ago exploded by the deserved ridicule they incurred; still it is a question whether we have done well in suffering them to prejudice us against every thing of the kind. By a judicious application of ornamental building and arrangement, much may be effected within a small compass, and a striking degree of scenic character obtained. Of what may be thus accomplished we have a tolerable example in the gardens and conservatories of the Colosseum, and we might perhaps refer to the conservatory at the Pantheon, in Oxford-street. It must be admitted that the former no less than the latter is en-

tirely an *in-door* garden; and likewise that there is somewhat more of the theatrical about it than would be desirable for any other place: at the same time, it shows what might be done within similarly contracted limits, and it likewise furnishes many hints and ideas that might be greatly improved upon. For our own part, we do not see wherefore a *boudoir garden*, if we may be allowed so to term this peculiar species, should not be perfectly reconcilable with good taste, since it certainly affords opportunities for introducing a variety of scenic and pictorial effects, although in proportion as it is capable of being treated in a masterly way, it is liable to be abused and rendered a mere assemblage of show-box puerilities.

Unlike the ornamental style, landscape gardening rejects, not only all artifice, but all indication of the artificial. It demands, not on that account less study; rather does it require more, and also the nicest delicacy of judgment and feeling, in order the better to conceal those very contrivances which bestow on the scene charms that nature had originally refused to it. It is not the factitious bloom upon the cheek of a beautiful woman, so much as the unskilfulness with which it is laid on, that offends the eye; the offence consists in the imposition being detected. The landscape gardener should bear this in mind; he must beware of painting too thick—of overdoing embellishment, till he pushes beauty to the verge of absurdity. Either he must make no attempt at concealing his machinery, or hide it most effectually, unless he is content to pass for a bungler.

We apprehend, however, that our readers will be better pleased to learn what Prince Pückler-Muskau says on the subject, than to have our opinions; and he does not speak from theory alone, having had the opportunity of enforcing precept by practice. The first requisite he demands in the embellishment of grounds is, that there should be unity of idea,—a *sine qua non* in every work of art. Such unity is not to be confounded with sameness; on the contrary, there must be both variety and contrast, yet of that species which nature exemplifies in her most propitious moods. Contrast must be so managed as to conduce to the harmony of the whole; there must be nothing forced or extravagant in it; and even the transitions from one scene to another, however sudden, should have nothing jarring, or that will disagreeably interrupt our preceding impressions.

“It is not indispensably necessary,” observes the Prince, “that in order to produce a powerful effect, a park should be of considerable size. Owing to the unskilfulness with which it is treated, a very extensive space of land is frequently so cut up into patches as to be greatly reduced; while, by a contrary system, a limited one may be made to appear

larger than it really is. In my opinion, therefore, Michael Angelo was altogether mistaken when he said of the Pantheon:—‘It is a wonder upon earth, but I will elevate it in the air,’ hoping thereby to obtain still greater effect. By giving the dome of St. Peter’s the same dimensions, he realized his boast; yet how unfavourable is the result! Erected upon an enormous mass of building, the dome looks comparatively diminutive and unimportant; while the Pantheon, placed in a suitable point of view, has for centuries been an object sublime as the vault of heaven. Were they put upon the summit of Mont Blanc, the pyramids would appear no larger than sentry-boxes; and Mont Blanc itself, viewed from a remote distance, appears of no greater size than a heap of snow. Great and small, therefore, are only relative terms. It is not according to what it actually is, but according to what it shows itself to the eye, that we form our estimate of any object; and it is precisely here that a wide field opens itself to the landscape gardener. The tree, for example, which, although a hundred feet high, does not shut out the horizon, when situated in the middle ground of the prospect, would, were it only ten feet in height, do that, if no more than a few paces from us. Consequently, by a skilful management of the foreground, we may most easily, and most speedily, produce important effects, and give a striking physiognomy to the landscape.”

But what, the reader will ask, is to be understood by ‘foreground?’ A real landscape is not like a picture, where the eye is confined to a single point of view; for what is foreground in one situation becomes middle ground, or distance, when beheld from another. Very true: the same foreground cannot possibly remain; yet, although we cannot retain the *same*, there should always be a *foreground*, that is, along the whole of the direct course through which the spectator passes. It is with reference to such course that the landscape gardener must work; this he must consider a *series of stations* from which so many pictures are to be viewed; casual ones there may be, to be obtained by desultory and random rambling in any direction,—and, indeed, in beautiful scenery they can hardly fail to occur; but, as concerns the actual laying out of the grounds, it is only certain definite points that can be subjects of study, and other results and combinations must be left more or less to accident.

In the foreground itself, as well as elsewhere, there must be variety; otherwise, whatever merit it may possess in itself, it would appear too *mannered*. Diversity of shape, of colour, of light and shade, must all be secured; and every advantage must be taken of inequalities of surface in the ground: gentle undulations and swells, abrupt breaks and hollows, may all be turned to account for this purpose. The larger features of landscape are not equally under our controul: should nature have been niggardly to the site in this respect, we can do little towards counteracting her

parsimony, save in the way of planting, imparting to the scene variety of verdure, and the richness of sylvan luxuriance. From the tangled thicket to the light open grove, between the interstices of whose foliage the sunbeams dart and flicker upon the rich grassy sward—from the plant and shrub, to the majestically spreading tree—all these may be formed; though, in regard to objects of the last-mentioned class, it must be confessed that they require more than the growth of a few summers for their development, nor, unless previously existing on the spot, can they very conspicuously adorn an entirely newly-formed place. On that very account are they all the more to be prized and cherished when we actually possess them, as ornaments of the scene not to be replaced by ourselves or our immediate successors when once destroyed. Independently of their nobleness as objects of sight, the aspect of venerable trees and woods exerts a powerful influence over the mind; there is a charm even in the very monotony of a dense and uninterrupted screen of wood, and, when viewed from an eminence, such an expanse of foliage and verdure partakes, like the ocean, of the sublime.

So greatly does water heighten the beauties of landscape, and contribute, by the manifold ways in which it displays itself, towards variety, that this alone will give to the scenery a spirit which it must otherwise lack; still if nature has denied a supply of it, we must either content ourselves with effects independent of it, or have recourse to the artificial introduction of it. But in such case, observes the Prince,

“I would rather advise that no attempt be made at imperfect imitation. Without having water, a landscape may be highly pleasing, while a stinking mass of water is in itself pestilential. The former is merely a negative defect, the other a positive and serious evil; nor will any person, but he who has paid for it, imagine that a stagnant pool can be mistaken for a natural lake.”

We must own, however, that in our opinion there are many situations in which even standing water contributes to the picturesque,—such as a pond for cattle; at the same time it should be observed, that a small pool of that kind is altogether different from one which is rendered a conspicuous object and affects to be an important feature. But let us proceed with the author's remarks on the subject of water.

“A number of smaller and larger projections of land running into the water give an air of naturalness to its banks, as do likewise deep impositions extending into them, and diversity as to the height and shape of the banks themselves. Care must be taken that the margin be not so

trim as to betray the operation of manual labour; unless it be in the pleasure-ground; and even there it is more advisable to observe a medium between unassisted nature and cultivation. Should a large lake-like sheet of water be required, which is certainly very desirable in the prospect from the windows of the mansion, it ought, partly by means of islets, and partly by indenting creeks, the extremities of which should be concealed by plantation, be so disposed that the whole surface of water can never be taken in at a single view, but the water appear to extend itself beyond the screens so formed: otherwise, almost any piece of water will appear inconsiderable, although it may be two or three miles in circumference. Open spots along the banks, lofty trees planted singly, wood, and thicket, must all be employed, in order to diversify the effect as much as possible; and in the broadest part the light must be fully admitted, that the transparency and brilliancy of the water may not be at all diminished by its exclusion. Should there happen to be any considerable object just by the water—a building, hill, or particularly remarkable tree—there must be nothing between that and the bank which would prevent its reflection; and, either by means of a path, or a bench placed for such purpose, the attention of the visitor must be drawn to the spot that will afford the most favourable view of the picture so produced."

Judicious as these instructions are in themselves, they seem calculated to lead to mannerism, at least they do not provide for many accidental circumstances which might be made to contribute to novelty of character. Neither do we exactly agree with the author in what he says as to guarding against predominancy of shadow. The silvery brilliancy of water is undoubtedly one of its chief recommendations, both on its own account, and for the heightening contrast which it affords to the rest; but, if there be less of sparkle and animation, there is certainly not less of picturesque and poetic charm in a scene, where a stream, or lake, is embosomed among overhanging banks and shaggy trees, that cast, if not absolutely a gloom, a dense mass of shadow, over its surface.

Buildings, of course, come in for some share of the Prince's didactic hints and cautions; and here he justly deprecates that false taste which has frequently led to absurd parade, filling many gardens with structures at once contemptible and expensive, crowding what they should adorn, and, although collectively betraying much ambitious aim, individually insignificant. He is for proscribing all buildings that have no ostensible purpose, and insists that those which are erected shall have an external character in accordance with their destination. This is undoubtedly very sound advice in the main, yet it admits of some exceptions: neither good taste nor good sense imperatively requires that a build-

ing erected for embellishment should have any particular use appropriated to it. The absurdity would not be in the thing itself, but in cavilling at that particular species of embellishment, where the object of all the rest is solely the gratification of the eye and mind, because, as for the matter of exercise, a person might obtain that by rambling among the fields. It is quite sufficient that a building be an attractive object, one in accordance with the scene where it is introduced, and not only of value in the general view, but of positive merit as a piece of architecture, especially as it is intended to be frequently and leisurely viewed. Should a structure be introduced merely as a distant object to mark an eminence, or to break the line of the horizon, and so placed that near access to it cannot be obtained, then indeed positive architectural beauty, beyond that of pleasing outline and proportions, may be dispensed with; but in every other case it becomes essential. Should it, therefore, not be considered worth while to erect such a building as shall be a beautiful and finished work of art in itself, it cannot be worth while to erect any at all. How infinitely better would it be in every respect, if, instead of squandering money in putting up a number of petty and paltry buildings, by courtesy nicknamed temples, the proprietor of a place were to apply the sum bestowed upon such insignificancies to the erection of a single edifice of superior design. "How happens it," asks a recent tourist, "that none of our moneyed and travelled connoisseurs have ever erected as an ornamental building in their pleasure grounds, if not a precise model of the whole of a Pompeian house, something that should combine all the more striking and characteristic features of one?"* The idea appears to us a good one, at least as far as interior decoration is concerned; and such a *restoration*, properly executed, would, perhaps, be far more satisfactory and instructive than the shattered and dismantled houses of Pompeii itself.

In all buildings of any pretension whatever, and more than a mere rustic construction, the trivial should solicitously be guarded against. Nothing can be more ridiculously offensive than diminutive, toyish imitations of castles and abbeys; neither are sham ruins particularly to be recommended, although we do not entertain that decided hostility towards them which our princely author does. Whenever any thing of the sort is attempted, it would be more advisable to show little more than a single feature in tolerable preservation, and of really beautiful design in itself, than an unintelligible heap of fragments, without any architectural cha-

* Wilson's Records of a Route, &c. 1835.

racter or effect to compensate for the interest they might possess if really belonging to some former edifice. A Gothic porch converted into a garden-seat, or a window of rich workmanship, partly mantled over with ivy, might possess the merit of being a tasteful as well as picturesque object. The site of a building ought also to be so selected as to set it off to the utmost advantage, so as to render it not only a useful accessory in the general prospect, but an effective and satisfactory feature where it necessarily becomes the principal one in the scene: in painters' phraseology, every thing of the kind ought to be made to *tell*.

As a precept to be generally followed, we are ready to admit that a building intended for some actual purpose should present an external character in accordance with it; at the same time we are of opinion that a little licence in this respect should be allowed. Occasionally a building may be so masked that its interior shall present the very reverse of what its exterior promises, without at all violating good taste. In such cases, however, the surprise should not be that of disappointment, but of unexpected delight. When, on entering what its external aspect denotes to be a temple, we discover that it is only a cow-house, dairy, or room for keeping garden-tools, we should have some reason to be out of humour with the deception; whereas, were we to pass through a vestibule externally fashioned to look like the cell of some recluse, or rustic dwelling, or grotto, and suddenly find ourselves within an elegant, boudoir-like, and fairy apartment, whose windows afforded a prospect till then concealed from sight, we might easily forgive the fraud practised upon us. Such a place would have something beyond the merit of exciting a first surprise by mere trickery; and deceptions of this kind admit of being shaped in an infinite variety of ways. We do not pretend to say that the result would uniformly be a happy one; frequently it might prove very childish and absurd. One piece of advice may in every case be safely followed, which is, that nothing should be too precipitately commenced, but be maturely studied and reconsidered, and the intended effects accurately represented in drawings, before actual operations are set on foot.

We pass over the technical portion of the Prince's work, and indeed have omitted to touch upon many topics in it which afford matter for discussion of a more general nature; but we have already devoted as much space to the subject as we can venture to do, and must now dismiss it, strongly recommending the work itself to all who take any interest in the matters of which it treats; that is, should they be acquainted with the language in which it is written, for we very much question whether it will ever appear in

an English dress, it being by no means of the class of works that a translator is likely to select for his purpose, or for which he would find a market among English publishers. In addition to the information and instruction it contains for the landscape gardener, we should add that it also furnishes many observations and hints which the painter, and indeed artists generally, might turn to account; and we trust that our lively and intelligent *Verstorbene* will, before he really deserves that appellation, live to compose many pieces of elegant didactic criticism worthy of the pen which has given us these *Andeutungen*.

ART. VII.—*Italien wie es ist. Bericht über eine merkwürdige Reise in den Hesperischen Gefilden, als Warnungsstimme für alle welche sich dahin sehnen.* Von Gustav Nicolai. (Italy as it is. Narrative of a remarkable Tour in Hesperia, as a Warning to all who wish themselves there.) 2 vols. 12mo. Leipzig, 1834.

IT is the lot of reviewers, being indeed their imperative duty, to pore over many a queer volume, to wade through much that they would gladly cast aside;—at one time for the benevolent purpose of seeing whether a dull book may not afford some redeeming pages, some valuable information—at another in order to save the fairer portion of the reading public from being betrayed, by a seemingly innoxious title, into the perusal of that which may prove offensive to female delicacy. This last is an irksome, though surely a most important duty; but we are well aware that we have no great right to complain of its disagreeableness, inasmuch as none of our now numerous band were either pressed or kidnapped into the service, but all voluntarily made choice of reviewing as our profession. We mention the circumstance only to claim the gratitude of our respected countrywomen at this moment, when we are called upon to discharge this duty to them.

It has of late struck us as somewhat remarkable, that we have occasionally met with German travels unfit for general perusal. An English traveller may now and then communicate to his readers rather more concerning his own bodily health or discomfort than they exactly wish to know; but he will scarcely run the hazard of seriously disordering their stomachs by his de-

tails, and still less, unless he avowedly write for medical students alone, will he relate what not only cannot be read aloud in a family circle, but must oblige the father of a family carefully to put the book out of his children's way. Now we have recently met with more than one German traveller who seems to be utterly unsuspecting of the possibility of making people sick by words, and to think that whatever he has seen, that he must perforce tell, how disgusting soever the sight,—nay, though it were such as is vigilantly withheld from the eyes of women. Some of these travellers we have not deemed it necessary to introduce to our readers' acquaintance; but the volumes now before us, although belonging to the same class, we think sufficiently original to merit an exception.

They are entitled, "*Italy as it is.*" And how is that, think you, courteous reader? Italy as it is, in the eyes of Gustav Nicolai, his wife, his brother, and his friend—the members of his travelling party—is totally unlike what it has hitherto been in the eyes of the great body of travellers of his own, as well as of all other nations. We do not assuredly mean to ascribe to this company of Prussians the discovery that Italy is, or rather that Italians are, superlatively dirty and tolerably extortionate: that we apprehend all who have visited the Hesperian peninsula know to their cost. The Prussian, or rather the Nicolai discovery is, that Italy possesses nothing, in climate, in scenery, in classical remains, and little in works of art, to repay the traveller for his sufferings in nose, skin, and purse. But we must enter somewhat into detail, carefully avoiding, of course, to translate what we would gladly have avoided reading.

On May-day of the year 1833, Gustav Nicolai and Co. set forth from Berlin, impatiently eager to revel in the anticipated beauties and pleasures of Italy. They journeyed by way of Vienna, through the southern provinces of the empire of Austria; and as far as Trieste their enthusiastic expectation of enjoyment seems to have grown by what it fed on. As this portion of their route led through a country less familiarly known to the general reader than Italy, we shall select an extract or two from this more pleasing part of the book.

"In many respects Illyria really prepares us for Italy. Hardly any other land is composed of such heterogeneous parts as Illyria." [We do not quite understand whether this be part of its resemblance to Italy.] "Even in olden times the inhabitants were of mixed origin, consisting of Thracians, Phœnicians, Celts, and Sicilians. Cæsar, Augustus, Germanicus, and Tiberius, subjected the land to the Roman sceptre; and all the Roman provinces that lay eastward, were comprehended under

the name of *Illyricum Magnum*.* . . . The provinces had long been dissevered, and the name of Illyricum was nearly forgotten, when Napoleon, after the peace of Campo Formio, united the circles of Villach and Carniola, Austrian Istria, Fiume, Trieste, the Litorale, Dalmatia, and the islands thereunto belonging, into one government, to which he gave the name of the Illyrian provinces. Illyria now forms a separate kingdom, subject to the Austrian sceptre, but comprehends only the governments of Laybach and Trieste, (the western portion); Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia, constituting separate (equally subject) kingdoms. It may be imagined that the confusion of tongues is heard in Illyria. To-day our postilions no more understood us than we them. One of them, who could just make himself intelligible in German, we questioned as to his mother tongue, which he said was 'the Raitzian.' This seemed to me a mixture of bad Italian with some Slavonic dialect."

At Adelsberg the party visited "the celebrated Magdalen grotto," said to be the largest stalactitic cavern in the world. 'This grotto is annually illuminated on a day called the "grotto festival." 'Twenty-four hours' stay would have enabled our travellers to witness this illumination, but they preferred visiting the grotto the preceding midnight, in the ordinary way, and, as we find nothing very remarkable in the account of it, we shall hurry on with them to Trieste.

"Where shall I find words to paint the infinite beauty I have this day seen? We are at Trieste. Maps may tell us that we are still in Germany; town, country, men and language, all convince us that we have reached the divine Hesperian fields!

"It is incredible how suddenly the character of the country alters near Sessana. You find yourself indisputably transplanted into Italy. The villages consist of stone houses, with low angular roofs, narrow stone staircases, on the outside, leading to the first floor; but the country is still waste; the heights around are stony and barren; only here and there do we see a vine. Gradually appears the undulating, reddish grey elevated plain, across which our way leads, and which bears neither tree nor grass, but is strewn over with white blocks of chalk and alabaster, everywhere seen standing up many feet above the surface. * * *

"At length we reached the summit of the *Karst* hill, 1486 feet high, French measure, below which lies Trieste. And here, as by the touch of a fairy wand, opens upon the traveller, who the moment before saw nothing but barren heights, an immeasurable world of beauty, such as the most glowing imagination is unable to conceive.

"Before us lay the deep blue Adriatic Sea, lighted up by the setting sun, and covered with white sails; beneath our feet, looking small from

* He cannot surely mean to include Greece, Macedonia, and the Asiatic provinces of Rome, in *Illyricum Magnum*?

the distance, Trieste, with its white stone houses, its castle and harbour; its pier and light-house; to the left, along the coast of Istria, reddened by the evening sun, rose, in picturesque waving lines, like a hardened sea of lava, the naked mountains upon which we were; to the right, a lower range of hills declined to the flat coast of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Close to the road we beheld an *osteria* (inn), with an Italian vine-covered gallery, under which sat happy people enjoying the charms of nature. The slope of the hills that inclose the little narrow valley, in which, upon the sea-shore, stands Trieste, was adorned with numberless country-houses amongst vineyards, whilst over the whole landscape were spread the azure vault of a clear cloudless sky, and the witchery of the lights of eve. We gazed with tears of rapture upon this unspeakably beautiful picture. If Italy begins thus, what must be her internal charms. * * * *

"One thing is, alas! wanting in the splendid landscape—the verdure of luxuriant vegetation; for green meadows and leafy shady trees were not to be seen. * * * *

"Trieste is built in the Italian style, and beautifully; its pavement excellent. Before the lower story of almost all the houses, blue and white striped cloths are supported upon gaily-coloured poles, so that one walks in shade before the well-furnished shops. Wherever one looks appears the active traffic of a busy sea-port town, remarkably populous in proportion to its size. Amidst the throng of Europeans, oriental garbs are here and there discerned. * * * *

"The corpse of a child, about nine years' old, has just been carried past our windows, in an open coffin, decorated with flowers. First went ecclesiastics in full canonicals, preceded by a crucifix, then the gaudy coffin, resting on the shoulders of the bearers; the mourners, consisting of women and children, followed. Yes, we are in Italy.

* * * * *

"The lemonade-sellers are characteristic, running about with a large bottle and a glass in their hands, or pushing on before them a barrow with a cask, vehemently recommending their wretched liquid to the populace as a valuable refreshment, and for a *kreutzer* (something less than a halfpenny) pouring a whole quart of their beverage down the gasping throat of a steaming porter. What now?—The people throng together; every salesman leaves his wares; a confused cry rises to our windows; a detachment of soldiers bring in a criminal in chains; they halt before a house opposite to us; an officer of justice, clothed in black, appears in the balcony of the house; instantly the crowd is hushed; a death-like silence reigns; the official opens a paper and reads the sentence. The prisoner has murdered his mistress through jealousy; his doom is imprisonment for life. He is pale; his black shaggy hair hangs over his face; he listens with seeming indifference to the decision of his fate, and returns very quietly to his prison. The judge retires; a subdued murmur is heard from the crowd; each returns to his business; and again rings the ear-piercing cry of the costermonger.—All is forgotten!"

In this happy, admiring, and joy-anticipating frame of mind,

our travellers entered Italy by its north-eastern extremity; and forthwith, the very first day that they stood upon the longed-for Hesperian fields, we find them beginning to grumble.

"We drove close along the shallow sea-shore; it was marshy, overgrown with reeds, and cut up by numerous canals. Gradually the sea disappeared, and we found ourselves in the flat country. Here, we every where saw black, knotty, leafless, and seemingly withered trees, by the road side, which made an unpleasing impression upon us. We learned that these were mulberry trees, stripped of their leaves many times in the year, to feed silk-worms. Some fig-trees and vines were discernible. It was impossible to yield one's-self up fully to enjoyment, for the impudent importunity and screaming of the beggars, who every where assailed us, was unendurable. Moreover, we found the villages that we passed through, smoky and filthy. We crossed the Isonzo in the evening, and reached Palmanova, the first town of the province of Friuli, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, where our passports were demanded. Every time this happens, we must open our purses. We alighted at the inn, called the best, but find it very indifferent. This afternoon has disappointed our expectations. We are somewhat out of humour; if Italy continues such as we have seen it to-day,—why then, it is not pretty. * * * *

"Here we were to leave our carriage, and embark in a post packet-boat, in order to cross the *Laguna* to Venice. A horrid-looking rabble watched the unloading of our baggage. Scarcely had I begun, when twenty hands were put forth. I might repel them or not; with animal-like wildness the things were snatched from me; every one was resolved to earn, to force the stranger to open his purse. We were disgusted at this persecuting effrontery. The most positive command to let the carriage alone was unheeded. Two porters had immediately appeared with trucks to convey our baggage. The canal upon which we were to embark is about ten minutes' walk distant from the inn, and one truck would have sufficed; but, without referring to us, our things were placed upon two trucks, to make us pay double; besides which two or three other chaps whipped up a package or two apiece, and ran off with them to the vessel. Nor let it be supposed possible to hinder such proceedings. The idle mob of lookers-on, who stare at a foreigner with savage insolence, and openly laugh at him if he lays himself open to their taunts, would instantly take part against him, should he resist the arbitrary will of any one of their number. On our way from the inn to the vessel we were attacked by a swarm of shameless, screaming, loathsome beggars. On board, we were awaited by four post-sailors, although two or three could have managed the boat. A fifth fellow, in the post livery, had the impudence to demand his *buona man'*, (*anglicè*, something to drink,) as post-hostler, although, proceeding by water, we had no need of horses or hostler; a sixth wished us *buon viaggio* (a good journey), and demanded his *buona man'* for that. We gave something to drink to fifteen persons before the vessel would put off."

From this time forward, we hear of little else but filth, ver-

min, beggars, extortion, and ill-cooked, uneatable meals—in truth we suspect this last to have been the heaviest grievance, Germans being accused of caring, somewhat unintellectually, for the refec-tion of the body,—and little indeed for compensatory beauties. At Venice, our traveller finds all in the wrong. The palaces are in ruins, the smaller canals smell offensively, the women are ugly, and wear no national costume; the opera orchestra plays out of time and tune, and the singers are detestable. The gondóliers have left off singing Tasso, and sing vilely what they do sing. Indeed, music there is none in Italy,—except, perhaps, at the Florentine and Neapolitan opera theatres. Similar complaints, *mutatis mutandis*, are incessantly repeated as the travellers proceed; and it is self-evident that such a journal affords much that cannot be extracted, and little of what it would be desirable to extract. The extortion our travellers seem to have made super-extortionate by a happy combination of timid submission with occasional impotent attempts at resistance. Of the last we select one instance, characteristic of both parties—the cheater and the cheated.

“At Aquapendente we alighted at the *Aquila Nera* (Black Eagle), where the landlord immediately demanded our passports, that they might be *risé* by the police, for the third time to-day; they were afterwards returned with a charge of two *paoli*, (about a shilling,) for each passport, and a *buona man'* for the person who took them. In the course of this day we have thus paid five Prussian dollars for our passports.

“We were persecuted to order supper, although we had already positively said that we desired only four plates of soup, and roast meat for two. They would fain have kept us up waiting till midnight, then to set before us the regular Italian repast of thirteen dishes. We repeated that we would have only roast meat for two, and soup for four; whereupon the waiter, a tall disagreeable looking fellow, cast upon us a glance of taunting contempt. * * * * He laid the cloth, and set two clumsy bottles of wine upon the table. This mode of forcing travellers to spend their money, revolted us. We told him we had not ordered wine, and gave him back the second bottle, as at any rate one was enough for us. He immediately replaced it on the table, and answered, sneeringly, ‘It’s all one; you may drink it, or not.’”

A quarrel with the postilions who had brought them to Aquapendente, further stirred our traveller’s bile; and he thus laments its effect.

“I could not eat two spoonfuls of soup, for I was choking with anger. * * * Opposite to our windows I hear voluntaries played on a bad pianoforte. I mention it, because this is the first pianoforte that I have heard in Italy. I am told that it is a lady that plays. Oh! unknown Italian fair, how does your disharmony move my heart!”

The beds proved harder, the vermin more numerous and hungry, here than usual, and the lady played on, nearly all night. Indeed, the Italian practice of turning night into day is one of our traveller's constant subjects of complaint.

"There was no closing our eyes; therefore, at six o'clock we rose, and I called in all haste for breakfast and post-horses, to revive ourselves in the coolness of morning. An hour we waited for our coffee. Some lumps of baked leaven supplied the place of loaves and rolls. Luckily, as at Florence and Sienna, soft boiled eggs were given us with our coffee, a custom introduced into Italy by English travellers.

"We called for our account, but could not trust our eyes when we saw nine *scudi** (nearly thirteen Prussian dollars) charged for four beds, four plates of soup, two plates of tough, newly-killed hen, one plate of spoiled cherries, coffee and bread for four, with eight eggs. The wine we had scarcely touched; and moreover it cost about as much as beer in Germany. We paid; for where should we seek redress."

We apprehend that they would have been charged no more had they allowed the customary supper to have been served, and not wrangled about a second bottle of cheap wine. But this is only the opening of the extortion drama.

"One of us, who acted as paymaster, gave the waiter four golden Napoleons, bidding him bring the change, and a dozen of oranges to quench our thirst upon the road. * * * He brought the oranges, and paid the exact silver change into our cashier's hands. Our companion bade the man take the money for the oranges, which he did; when we, exasperated at our ill-treatment, and therefore determined to give the waiter no *buona man*', bade the postilions drive on. Suddenly, the waiter exclaimed, 'The oranges are not paid for!' We remonstrated, that he had just taken the money; he denied it; and to avoid delay, we paid a second time; again, and now angrily, bidding the postilions drive on. When the waiter saw the carriage in motion, without his having received a *buona man*,' he exclaimed, trembling with rage, '*e niente per il cameriere*,' (and nothing for the waiter)? We flung him a couple of *paoli*. The paltriness of the sum increased the Italian's fury." [We suspect that English, French, and even German waiters, would have been angry in such circumstances.] "The carriage moved on; one moment he stood speechless; he saw that in another we should be beyond his reach—like lightning he devised the means of revenging himself and plundering us. 'Stop! stop!' shouted he; and the mob, who had witnessed the whole discussion, began to run with him. 'Stop! You have got a Napoleon too much!'—'A Napoleon too much!' roared out the mob. 'Stop the carriage!!' Our postilions stopped, for the whole nation is silently in a league against foreigners. With fiery eyes, his voice half-choked with rage, the waiter demanded his Napoleon.

Around us crowded *sans-culotte* vagabonds, with savagely threatening gestures! We were impatient to reach Rome; objections seemed fruitless; and a golden Napoleon slid into the pocket of the cheat. Off we now dashed at full speed, whilst triumphant roars of laughter rang behind us."

Of such subjects enough! And why should we extract eternally repeated complaints of disappointment at Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Vesuvius, in short every where,—except, perhaps, at Tivoli, at the illumination of St. Peter's, and at Genoa? We love not delineations sketched with an unfriendly hand, especially of what has been already abundantly portrayed, and we see little use in refuting calumnies which, after all, are very much questions of taste. If M. Nicolai really thinks the Brandenburgh sands more beautiful and romantic than the Appennine scenery, and prefers its pine forests to the vine-clad trees of Italy, what can we answer but that we differ from him? We prefer taking a scene at a Capuan *trattoria*, (shall we translate it *restaurateur*, or eating-house?) where our travellers dined, in the seemingly vain hope of there getting a better, which, perhaps, only means a more German meal, than at the inn. The scene is nationally characteristic, and well given. Sparing our readers the disgusting beginning, that is to say, the circumstantial description of the kitchen, of the family dormitory,—which in fact formed part of the dining room,—and of the viands, we proceed at once to the less sickening, although equally appropriate, accessories.

"Whilst we dined, or rather whilst we struggled against the nausea provoked by the sight and smell of our food, an old blind musician sang to his guitar. His song, the twanging of his instrument, and the clamorous conversation of the Italian company at the other table, (so placed as to obstruct the balcony), where a staff-officer especially bellowed like a public crier, enhanced the tortures of this dinner. * * * As our carriage necessarily remained in the street, we had, before entering the *trattoria*, committed it to the care of a man with a decently honest countenance. The Italian dinner-party now took leave, and we entered the balcony. Our ragged watchman seemed to feel himself honoured by our confidence. Shouldering an enormous cudgel, he stalked backwards and forwards before our carriage, dealing hearty blows, to the right and left, amongst the congregated idlers, especially the vagabond boys who presumed to touch the wheels or the pole. In Italy, the only way to secure one's property is expressly to entrust it to an Italian. * * * One is then cheated and robbed, but not pilfered.

"As we looked laughing from the balcony, a crowd of beggars assembled. * * * We flung small coins amongst them. What raptures! A single *grano** set fifty human beings in motion. They

* The smallest of Italian coins.

fell upon each other like maniacs, and continued fighting, when the lucky finder, observed only by us, had long since made off with his prize. The screams, the roar of exultation, joy, and envy, rang far away through the streets. * * * Like wildfire the tidings ran through the city, that Prussian princes had arrived, who were flinging money to the people. We saw men and women rushing to the spot, in order to profit by the fortunate event. Again we flung small coins, when a boy was thrown down, and perhaps a little trampled upon; for he yelled piteously. No sooner, however, did he perceive that we had noticed his accident with regret, than he stood in our room demanding compensation for his hurts. We gave him a trifle, and he ran off, not merely healed, but shouting with delight. * * * Over against us was a green-grocer's stall, which had more than once been in danger of demolition. Suddenly a man trod upon a basket of potatoes. Instantly the green-grocer was in our room, the basket on his arm, showing us with vehement gesticulation, two or three crushed potatoes, and dilating upon the enormous loss he had sustained. A *carolin* (another small coin) superabundantly compensated him. * * * Meanwhile the landlady, a young respectable-looking woman, had come into the room with her child. We noticed the child, and entered into conversation with her; when she, too, asked of us a pecuniary gift. We complied, and then paid four piastres (about a sovereign) for our uneaten dinner."

As we have said, at Pompeii, as elsewhere, our Prussian is disappointed; nevertheless, we think his description of the general effect of this resuscitating town effective, and insert it.

"He who has not visited Herculaneum and Pompeii can hardly form an idea of their appearance. One fancies them subterranean, like the amphitheatre at Herculaneum, but this is incorrect. Pompeii offers no image of a buried town. Houses and streets lie free and open as in other towns; because the earth, ashes, lava, rubbish, and stones that covered the whole, have been carefully removed to a distance. Pompeii looks as though, recently deserted by its inhabitants, it had been plundered and destroyed by barbarian hordes. The absence of all roofs, and the sun's consequently shining down between the yawning walls, gives this feeling of complete destruction. The stillness of death prevails. Beyond the cleared portion of the town, low lava hills, now covered with vegetation, lean against the walls of the still buried houses; whence the town seems to lie in a narrow valley."

The intrinsic interest inherent in these long-buried towns, these petrifications of ancient life, preserved, it might seem, for the express purpose of gratifying modern curiosity, is so great, that it can scarcely have been enhanced even by the graphic and dramatic powers displayed by Mr. Bulwer in his *Last Days of Pompeii*; although it is true that some of Nicolai's minor, single, and circumstantial details acquire additional temporary

importance, from their exemplifying the skill with which the novelist has so constructed his story as to agree with and account for the positions in which several skeletons were found; as, for instance, that of a priest in the temple of Isis. But all this is now far from new. The peculiar character of Pompeii, the narrow streets, worn pavement, small rooms, shop signs, even the continued actual, though not useable, existence of eatables and drinkables, have all been recorded by Italian tourists innumerable, who, unlike their Prussian successor, gazed with an eye of love upon what they saw, and whose accounts are therefore more agreeable reading. One or two of our traveller's remarks may, however, be worth noting.

"With the exception of one shop in the *Via Consularis*, of the temple of Isis, and of the public bakehouse, we found no trace of a chimney. * * * Even in the poorest dwellings we found Mosaic pavements, though there of the simplest patterns. * * * It is a pity that the best paintings have all been removed (to the Museum); in consequence, Pompeii itself impresses us very differently from its representation, which deceives us by the rich colours of the paintings on the walls. A deception the greater, inasmuch as the colours in the representations are brilliant, whilst the wall-pictures, well as they are preserved, still betray their antiquity."

After having seen Pompeii, our travellers visited the Museum, in which all the moveables there found are stored up. But these strangely preserved 'memorials of the manners and customs of men who died nearly 1800 years ago, including the unknown models of some of the latest modern culinary and surgical inventions, have likewise been repeatedly described, all but the contents of one room, in which the proofs of the grossness of Roman vice and obscenity are concealed from modest eyes, and with which M. Gustav Nicolai has thought fit to sully his pages and disgust his readers.

The ascent of Vesuvius is well told; but who, now-a-days, has not looked into the crater of Vesuvius, when, as then, in a quiescent state? Wherefore, especially as in a very late number we gave the more arduous and less common ascent of Etna, we pass Vesuvius by, and prefer extracting a specimen of the pantomimic powers of the Neapolitan beggar-boys.

"A strange music, that resounded from the Chiaia, drew us to the balcony. Eight lads, from fourteen to sixteen years' old, of the dregs of the people, came dancing forward, dressed in shirts, jackets, short breeches, and caps, in which were stuck cocks' feathers. Upon seeing us they halted; when four of them danced a genuinely national and characteristic dance, to the music of the others. The instruments of

the four musicians consisted of a reed-pipe, castanets, two long pieces of wood clapped together, and an indescribable sort of little drum, which the player held under his arm, and from which he produced a sound resembling that of a tambourine rubbed with a moist thumb. They played the air of the *Tarantella*. The dancers executed in the first place a warlike dance, with very rapid movements, in their springs flinging their naked legs out behind them, in perfect time, and raising and dropping their bent arms. Then they passed into pantomime. It seemed that one of them was to personate a wounded man. His gestures were most expressive; every feature spoke pain and grief. At last he sank to the ground, as though dying, and remained for some seconds motionless. The music was now slower and softer. Whilst he lay on the ground, the other dancers expressed, in vehement gestures, their sorrow for the loss of their comrade. Suddenly the supposed corpse sprung up, the quick warlike dance began anew, and the music rang merrily as at first. Herewith the representation ended. The eight caps were now humbly held up towards our balcony, whence *carlini* rained into them.

"We asked our *Ciccone* whether this were the true *Tarantella*. He said it was not, and undertook to procure for us a sight of this national dance on the following afternoon. So our Venetian *Ciccone* hired gondoliers to sing to us! Italian tourists pretend to have seen national peculiarities and customs amongst the common people in every corner of Italy. Funerals, the *Amorra* game, and this boys' dance, are the only things of the kind that we have seen, without first bespeaking and paying for the exhibition."

The game of *Amorra*, commonly written *Morra*, i. e. guessing at the number of fingers suddenly thrown out by the players, is too well known to extract Nicolai's account of it; but one thing that he states, being new to us, seems worth mentioning. It is, that the game is forbidden to be played within doors, lest privacy, combining with the vehemence of the excited players, should lead to murder. Of the true *Tarantella* dance, as presented by a fisherman and his sister, a washerwoman, and the *Ciccone* himself, it is enough to say, that it proved but a dull affair, far inferior to the street ballet.

Our travellers had now had enough of Naples, and we ourselves are well disposed to close the book; but, in doing so, we will add one more extract, since the reasons that induced the party to shorten their proposed tour, will make an appropriate conclusion, and are highly characteristic of these tourists' views and feelings with respect to the splendid ruins of classical Italy; which ruins Nicolai, by the by, somewhat unaccountably seems occasionally to suspect of being modern structures—why should he suspect the idle sons of the south of such laborious and superfluous frauds?—whilst he not very reasonably censures classical Italy for not being romantic.

"The question now was whether we should, according to our original intention, cross over to Sicily or begin our homeward journey. What we had seen of Italy, and the assurance of well-informed persons, that Sicily is a yet more detestable country than Italy, that there are in the island no roads, no post-houses, no inns, but more filth and more vermin even than here; that there, too, no woods and meadows are to be seen upon the naked volcanic soil, although perhaps a few more palms, aloes, and cactuses than in the peninsula, and an orange plantation or two, which being some miles in extent, may be called orange woods," [orange woods or groves are among Nicolai's chief *desiderata* throughout Italy,] "in which, however, swine are fattened;—all this determined us to commence at once our return from the Hesperian land. Even the proposal at least to visit Capri and Ischia first was unanimously rejected. A picture of the Azure Grotto at Capri, purchased this morning, might have allured us thither, but a German tells us that it is a barefaced imposition, and the grotto a mere stalactite grotto. We saw the finest of such grottoes at Adelsberg. * * * Lastly, I proposed a trip to Pæstum. It was objected, that nothing was to be seen there except the ruins of some temples and an amphitheatre; that we know these ruins sufficiently from the views we have of them, by merely considering one half of every view as a lie; and that we have already seen more than enough of ruins. I cannot deny the truth of these objections, or the correctness of the inference, that it would be folly to spend a *kreutzer* for the sake of looking at these heaps of broken stones."

Assuredly, this is the *ne plus ultra* of anti-classicism, or at least of anti-classical-remains-hunting—should we not add of anti-poetical—feelings? We lay down the pen, lest we should injure its effect.

Since writing these remarks we have met with so fierce a German critique, or rather onslaught, upon poor Nicolai, that we, who own a sort of knight-errant disposition to do battle for the weak, feel tempted to strike out all our censures, and leave Italy and the *miso-Italy* tourist to the impartial judgment of the travelled reader. But no! We restrain our chivalrous propensities. The sheer truth which we have written shall stand; and we will content ourselves with adding, for the information of the reader, travelled or untravelled, that Dr. Wolfgang Menzel, after confessing that the late extravagant eulogies of Italy might naturally produce as extravagant a re-action, clearly convicts M. Gustav Nicolai of having thought more of petty discomforts than of Roman grandeur, classical remains, or Italian art, and of having suffered himself to be egregiously cheated, without enjoying the mental quiet usually consequent upon scattering money blindfold: that Dr. Menzel further proves that, had Nicolai liked Italian, *alias* oil, cookery, he would not have disliked Italian dinners; that, had his teeth been as good as his critic's, he could have eaten Lombard bread; with sundry other matters of equal moment. In

conclusion, we have only to regret that the Prussian traveller could not see this South-German critique of his travels before he undertook them, as he would then have known how to bargain with innkeepers and *Ciceroni*, how to pay waiters, porters, and post-boys, and how and where to get good wine; the result of which knowledge would, we are convinced, have been his seeing Italy in a more agreeable light.

ART. VIII.—1. *Examen histórico de la Reforma constitucional que hicieron las Córtes generales y estraordinarias desde que se instalaron en la Isla de Leon, el día 24 de Setiembre de 1810, hasta que cerraron sus sesiones en 14 del propio mes de 1813.* (Historical Inquiry concerning the Constitutional Reform made by the General and Extraordinary Cortes, from its installation in 1810 till its dissolution in 1813.) Por D. Agustin de Argüelles, Diputado en ellas por el principado de Asturias. Londres. 1835.

2. *Un Chapitre de l'Histoire de Charles V.* Par le Baron de los Valles. 8vo. Paris. 1835.*

THE nature of the political struggle in which Spain has been engaged for the last twenty-eight years cannot be well comprehended, nor its apparent effects fully appreciated, without an intimate acquaintance with the general history of the Spanish nation, and a careful examination of the events which have taken place in that country during the above-mentioned period. Few, very few of the foreign writers, who have undertaken the task of relating the events of the peninsular war, have performed it in such a manner as to convey to the reader a correct idea of the political character of the revolution which the invasion of Napoleon was the means of developing in Spain. The native historians, trammelled hitherto by a rigorous and tyrannical censorship, have not been able to present a record of that eventful period with such fidelity as would entitle it to the name of history. We have ample accounts of the battles, sieges, and other military transactions, but are left totally in the dark with regard to the political, moral, and intellectual state of Spain at the commencement of the war. Hence the errors committed every day by the public press whenever it treats of Spanish affairs. Even some of the Spanish

* An English translation of this book has been published by Mr. Bentley, with the title of "The Career of Don Carlos since the Death of Ferdinand VII., being a Chapter in the History of Charles V., by his Aide-de-camp, the Baron de los Valles."

periodical writers evince great ignorance of the political history of their nation, when they hold forth the constitutions of France and Belgium as models fit for the reorganization of its government, as if Spain had not a constitution of its own, adapted to the manners and habits of its people, incomparably more liberal than any of those productions of novices in liberty; and when they strenuously advocate that Napoleonic system of centralization, as contrary to the spirit and letter of its laws as to the character and disposition of the people—a system in which that modern tyrant aimed at realizing in the political body the desire of Nero, in wishing that all mankind had but one head, that he might have the pleasure of cutting it off. Those constitutions may be excellent for the countries for which they are designed, but will never be suitable to a people as different from either the French or the Belgians as they are from the inhabitants of the coast of Patagonia.

The Hispano-Gothic monarchy, to which the present Spanish owes its origin, was elective. The kings were obeyed and respected as such only as long as they themselves obeyed the laws* enacted in parliaments for the welfare of all.† This principle was preserved in the different governments established throughout the Peninsula, when the nation began to shake off the dominion of the Arabs. The disturbances produced by the pretensions of the different claimants to the royal dignity, obliged the nation to give a tacit consent to hereditary succession to the crown about the twelfth century, but it never renounced the right of calling to, or excluding from, the throne those princes whom it considered fit or unfit to occupy it. Thus, even during the life of Alonso el Sabio, the author of the law of Partidas, which prescribes the mode of succession, the Cortes excluded the heir called by law, and elected the younger branch of the royal family. In the same manner, the new governments adopted a uniform mode of administration. The power of enacting laws, levying taxes, and deciding‡ upon all matters of great national interest, resided in the great council of the nation, known by the name of Cortes. They were at first composed of the nobles, the

* “Rectè igitur faciendo regis nomen benignè tenetur, peccando vero amittitur. Unde apud veteres tale erat proverbium: *Rex ejus eris si rectè facis, si autem non facis non eris.* Regiè igitur virtutes præcipuæ duæ sunt, Justitia et Veritas,” says the first law of the Forum Judicum, from which the Arragonese probably borrowed the form of their famous oath of allegiance to their king.

† “Erit (Artifex legum) in adhibitione Deo sibi que tantummodo conscius, concilio probis et pravis admixtus, assensu civibus populisque communis; ut alienæ provisor salutis commodius ex universale consensu excerceat gubernaculum quam ingerat ex singulari potestate judicium.” Such is the description which the fifth law of the same code gives of the legislative body and its duties. The acts of those parliaments, or *consilii*, as they were called, are still extant, and these laws of the Forum Judicum are now in force.

bishops, and the high officers of the state, to which was afterwards added the popular branch, consisting of the deputies of the cities and boroughs, the population and wealth of which enabled them to assist the government with money and arms, and to defend it against the haughty and ambitious pretensions of the powerful vassals of the crown.

It is a circumstance worthy of notice, that in none of the representative constitutions of the different states of the Peninsula the legislative body was divided into two chambers or houses. In all of them the nobility and clergy were indeed admitted, but they did not deliberate separately from the deputies of the cities and boroughs, and in Arragon the ecclesiastics were not admitted into the Cortes until 1301, according to Blancas the historian.*

Contemporary with the admission into the Cortes of the representatives of the people was the establishment of municipal councils, the members of which were annually elected by the inhabitants of the respective cities or boroughs, every householder having a vote—that being the only qualification which, until the present time, the law of Spain required in the elector. The power of these municipal councils, called *Ayuntamientos* or *Concejos*, was very extensive. To them was confided the power of administering justice within their respective districts, levying taxes, raising troops, and the whole political administration of the commune.

These two innovations in the original constitution greatly diminished the power of the feudal lords, and gave to the body of the nation a spirit of freedom and independence which soon rendered it conspicuous among the states of Europe.

Unfortunately, the great power of the Moors prevented the nation from acting with union and concert. Having risen against them in divers points and at different periods, the nation began the work of its restoration by forming different independent states, the jealousies and rivalry of which retarded for a long period the total expulsion of the invaders. These governments sprang up in the midst of a cruel and devastating war. The unquenchable hatred of invaders and invaded scarcely permitted any repose; and if peace was concluded at different times, it was in fact nothing but a suspension of arms, or at most a truce of uncertain duration. The barons, being bound to follow the king to the field, and to arm themselves at their own expense, constantly kept up a numerous body of forces, which they frequently used rebelliously to exempt themselves from obedience to the government, whenever the king refused to accede to their ambitious demands.

Among their criminal pretensions, none was more injurious to

public order than their claims to be exempted from the jurisdiction of the national tribunals, the authority of which they disowned even in case of the most common and glaring crimes. Rendered proud and insolent by their immense wealth, the great number of vassals whom they had continually in their suite, and consciousness of the need which the kings had of their assistance, from subjects they frequently became petty independent sovereigns, with whom the monarch was forced to enter into negotiations and treaties in order to pacify them.

“ Hence the want of security both for person and property; the violation of the most solemn contracts; the ruin of trade and industry; frequent interruptions in the administration of justice; and finally, the state of interior warfare in which Spain was involved for eight centuries, and which caused the government to degenerate into a kind of military rule, that circumscribed the influence of the free institutions upon which it was founded.

“ In this continual struggle between the law and the sword the nation was engaged, when, about the end of the fifteenth century, the two kingdoms of Arragon and Castile were united under one sceptre. The conquest of Granada, which followed that event, consummated the restoration of Spain; and, with the union of the monarchy and the extinction of the Mohammedan power, the terrible principle of military violence, which had been so predominant in the government of both kingdoms, was happily annihilated. As it was not now found necessary to continue the system of internal warfare, which was promoted on the one hand by the rivalry of the neighbouring states, and on the other by the presence of an enemy as bold as irreconcilable, the government was not constrained to allow the great lords, the masters of the different military orders, and other chiefs of the frontiers, to keep a threatening attitude, or to continue in the independent, lawless, and turbulent state in which they lived under the protection of their castles and strongholds.

“ The firm and energetic character of Ferdinand the Catholic, and his great capacity for business, rendered him a prince the best qualified to give to the supreme power that system and unity which it so much needed at the commencement of a new æra. But for two great errors—the persecution of the Jews and the establishment of the Inquisition—his reign might be cited as a model of a wise and prudent administration. Knowledge spread throughout the nation, and Spain began to reap the benefits resulting from a free and enlightened government, by means of which it bade fair soon to attain the highest degree of prosperity and greatness. The prospect could not have been more flattering, but an event not foreseen by the laws of either kingdom blighted the hopes which the nation had conceived.

“ The premature death which successively carried off the princes Juan and Miguel, one the son and the other the grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, already acknowledged crown-princes of Arragon and Castile, called by the order of succession to the united kingdoms a princess married in a foreign country. This unfortunate event, which caused the

crown to pass to a foreign race, without the nation having taken any precautions to secure its liberty against the influence of princes born and educated out of Spain, was the germ of the civil discord which plunged that country into an abyss of evils, and reduced it to an ignominious state of slavery, under which it has groaned for the space of three centuries. The reins of the government having been placed in the hands of a foreign prince, young, without experience, and surrounded by evil counsellors, dissensions and disturbances very soon spread over the nation, and ended by dividing it into two factions. The high clergy and the nobility, after rousing, by their complaints and threats, the popular fury against the ministers, separated their interest from those of the other classes, and openly espoused the cause of the court. Fortune declared itself in their favour, and against those who had hoisted the standard of liberty. Not content with their triumph in the field of battle, and with causing all the chiefs of their adversaries to be executed without trial, the nobility and the clergy surrendered every thing undiscretionally to the king, without considering that he was absent from the kingdom, and surrounded by the same courtiers who had provoked the civil war,—without reflecting that those courtiers, irritated against the nation because it had vigorously resisted their extortions and violence, would carry their vengeance to the extreme point to which their wrath and passions would assuredly prompt them. Their inconsiderate confidence went still further; they placed themselves in the hands of the government without any stipulation or guarantee.

“ Although the king feigned to have forgotten their former conduct, he well knew that their jealousy and quarrels with his Flemish ministers had not contributed less to inflame the nation, than the complaints and protestations of the representatives of the people. The rights and privileges of the nation having been destroyed, time and circumstances could not fail to offer to the king an opportunity for depriving the privileged classes also of their political prerogatives, the possession of which alone confers influence and power in the state. This opportunity was very soon offered.

“ Pressed by the exigencies in which his military expeditions continually involved him, he summoned a meeting of the three states of Leon and Castile at Toledo, in 1538, for the purpose of granting to the crown an extraordinary and general supply. The king proposed a tax upon the articles of food as the most expeditious. The grandees and knights vigorously resisted the proposed imposition on the plea of their privileges; and, in order to give greater effect to their opposition, they earnestly solicited a conference with the Commons to discuss the matter; but they did not recollect that they had themselves destroyed their authority and influence, which they missed when the evil was irreparable.

“ The conference having been rejected by the king, the nobility resolutely refused the supplies. Irritated at their conduct, he severely reprimanded them for their obstinate refusal; and, after signifying to them in a haughty and scornful message that ‘ their assembly was not the Cortes,’ and that there were no states—that he wanted ‘ assistance for the time present, and not advice for the future,’ he dismissed them with

the firm resolution of never again summoning the privileged classes to the Cortes, though the clergy had voted the impost without claiming their ecclesiastical immunities.

"Thus ended in Castile the privileges which gave to the nobility and clergy a direct influence in the state, and this was the consequence of those two classes having conquered and humbled the nation by the inconsiderate and cruel war with which they opened the door to the usurpations and violence that consummated the ruin, perhaps, of the most liberal government at that time existing in Europe. Those two classes (the nobility and clergy) lost from that time the constitutional influence which hitherto they possessed in the state. The kings thenceforward addressed the deputies of the cities and boroughs for the imposition of taxes, the enactment of new laws, or other matters of general utility and interest. The nation from the same period looked up to its representatives, expecting from their efforts protection and defence, and the preservation of the scanty portion of liberty which it still retained. After this revolution the nation began to decline rapidly, although the evil was not perceptible for some time; the unconscious Spaniards being dazzled with the false splendour of their expeditious and conquests. The nobility, dragged into foreign countries in the train of him who had now dropped the title of King of Spain and was only called Emperor, and forgetting in the bustle of the camp and imperial festivals that their country remained in chains, merely sought a compensation for their lost rights in the gracious favours which that prince with so liberal a hand bestowed on them in and out of the peninsula."

It may be said that from this period the nobility ceased to exist as a part of the political body. Its members became mere servants of the royal household; they were not permitted to marry without the king's express consent; they were not allowed to leave the court without a special permission of their master; and, what seems incredible, they considered it a punishment to be sent to their own estates.

"The civil war having ended so unfortunately for the nation, the clergy employed all their energies in securing themselves in future against the danger of an extensive reform in their immunities. Not content with the expulsion and spoliation of the Jews and Moriscos, they made every effort in their power to strengthen and extend the Inquisition. The doctrines of Luther and other reformers, and the policy of Charles I. and his son Philip II., calculated to check the progress of reformation in Germany and Flanders, offered the clergy a most plausible pretext for persecuting every person in Spain without distinction of class, sex, or age. The secret proceedings in the suits instituted for crimes against the faith, the faculties which every day the inquisitors arrogated to themselves, the facility of concealing, under the cloak of extirpating heresy, every lawsuit instituted with a sinister purpose, placed in their hands an immense and terrible power, which the Cortes alone would have been able to wrest from them, had not their authority and influence terminated with the submission of the nation.

“ At the end of the seventeenth century an incomprehensible transformation in all classes made it apparent that the nation was declining rapidly to its ruin. The nobility, representing the names of their ancestors only, submitted like the other classes to the arbitrary power of the government, and to the influence and direction of the clergy, having totally lost that independence which appeared inseparable from their pride and wealth. In the other classes public spirit was not less extinguished or misdirected. Part of the Spanish youth sought in foreign wars and expeditions the employment which they could not find in their own country, from the want of scientific and useful knowledge, and the general depression in which the industrious classes were held. Many crossed the seas to make a fortune in the new world, and returned afterwards to their native country to found convents, and to endow churches, religious confraternities, and other so-called pious institutions. At that period the only flourishing class in the nation was the Church. Immensely rich and influential, it eclipsed with its splendor and opulence the ecclesiastical establishments in all the states of Europe. Its dominion had subdued every thing. In vain did men of learning and patriotism endeavour to counteract its power by attempting to inspire in the minds of the labouring and industrious classes a love of application to letters, the arts, and other pursuits beneficial to the state. All was useless; the causes of the evil remained unalterable.”

Such was the state of the Spanish nation when Charles II., the last of the Austrian dynasty, approached his end, leaving no issue behind him.

“ Foreign ambition was in the mean time agitating a variety of plans directed to the partition of Spain, with a view of intimidating and preparing it to throw itself into the arms of those who coveted the spoil. The court, at the same time, amused, like the vulgar, with the exorcisms and ridiculous ceremonies with which the priests pretended to expel the evil spirit out of the supposed bewitched prince, allowed a bishop, (Cardinal Portocarrero,) as ignorant as he was bold, to prepare the most scandalous usurpation recorded in the annals of the nation, leaving him to consummate it by means of the last will of the prince, suspected, at least, of fraud and violence—a disposition ignominious to the nation, since it converted it into an estate transmissible at the will and caprice of the master of a neighbouring state.

“ Philip of Anjou took possession of his new kingdom without any other check, restriction, or rule, than his will. Absolute power was *de facto* established, and even the oligarchical faction of the nobility, who for some time had exercised a power in the name of the Austrian monarchs, was for ever excluded from any share in the cabinet of the new court. Cardinal Protocarrero, not content with having disposed of the monarchy as if it had been a benefice of his archbishopric, actually formed a secret junta of government, in which he introduced the ambassador of France with a voice and vote.”

This is one of the greatest evils which have afflicted that unfortunate country to this day. The saying of Louis XIV. when his

grandson became King of Spain, "*Il n'y a plus des Pyrénées*," has proved but too true; and it is painful to observe that Spain has ever since been little more than a province of France, whether governed by the Bourbons, Napoleon, or Louis Philip.

The founder of the Bourbon dynasty in Spain, not content with abolishing all the privileges of the Spaniards, *in virtue of his royal authority, and by the right of conquest*, altered the law of Partidas, which regulated the succession to the throne, and established a sort of salic law, by which the crown should descend to the most distant male of the family, in preference to the nearest female. As the writers who have espoused the cause of Don Carlos in this country seem to found all the pretended rights of this prince on that law, and on the constitutional manner in which it was enacted, it may be proper to quote here what the Marquis of San Felipe, the historian of that period, says on this subject:—

"The king, having consulted with the royal council, found such variety of opinions (for the most part equivocal and obscure), that, indignant at the obscurity of their report, and the opposition of the councillors of Castile, he ordered the original consultation of the royal council to be burned, in order that at no future time there might be a motive of doubt and a cause for a war; and that every councillor should give his vote in writing, and forward it, sealed, to him."*

But to return to our subject.

"The death of Louis XIV. changed the foreign policy of Spain. Personal resentments,* and consequent disagreements, between Philip V. and the regent, Duke of Orleans, interrupting the harmony of the two governments, diminished the ascendancy which the cabinet of Versailles had exercised over that of Madrid. Although the principle of the family compact, in which that influence was founded, was not—nor is even at this day—destroyed, new interests were, however, created, and the Spanish ministers began to act for themselves, and with a certain degree of independence.

"The peaceable maxims which distinguished the reign of Ferdinand VI. favoured the sensible views and patriotic designs of his ministers. All exerted themselves in zealously promoting public education, and in extending the influence of the scientific and literary institutions which owed their foundation to the government of his predecessor. Agriculture, arts, manufactures, interior and foreign commerce, soon began to recover from the depression occasioned by the war of succession. A new vigour and a new life announced every where that the regeneration of the nation had begun; that a moral revolution was brooding in its bosom, which could not fail, before many years elapsed, to raise it to the prosperity, lustre, and power, which it had lost.

"Charles III. ascended the throne when Europe was in the highest

* See the account which is given of the introduction of the Salic law, in the *Comentarios* of Marques de San Felipe, tom. ii. pp. 36, 37.

state of learning and civilization, and many of its princes were, with noble emulation, occupied in legislative reforms, and in promoting every measure which could conduce to the happiness and opulence of their states. In Spain the high nobility continued every day to separate themselves from public affairs, and the inferior nobility followed their example in the provinces. Destitute of any political stimulus which might inspire them with sentiments of noble political ambition, both looked with an indifferent eye on the new direction which the popular mind began to take. Satisfied, apparently, with their wealth and courtly honours, they did not perceive the rapidity of the change which was altering the relations between the different classes of society, or that, unless they hastened to recover their lost influence in time, the new interests created every day, and the diffusion of knowledge would necessarily produce in the end a moral revolution in the state, which would transfer the political preponderance to those classes which only lost it by a rare combination of misfortunes, usurpations, and violence.

“The clergy, although still retaining their riches and immunities, could not but perceive that their inspirations were not listened to with the same docility and respect as before. The evil had penetrated so deeply as to reach their own bosom. The learned monk, Feijoo, in a plain and familiar style, had made a bold and decided attack on the popular errors with which the superstitious credulity of the vulgar was fed, while the variety of his critical and interesting essays inspired persons not devoted to literary pursuits with a taste for reading and for scientific and philosophical investigations.”

Charles III. was, perhaps, the fittest prince to occupy the throne of a monarchy, in which the ancient traditions of liberty, glory, and power, began to revive with the progress of learning, but where their progress, being slow and gradual, did not provoke such bold reforms as to intimidate the government. He was a man exempt from violent passions, irreproachable in his private conduct, accustomed, by habit, to strict order and system in the management of public affairs, and a scrupulous observer of every thing which decorum prescribes in the public conduct of the chief of a great and powerful state. He listened to advice with docility and sincerity, adhered firmly to what he had once resolved upon, and waited with prudence for the result of his measures. Men of penetration and energy, profiting by this favourable circumstance, united in mutually communicating their ideas; and in joining their efforts towards the attainment of the great object recommended by the spirit of the age. During this king's reign, several great reforms took place, the most important of which were the abolition of the order of the Jesuits, the re-modelling of the universities, the establishment of public schools, the formation of æconomical and literary societies in almost every province, the addition of the commune deputies, annually elected by the householders, to the municipal bodies, the officers of which had by abuse

become hereditary, and the check placed against the ambitious pretensions of the court of Rome, by the reform of the tribunal of the Pope's nuncio.

Unfortunately, Charles III. died when the symptoms of a great political revolution began to appear in France. The greatest circumspection, the most consummate prudence, in the government of his son would scarcely have been sufficient to devise measures to counteract the effects of the example which the conduct of France necessarily produced in Spain, which, for the space of a century, had been powerfully influenced by the former country. The administration of France, its policy, its language, its literature, the taste and elegance of the manners of its inhabitants, and even the frivolity of their fashions and caprices, had all been, during that long period, the object of imitation at court, and of admiration and study for all classes of persons of any education.

The æra of reform on which France was entering offered to the eyes of the Spaniards a spectacle at once extraordinary and worthy of their contemplation and study. The historical monuments of their own country, the most venerated records, the most popular traditions, all contributed to produce this result. The Spaniards, who had possessed equal rights for ages, could not but know that the causes which produced their establishment in France prevailed with equal force and urgency in Spain; and they felt an ardent desire to imitate the noble example which they had before their eyes. The crimes which afterwards disgraced the French revolution undoubtedly alienated the minds of many who had enthusiastically praised the just and moderate liberty which was at first proclaimed; but, while they condemned the excesses that were committed, they never confounded them with the principle in which the reform originated, or with the noble and generous end to which it was directed.

A wise and prudent government ought likewise to have separated those two important considerations. But what was the conduct of the Spanish government? It persecuted indiscreetly and indiscriminately all such as showed themselves to be friends of reform. The gravity and decorum of the court of Charles III. was succeeded, not by a delicate and elegant gallantry, which at least covers its excesses with a decent veil, but by the grossest dissoluteness and profligacy. The revenues and resources of the state, the patrimony of the crown, the property mortgaged as a security for the public debt, the funds belonging to charitable institutions, to establishments for education, and institutions for the encouragement of arts, sciences, and industry, even private capitals and deposits—all fell a prey to the rapacity of the new

government, to satisfy the caprices of paramours, to enrich despicable favourites, and to appease their insatiable thirst of gold. Public offices in every branch of the administration served as a reward for prevarication and perjury, for the most scandalous prostitution, for the vile flattery of obscure and unknown parasites, for informers and Simonists. The integrity of judges, the independence of the tribunals, the firmness and uprightness of the first magistrates and public functionaries, were considered as acts of resistance and disrespect to the supreme authority, and were punished with arbitrary imprisonment and exile.

Upon the death of Louis XVI. the Spanish government had the imprudence to join the other European powers against France, without perceiving the danger of bringing into contact the troops of the two nations, and thus affording an opportunity to the Spanish army to imbibe the revolutionary doctrines of their enemies. If the declaration of war had been an act of inconsiderate rashness, the peace of Basle was not less imprudent. Scarcely a year had elapsed, when the nation was involved in war with England.

The Spanish government, reckoning more and more every day on the bad policy of the French Directory, began to entertain expectations of re-establishing the former French influence in Spain, in the hope of favouring the restoration of the dispossessed family, or the monarchical government in France. The perpetual consulship inspired it with more confidence, and the elevation of Bouaparte to the imperial throne effectually removed its apprehensions. From the moment of his elevation, that monarch endeavoured to form in Spain a party devoted to his interests, believing that the nation, being sunk into that state of ignorance and degradation which ill-informed travellers represented it to be, still continued as indifferent to its fate as in the time of the Succession War.

The Peninsula was soon inundated with imperial agents, commissioned to promote the interests of their master by every means in their power. Among others, the most remarkable was the diligence and activity with which periodical and other publications were disseminated, in which France was represented as the arbitrator of the destinies of Europe, in order that Spain might be persuaded that it could not preserve its political existence, or maintain its true interests, unless it formed the most close and unreserved alliance with France. These doctrines unfortunately not only found followers among some persons of influence, who had allowed themselves to be dazzled by the brilliant fortune of Napoleon, but even the government entertained them, and the court bestowed on them the most unbounded applause. Thus

the ties of union with France became every day more close, until at last the nation saw with astonishment a French army occupy the principal military points of the Peninsula. Aroused from its slumber, and supposing the Queen's favourite to be the cause of all the evils which had befallen the nation, the people rose and effectually destroyed his power. In consequence of this event, Charles IV. abdicated in favour of his son, Ferdinand VII. The new king, as blind as his councillors, earnestly solicited a matrimonial alliance with his supposed friend, and the whole royal family even made Napoleon the arbitrator of their private quarrels. They went so far as to place themselves in his hands, and, with indignant astonishment, the Spaniards saw themselves transferred from one master to another, with as little ceremony as a drove of cattle. They saw more. They beheld the high nobility, the clergy, the principal functionaries of the state, submit to these disgraceful transactions, and do homage to the new master to whom they had been transferred.

The Spanish people, then abandoned to their own resources, proclaimed *de facto* "that they were not the patrimony of any family or person." Legitimacy was then destroyed by its own votaries. The kings had broken the social compact: it was for the people to reunite it. Provincial governments were formed by popular election, composed not of the mob, but of the persons most influential in the province for their riches, learning, and patriotism. For two years had the people been exercising the sovereign power, when the General Cortes of the kingdom were called together to sanction *de jure* that power, and to adopt such measures as their prudence and wisdom might suggest, to prevent in future the repetition of the evils under which the nation was suffering.

The revolution was purely popular. The nobility, far from taking any part in it as a body, had openly declared against the nation. Where were then the elements for the Cortes to form an Upper House, the want of which is the original sin of the constitution of Cadiz or of 1812? That constitution bears, indeed, decided marks of the times and circumstances under which it was framed; but, because it may be thought by foreigners imperfect or too democratical, are the Spaniards to be for ever subjected to arbitrary misrule, or is the so-called Holy Alliance, or even Louis Philip, or any other foreign government, to prescribe the manner in which it is to be perfected? Spain will answer these questions with an indignant NO!

When Ferdinand returned from his voluntary captivity to the throne which his people had conquered for him, the first thing he did was to overthrow the institutions formed in his absence, and

then send into exile, bury in dungeons, or doom to the scaffold, those very men who had been most conspicuous for their patriotism and loyalty. He put forth the declaration that the Spanish government had never been despotic, while he exercised the most atrocious despotism; he promised to restore the institutions he had destroyed, but never fulfilled his word. The clergy not only abandoned the people with whom they had made common cause during the war, but invented the grossest calumnies against the friends of legal reforms, representing them as enemies to the altar and the throne.

After six years of misrule, eight thousand men in a corner of the Peninsula pronounced the words *Constitution* and *Liberty*, and their voice was re-echoed through the whole Spanish nation. To pretend that that insignificant force compelled the nation to adopt a system of government which it abhorred, is to make the persons who composed it more than men. The king pretended to accede to the clamours of his subjects, and told them that he had been deceived, but that now he would be their leader in the constitutional path. The ambitious pretender, who is now desolating the northern provinces of Spain, thus addressed the Spanish army, after having received from them the oath to the constitution in 1820: "Soldiers, the act by which, in sight of those banners, you have solemnly declared the most firm adherence to the political constitution of the monarchy, has imposed on you great obligations, and at the same time has opened for you a brilliant career, in which you may gain immortal glory. . . . To support the constitutional system; this is our sacred duty—this is what your king expects from you, and in this, I, your companion in arms, will give you an example."

While they were making these solemn promises, both he and his brother were plotting underhand to destroy the cause which they pretended to have sincerely advocated; and, after failing in the attempt to accomplish their purpose with the national forces, they applied for support to their Holy Allies; and, with the money which the poor deluded Spaniards paid to their priests for the good of their souls, an army of one hundred thousand mercenaries was sent from France to destroy a system of government so much abhorred by the nation, and to replace the Spanish king in the plenitude of his power.

Ferdinand, released from his third captivity, restored to the clergy all their influence and authority, sent into exile or caused to be publicly executed thousands of his subjects, instituted a political inquisition under the name of police, never before known in Spain; and, while he ordered all the universities

to be closed, he established schools of Tauromachia, or bull-fighting.*

His subjects with unexampled patience endured all their miseries, until Providence afforded a prospect of a termination to their woes by the death of their tyrant. The queen-regent granted an amnesty for political offences, but at the same time her ministers solemnly declared that her intention was to continue to exercise the same arbitrary rule as her husband. The patience of the Spaniards was at last exhausted, and all the authorities of the provinces addressed the queen, demanding a reform in the system of her government. Her ministers were changed, and the new government, desirous of gaining supporters against the ambition of the king's brother, issued an ordinance which it decorated with the name of royal statute, to regulate the form of assembling the Cortes for the purpose of granting the supplies of money which it needed, approving such measures as might be proposed to them by the ministers, and making to the crown such petitions as they might think requisite for the good of the nation. The ministers made also some administrative reforms, but in every other respect arbitrary power continued unimpaired; the same oppressive system of police, almost the same trammels for the press, the same power in the governors, judges, and magistrates, to punish, even without a trial, any one who might become obnoxious to them, to violate the houses of the citizens, to seize and examine their private papers upon the simple deposition of one witness.† In vain did the Cortes solicit the grant of a bill of rights: the ministers deigned not even to answer their petition. At last the nation, tired of waiting, and exasperated with so many disappointments, is rising, one province after another, and, without withdrawing their allegiance from the queen, beginning to exercise those rights of which they have been so long deprived.

Having given this brief sketch of the political history of Spain, abstracted in a great measure from the introduction to the *Exámen histórico*, and added some account of the period from the invasion

* On the 28th of May, 1830, a school of Tauromachia was established at Seville, near the slaughterhouse, by a royal decree, and endowed with sixty thousand reales, about £1200 per annum.

† In June, 1834, some individual, supposed to be implicated in a liberal conspiracy against the queen's government, accused the Duke of Zaragoza, General Palafox, of having among his papers a list of the names of certain individuals of well-known liberal principles, as fit to occupy the ministerial chairs. Upon that simple deposition an officer took possession of all the general's papers by order of the government; the venerable patriot was put under arrest; but after more than a twelvemonth's proceedings the court declared that the proof of the supposed crime had not been found among the papers of the general, and consequently acquitted him of the charge. A specimen this of the liberty of the *Estatuto Real*!

of Napoleon to the present time, we shall now proceed to make a few remarks upon the work itself, previously to which, it may not be amiss to vindicate its author from the malicious attacks of pseudo-liberalism, which has endeavoured to represent him as the champion of a party that has never existed in Spain, viz., the advocates of mob-government.

Don Agustin Argüelles belongs to one of the most distinguished families of Asturias. Elected by his native province a deputy to the extraordinary Cortes in 1810, he there supported the rights of both the throne and the people against the usurper Napoleon, with an eloquence to which his countrymen gave the epithet of *divine*. He had the principal share in the framing of the constitution of 1812; and, on the return of Ferdinand from France, he was immured in a dungeon with the rest of his liberal colleagues. The revolution of 1820 released our author from his long imprisonment, and the king appointed him Home Minister. His administration was distinguished not less by the liberality than by the moderation of its principles. In 1822 he was a second time returned by the province of Asturias to the Cortes. On the dissolution of the constitutional government by the French in 1823, he fled into England, where he remained an exile until last year, when he was recalled by his constituents to be their representative in the new Cortes, where he has energetically maintained the same moderate and liberal principles that he ever advocated. But some of his colleagues, who, in their younger days, belonged to the Spanish liberal school, having become strenuous supporters of the French doctrinarian liberalism, have endeavoured to represent him as an anarchist and a revolutionary demagogue.

During his stay in England he employed his leisure in the composition of the work under consideration, which is, in fact, a memoir on the constitutional reform made by the extraordinary Cortes, with a view to defend that illustrious body against the calumnies with which ignorance, malice, and party-spirit have endeavoured to obscure their patriotic efforts. He gives in his work, with the vigorous eloquence which ever distinguished him, and with the impartiality of a faithful eye-witness, an accurate account of those important transactions in which he had performed so prominent a part, and proves that the constitutional reform achieved by the extraordinary Cortes was not, as it has been erroneously or maliciously represented, a superfluous and arbitrary act on their part, and also shows that its character and extent did not proceed from their wantonness and caprice, but from the irresistible force of circumstances.

The central junta announced in May, 1809, the convocation of general and extraordinary Cortes of the kingdom, for the express purpose of "*laying the foundation* of the government which in

future ought to rule the nation." After the unfortunate defeat which the Spanish army suffered at Ocana, the central junta determined to remove to Isla de Leon. The *consejo reunido*, which was formed by the junta with the ministers of the different councils dissolved by Napoleon in December, 1808, desirous of assuming the supreme power, united themselves with other individuals, who, dreading reform in any shape whatever, entered into a conspiracy against the junta, and, availing themselves of the disorder and confusion of the retreat, contrived to dissolve it after it had appointed a regency, which they hoped would be a tool in their hands to obtain their selfish ends. Having attained their purpose, they then endeavoured to persuade the regency of the danger of assembling the Cortes. The junta had appointed commissioners to prepare the questions to be submitted to the deliberation of that assembly, and also to determine the form most accordant with the Spanish constitution to be given to it. The regency ordered the dissolution of those commissions, and their incomplete reports to be deposited in the archives. It gave, moreover, clear signs of being opposed to the assembling of the Cortes; but being pressed by the universal cry for Cortes, it resolved at last upon their convocation. The regency consulted the *consejo* as to the form to be given to the assembly. The councillors were of opinion, that the three estates ought to meet together, forming one house. After many disputes and long debates, the government adopted the popular form of one house, according to which the Cortes met on the 24th of September, 1810.

The length to which this article has already extended warns us against entering more largely into the merits of Signor Argüelles's book; which we shall dismiss after we have presented another extract of general interest, inasmuch as it gives a vivid and eloquent description of the first and ever-memorable sitting of the constitutional Cortes. This body met on the 24th of September.

"It would be vain," says our author, "to attempt to describe the state of the national mind on that memorable occasion. Until that day, the extensive line from Cadiz to Santi-Petri, not only presented an immense and formidable camp, in which the greatest vigilance was observed, but a fire had been constantly kept up from the batteries, the advanced posts, the light divisions, the gun-boats, and the squadrons of both nations. On the day in question, a general and profound silence was observed from both sides of the line, as if a mutual suspension of hostilities had been agreed upon, which, however, was not the case. At Cadiz the public interest and attention were exclusively directed to the august ceremony which was in preparation. Every one was desirous to witness an act which was to be the harbinger of happier days—days the reverse of those which for the preceding three years had passed in tears and desolation.

"The enemy, who could not be ignorant of what was going on in the Spanish camp, nor fail to perceive, from their positions, with their own eyes, the concourse of people, the general bustle, the universal joy, which reigned at Isla, contemplated, with astonishment, that grand and sublime spectacle, which announced to them new difficulties and dangers in the enterprize in which they were engaged. Many months had not then elapsed since, proud and arrogant with their triumphs, they had summoned Cadiz to surrender. The act which was about to be celebrated in so public and solemn a manner, confirming irrevocably the resolution of the Spaniards, would put an end to all their hopes, if any had remained to them, of being able, either with threats or flattering promises, to subdue so bold and resolute a people.

"At half after nine in the morning, the regency, accompanied by the deputies on foot, proceeded in state to the principal church, amidst universal acclamations and cries of 'God save the nation! God save the Cortes!' After divine service had been performed, and the deputies had taken the oath, they went in the same order to the hall prepared for opening the sessions, which was no other than the public theatre, it being alleged by the regency that this place was the most spacious and convenient. The regency having occupied the throne, the Bishop of Orense, as the president, pronounced a discourse, in which he did not make, as was customary, any specific proposition, but confined himself merely to a general exposition of the state of the nation at the time the regency took into their hands the direction of affairs; the difficulties they had to overcome to assemble the Cortes; the high expectations which the nation had conceived of the prudence and wisdom of its representatives; and concluded by exhorting the deputies duly and faithfully to fulfil the important duty confided to them. When he had finished, the regents withdrew, and, with them, the ministers, who had been present at the ceremony, apparently to witness, officially, the installation of the Cortes. Thus the deputies of the nation were left alone, abandoned to their own discretion, without any rule, direction, or guide, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators of all ranks, who filled the boxes, the galleries, and the avenues of the theatre. A simple writing-desk, and a few sheets of paper upon a table, at the head of which an arm-chair had been placed, with several common ones around it, constituted all the preparation which the government had made for the solemn re-opening of the general Cortes of a nation so celebrated for its ancient liberty, and for the firmness and bravery with which it had endeavoured, during so many centuries, to maintain it.

"In spite of these difficulties the Cortes, however, without hesitating, entered upon deliberation, and, declaring themselves legitimately constituted into a general, extraordinary and representative congress of the Spanish monarchy, carried by unanimity the two famous decrees which obtained and secured the triumph of the national cause, but which served afterwards as a pretext for the most flagrant act of ingratitude and perfidy, and for the most cruel and scandalous persecution that ever disgraced the history of any civilized country."

Our author here alludes to the effect of the declaration of that
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principle of eternal truth in the constitution of Cadiz—namely, the absolute sovereignty of the nation, in virtue of which the Cortes asserted their right, as its representatives, to declare null and void the renunciation made by the king and princes at Bayonne, as being unjust and violent, and chiefly as having been made without the consent of the nation. In virtue of that prerogative, the Cortes acknowledged, proclaimed, and swore fealty to Ferdinand VII. Bonaparte had in his treaties hitherto dealt only with kings, who, according to the sound principles of legitimacy and divine right, had the power of transferring their subjects with as little ceremony as they would so many flocks of sheep; but here he found that he had to deal with the people (meaning by people the collective body of all the individuals who compose the nation), and the bold and frank declaration of that great principle which the Spaniards then made, however the continental sovereigns, after having through it obtained the victory, might denounce it as anarchical and revolutionary, did not fail to produce a prodigious effect, not only with regard to Spain, but to the whole of the continental nations. It is a remarkable circumstance, that some of the organs of the despotic and semi-despotic governments of Europe should now hold the same language which Bonaparte used in his letter to Ferdinand at Valencay:—"England," said he, "foment's anarchy and Jacobinism in Spain, with a view of establishing a republic upon the ruins of the Spanish throne and nobility; and I cannot look with indifference on the destruction of a neighbouring nation, whose maritime interests are intimately connected with my own."* It is still more astonishing to see even some of the liberal Spaniards, nay, the very framers of the constitution of 1812, to which they owe their existence as a nation, denounce it as republican and anarchical, and endeavour to bring back the nation to a state of arbitrary misrule. Their imprudent efforts, however, have only served to plunge the country into all the horrors of the most frightful anarchy, from which, it is much to be feared, that it may not be able to extricate itself without passing through a long series of revolutions. And what are, we ask, the signs of republicanism in that constitution? It declares the government of the nation to be a moderate monarchy. According to it, the person of the king is sacred and inviolable; he possesses the power of giving or refusing his sanction to the laws, of causing the same to be executed, of providing for the preservation of order at home, and for the defence and security of the state against foreign enemies. He can declare war and make peace, giving afterwards an official

* See Escoiquiz's account of the transactions which took place at Bayonne in 1808.

account to the Cortes. He appoints all criminal and civil judges, and magistrates, all civil and military officers, all ecclesiastical dignitaries. He possesses the power of granting titles and honours, of commanding the army and navy, and distributing those forces as he may judge most convenient. He is also empowered to direct the diplomatic and commercial relations with other states; to appoint ambassadors and consuls; to direct the coining of money; to employ the funds decreed by the Cortes; to pardon criminals; to propose to the Cortes such laws and reforms as he may deem conducive to the welfare of the nation; to approve or reject the bulls of the Pope, according to the laws; and finally, to choose or dismiss his ministers with absolute freedom. The check put upon his authority by no means degrades his dignity. He cannot prevent the assemblage of the Cortes at the periods prescribed by the constitution; nor suspend, dissolve, or in any other way embarrass their proceedings. He is forbidden to absent himself from the kingdom without the express permission of the Cortes; to abdicate the throne, or renounce any of the royal prerogatives; to give away, exchange, or otherwise dispose of, any part, however small, of the Spanish territory; to make any offensive alliance or commercial treaty with any power, or to assist it with troops or money, without the consent of the Cortes; to impose taxes; to grant exclusive privileges; and, finally, to deprive any of his subjects of his property or liberty. The *veto* of the king is not absolute. To any law, approved of for two years in succession, and by two different Cortes, without the most trifling alteration being made in the original project, the king was bound to give his sanction.

That constitution did not deprive the nobility of their honours, possessions, and titles; neither did it place them upon a level with the mob, or raise the latter to power. Every free-born Spaniard, whether noble or plebeian, lay or ecclesiastic, who possessed some property, trade, or handicraft business, was declared a citizen, and had the right of voting both in the elections of members for the Cortes, and for the municipal councils of boroughs, towns, and provinces. Domestic servants, or those who were in prison, or under sentence of the law, could not claim the rights of citizenship; and it was provided that, from the year 1830, any person who could not read and write should not be allowed to exercise those rights.

Every borough or town had a municipal council, elected every year by the citizens, and likewise every province a junta or provincial council, also elected every two years, and composed of the wealthy citizens, whose duty it was to superintend the finances of the province, to establish municipal councils, to promote educa-

tion, agriculture, commerce and industry, to give an account to the government of any abuses in the administration of the public funds, of the statistics of their respective districts, of infractions of the constitution which might be committed by the public functionaries; and finally, to watch over all the charitable and beneficent institutions, proposing to the government the measures which they might deem necessary for the reform of such abuses as they should have observed.

Every Spaniard was declared to possess the right of freely expressing his thoughts either by word or in writing, under his own personal responsibility to the law;—none could be put in prison arbitrarily by any one, except criminals taken in the act; or be tried, unless by the courts established by law. No civil proceedings could be instituted before any tribunal, unless the parties presented a certificate of the alcalde, or mayor, of their town that they had not been able to settle their dispute in a friendly manner.

These are the principal features of that constitution, which, like all the works of man, may have many imperfections. The article on religion, the system of election, and the want of an aristocratic chamber, are the principal defects alleged against it. The authors of that code had not the presumption to think that they had framed a perfect system of legislation; but, to guard against the danger of yearly constitution-making, they prescribed, in the tenth article, that no alteration, addition, or reform, could be made in it, till eight years after its establishment; that any such alterations must be proposed by twenty deputies; and after having been discussed and approved of by two-thirds of the deputies, a summons should be issued to all the provinces to send new deputies provided with special powers to alter the constitutional law. The allied powers, to say the least, evinced the grossest ignorance of Spanish legislation, when they required of the Cortes, in 1832, to reform the constitution, and the advisers of Queen Christina have acted most imprudently in not having adopted the only legal and constitutional means which the government possessed of putting an end to civil discord. That constitutional charter, reformed by the Cortes, would have established on a firm basis the rule of Isabella, according to it the only legitimate successor to the throne; it would have guaranteed to every province the enjoyment of all the local privileges which could reasonably be desired, and united in one common bond the great family of the Spaniards. It is to be hoped, for the tranquillity of Spain and Europe, that the men now at the head of the nation will see the error committed by their predecessors; and, submitting to public opinion, call around them the representatives of the nation, and, listening

to their advice, will restore tranquillity and peace to that unfortunate country; and that foreign powers will abstain from interfering in the internal concerns of a nation which never has pretended to prescribe to them the manner in which they ought to govern their own states. •

The History of Spain by Count Toreno, which we did hope to be able to notice in this article, has not yet arrived in this country; at least it has not reached us. The Spanish *Revista* of the 15th of July, after adverting to all the histories of the Peninsular War which have been written, both by native and foreign historians, gives the decided preference to that of Count Toreno. It is remarked, however, that the work is defective in one point, in which, as we have observed, all the rest are defective too, namely, in not entering into an examination of the political state of the nation at the time when his narrative begins—a circumstance which would have given unity to his history, and accounted for the popular direction which the insurrection assumed.

Count Toreno, it seems, belongs to the school of historians who write *ad narrandum*, not *ad probandum*; but he has not strictly followed either of the two schools, as on the one hand he mixes reflections, and even short dissertations, with his narrative; and on the other, he has not given copies of the different proclamations issued by the juntas of that epoch, and extracts from the periodical publications, so as to afford the reader the means of forming an opinion for himself, unprejudiced by that of the historian. With the exception of these defects, the work is, in the opinion of the writer in the *Revista*, an honourable monument both to the literary talents of its author, and to the nation, the glories of which it records.

Before we proceed to the work of the Baron de los Valles, we shall offer a few observations on the privileges still enjoyed by the provinces which have espoused the cause of the Pretender, with a view to rectify the errors entertained in general in this country on that subject.

The three Basque provinces of Biscay, Alava and Guipuzcoa, and Navarre—have from time immemorial possessed certain privileges, the chief of which consist in electing their own local governments, being judged by their own laws, having a right to redeem themselves with money from personal service in the army, being exempt from the general system of taxes in the Peninsula, and contributing instead to the state a certain sum, approved by their own deputies, which they call a voluntary donation; and, finally, having no custom-houses on the frontier. At the time of the establishment of the constitution of 1812, the Cortes took not only the opinion of the regular deputies of the provinces in the

Congress, but that of other Basque commissioners, expressly summoned, to ascertain the real sentiments of the provinces as to the exchange of their old privileges for those granted to them in common with all the Spaniards under the constitution. As the municipal system of that charter differed but little from their own, and the government had no longer the power to impose arbitrary taxes, they had no difficulty in giving up such of their privileges as were not consonant with that political charter. In 1820 they again gladly received that law, and it is worthy of observation, that, in the junta held at San Sebastian in that year for the purpose of taking the oath of allegiance to the constitution, an old deputy rose and remarked to his colleagues, that, if the constitution should be again abolished, the oath they were going to take should in no manner invalidate their ancient privileges. All the assembly agreed to the proposal, and the oath was taken with that protest. The intrigues of the French emissaries and the Basque priests caused some of the peasantry afterwards to rise in small bands against the constitutional government, proclaiming their privileges. On the restoration of Ferdinand to despotic power, several attempts were made to destroy the only remains of liberty in the Peninsula, and the government succeeded so far as to establish the royalist militia, not without a strong opposition from the local authorities. About 1829 or 1830, the Navarrese were induced by the government to give up some of their privileges, for which they were to receive in exchange a port in Biscay. As that had always been a great desideratum with the people of Navarre, they gladly acceded to the proposal, and to a man would have assisted the government in destroying the privileges of their brothers to obtain their end. Basque commissioners were called to Madrid, where they arrived precisely on the same day on which the news of the French revolution reached that capital; and the ministers, not thinking the time most fit for discussing the question of privileges, dismissed them without adverting to the subject. Some time after the death of Ferdinand, the monks of St. Francis, at Bilboa, excited the mob to proclaim Don Carlos, and one of the deputies joining the rebels, they imprisoned the other deputy, who afterwards made his escape over the roof of the house, and proceeded to France in an English vessel. Similar riots took place at Vittoria and other towns, upon which General Castaño, then commanding in the provinces, issued a proclamation against the rebels, in which he imprudently touched upon the subject of privileges. We pretend not to know what are the real intentions of the queen's government upon the subject, but it is false that the privileges of the Basques have been formally abolished by it.

After these preliminary observations we proceed to examine the work of the Baron. Although bearing a Spanish title, this Baron is, we learn from the preface, a French adventurer, of the name of Mons. Auget de Saint Silvain, belonging to a family whose religious and monarchical principles exposed them to the fury of democratic hatred. On the first return of the Bourbons to France, he pledged himself to devote his life to their defence, and embraced the military career; he followed the king to Ghent in 1815, and returned to France in his train. So signal a proof of attachment procured him a place in the *garde noble*, from which he removed with a view to promotion to a regiment of the line, where, says the translator, he distinguished himself, and seven years afterwards he was attached to the staff of Paris. Some reverses of fortune compelled him afterwards to quit the military profession and embrace a more lucrative one. It seems that he then travelled to England, the United States, Canada, and Mexico, where he often found opportunities to promote the interest of his country, and to propagate his monarchical opinions. The revolution of July found him at his post, and he ran imminent risk of his life during the three days. He then took shelter at Lulworth, whence he afterwards returned to France: but, being persecuted by Louis Philip's police, he escaped into Spain. There he had the most flattering reception from Queen Christina, from her sister, and from the Infante Don Francisco. A superior rank was offered to him in the Spanish army, which he would not accept, in order to keep his sword free from every engagement, and to tender his services to legitimacy, (*credat Judæus!*) which he saw was about to be threatened. Having refused this offer, he was exiled by the queen; and he next went to tender his services to the legitimate Don Miguel, who, however, declined them, in spite of the strong recommendations which the baron brought from the prince's sister, the Infanta Doña Maria Francisca. For this refusal we really feel a respect for Don Miguel. He then espoused the cause of the Spanish Pretender, notwithstanding his having been so particularly favoured by Queen Christina; he became Don Carlos's agent and spy in Spain and Portugal; came over to England with his master; took him through France into Spain, for which he received the title that he now honours himself with; but, having returned to France last December, he was taken by the police, and after long and tedious legal proceedings, he was sentenced last January to three months' imprisonment in St. Pelagie, for having crossed France under a false name. During his imprisonment he employed his time in writing his adventures in the character of Sancho to the new Spanish knight errant, which form the subject—not so amusing.

indeed, as the adventures of the far-famed Knight of La Mancha, yet no less romantic, perhaps no less true—of the volume under consideration.

After occupying two long chapters with the tedious account of the disgraceful intrigues of the *Camarillas* at Madrid, entered into by the partisans both of Carlos and Christina, to secure the sovereignty of Spain on the death of their master, in which account our adventurer shows his partiality for the party of Carlos, and even throws out a hint, which, in our opinion, savours of malice, when he says, contrary to the statement of the bulletin, that the king was found dead when his attendants went to awake him; he informs us that the Spanish government, having discovered that he was plotting with the worthy Bishop of Leon against the king and in favour of Carlos, ordered him to quit Madrid in twenty-four hours, when he took refuge in Portugal. Here he was soon joined by Don Carlos, whom he wished to engage in plots against his dying brother. We transcribe the whole passage, which gives to the life the character of the prince and his adviser.

“I represented to the Infante how important it was that I should return into Spain, make the Royalists acquainted with his intentions, and establish a correspondence with Madrid by Coria, Valencia and Toledo; and with France by Salamanca, Valladolid and Burgos. I then made fresh attempts to overcome the prince’s scruples,” (he had previously made the same proposal to him, and Carlos answered, that his conscience was opposed to a step which might expose him to suspicion of a guilty design to usurp the government of the kingdom in the lifetime of the king, his brother,) “and induce him to write the letters of service, of which I had furnished him the plan, offering to be the bearer of them to their destination; but all was in vain: I found in Don Carlos a firm determination not to interfere, directly or indirectly, in the affairs of Spain. His delicacy and rectitude of principle made him consider as high treason every political measure he might have adopted, even on behalf of his rights, against his brother’s government. The princess joined me in deploring this determination; and, with the view of repairing the injury which the prince’s scruples might inflict upon his cause, the Infanta Donna Maria Francisca gave me written powers, which authorized me to make known to the Royalists their intentions, and which announced to them that I was possessed of their full confidence. Don Carlos merely consented to give a tacit approval to this letter.”

The emissary then crossed the frontier, performed his commission, and returned to Portugal. Again he passed over into Spain, and back to Portugal, whence he embarked for England. Here he announced as apocryphal the proclamations which had been attributed to Carlos, and which were, he says, fabricated in the offices of the Christina police, and then proceeded to Paris, whence he forwarded Carlos’s despatches to several Spanish

generals, and to the president of the junta of Biscay. He also sent autograph letters to various sovereigns of Europe, together with diplomatic notes relative to the important communication made to the agents accredited at the several courts by Carlos.

After having accomplished the object of his mission, he sailed for Portugal from Plymouth, in a vessel which was captured by a Spanish brig of war, and carried into Vigo. Our baron, however, contrived to make his escape by land, and again rejoined his royal master, whom shortly afterwards he accompanied to England. His account of the stratagem which marked the departure of Don Carlos from this country, and above all his boasts of having cheated the famous Prince Talleyrand, deserve to be transcribed.

“ When Charles V. left Evora to proceed to England, in consequence of the disgraceful treaty of the quadruple alliance, he perceived, in the cautious protection granted to him by the English government, a means of returning to his dominions, where he was anxiously expected, in the heart of the mountains of Navarre, by a small army of his faithful subjects. This impression, which he never ceased to cherish, could alone induce him to quit Portugal, and remove for a short time from the frontiers of his kingdom. Accordingly, the king no sooner arrived at Portsmouth, than he bent his whole attention towards his return to Spain.

“ The prince had been pleased to number me amongst the very few of his devoted adherents, to whom he might confide his lofty projects ; and he had selected me to accompany him. During his sojourn at Portsmouth, he commissioned me to make preparations for his departure ; in obedience to his orders, I performed several journeys to London in furtherance of that object. The most important and arduous arrangement was the procuring of passports : I concerted my measures with Mr. B——, a banker in London, whose zeal for the royal cause, and capacity for business, proved of the utmost advantage to my views.

“ After having long and carefully considered what species of passports would prove most suitable to us, we determined that the king and the individual who was to accompany him, should represent themselves as colonists from the island of Trinidad, and that passports should be procured for them in that character. We gave a preference to Trinidad, because it had formerly belonged to Spain ; the greater part of the inhabitants still spoke the Spanish language, and consequently any Spanish words which might drop from the king, during the journey we were about to undertake, would not create any suspicion.

“ Our passports were delivered to us under the names of Alphonse Saez and Thomas Saubot ; the first a merchant, the second a planter of Trinidad, and both Mr. B's correspondents. Mr. Thomas Saubot, then in London, gave me his passport, containing a description, which, by a singular coincidence, perfectly corresponded with my person ; the other

was procured by a friend of mine ; but they were both ignorant of the use to which I intended to apply them.

“ Having thus procured the passports, I collected as many pamphlets and newspapers as I could find respecting the island of Trinidad, and carefully inquired the names of the principal inhabitants of the colony, and of the last arrivals in English harbours, in order not to be taken by surprise, in the event of any unforeseen questions being put to me. With the view of averting the suspicious vigilance of M. de Talleyrand, I next sent, for examination at the embassy, a passport which had been given to me in France, under my real name, six months before ; and, in order to allow proper notice to be taken of it, I did not call for its return until two days afterwards. This passport was examined for Hamburgh, my departure for which town I had openly announced to every person of the household of Charles V., having also adopted that precaution towards all my friends.

“ I did not fail to tell every one that I was entrusted with a mission of some importance for the north of Germany ; that seemed a probable story, as it was known that two vessels were expected at Hamburgh, having two hundred Spanish officers on board, who had been unable to embark with us. It was quite natural that I should proceed to meet with them ; many persons accordingly confided to me their letters and commissions, in perfect good faith. M. de Talleyrand was completely the dupe of my contrivance ; he notified my arrival to his agents at Hamburgh, and even did me the honour to despatch a special emissary for the purpose of keeping watch over my proceedings ; on this occasion, the old diplomatic cunning of Louis Philippe’s ambassador was at fault, and *I had the honour of deceiving M. de Talleyrand.*

“ It was agreed that the royal family should remove to London. They left Portsmouth on the 22nd of June, and alighted at Gloucester-lodge, the former residence of Mr. Canning. This delightful house is at the distance of two miles from Hyde-park, on the road from Piccadilly. Those who are aware of the influence which Mr. Canning’s principles exercised over the destinies of Spain, will think it a singular coincidence, that Charles V. should have proceeded to the conquest of his dominions from the very spot which had been inhabited by the English minister, who chiefly contributed to the revolutions which have desolated the Spanish territory.

“ I supplied the instructions to be observed by the persons of his household, at the moment of our departure, as well as during our journey. They were as follows :—His majesty was to sally forth, on the 1st of July, at six in the evening, the hour at which he took his usual walk, in company with M. Aznares, formerly attached to the legation at the court of Sardinia, to take a coach at the first stand, which was at the distance of a mile from his residence, and proceed in it to Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square. I was waiting for him at one of the houses in that street, where he was to cut off his mustachios and get his hair dyed. It was to be said at Gloucester-lodge, as soon as night set in, that the king had returned from his walk with a violent headache, which had compelled him to retire to bed. The physician of Don

Carlos, who would never have consented to be kept away from him, was to be made acquainted with the secret, as well as the king's valet, an old servant on whose discretion perfect reliance might be placed. The physician, after paying a visit to his patient, would write an order which was to be taken for preparation to an apothecary in the neighbourhood, and in which he was to prescribe mustard baths and sinapisms. The queen, the princess of Beira, and the bishop of Leon, were to pass several hours of each day at the bed-side of the august patient; the bishop was even to come on purpose from London, where he resided, in order to be the better enabled to give his attendance to the king; the king's apartment was to be closed against every one else, even the infants, his children; they were to be told that their august father could not see them owing to the violence of his headache; nevertheless, the secret of the voyage was communicated, two days after our departure, to the Prince of Asturias, who expressed the deepest mortification at not having been allowed to accompany his father. The gentleman of the bed-chamber himself, the duties of whose office require his remaining at the door of the king's apartment to receive his orders, was for several days unaware of the king's absence. In the event of the king's departure from London becoming known, two of the gentlemen in attendance upon his majesty were to start for Lulworth in a post-chaise and four; and it was to be stated in the newspapers, that Don Carlos had gone to visit the late residence of Charles X., with the view of fixing himself there, with his family, at a later period. I placed all these instructions, in writing, in the queen's hands, and she condescended to express to me her satisfaction at my conduct.

"At last the king came to an understanding with me, at ten in the morning of the 1st of July, respecting the final arrangement to be adopted for our departure. Previously to my taking leave he allowed me to kiss his hand. 'Sire,' said I, 'this is the last homage I am to pay to your majesty; this very night we are to exchange parts; it will be yours to obey me until you return to your dominions, when each of us shall resume his station.' The king replied with his usual condescension, that he cheerfully consented to the exchange. I then took leave of every person about the court, and left them under the impression that I was proceeding to Hamburg.

"I was at our rendezvous in Welbeck-street at six in the evening, expecting the king half an hour afterwards; he had not arrived at that hour, and I began to feel uneasy. Nevertheless, this delay was very natural; had not the king, previously to his departure, to leave a crown behind him, a father's crown, which it costs so many tears and sorrows to surrender? He was about to tear himself away from the embraces of a family he had never left, of a cherished wife, of his children, whom it was doubtful he should ever again behold! The heart of a father and of a husband must have bled, when, fulfilling his painful duties of a sovereign, he took leave of his children; his separation from the queen was to be for ever!

"His majesty, accompanied by M. Agnères, arrived at half-past seven. I went to receive him, but at the sight of the king I was de-

much affected that he perceived my emotion, and said to me—‘You appear alarmed.’ ‘No, Sire.’ ‘You are frightened, I tell you,’ quickly rejoined the king, ‘you are agitated.’ ‘No doubt, I am Sire, but it is the agitation of enthusiasm. I admire your energy in adopting a resolution which must be attended with such important results.’ I presented to the king M. and Madame B——, so well worthy of the confidence he deigned to repose in them.

“The first object attended to was that of disguising the king; he began, with remarkable cheerfulness, by cutting away his mustachios, a sacrifice at all times painful to a Castilian. [The reader might be led by this passage to think that all the Castilians have mustachios, and that it is a very painful thing to part with that ornament, which however is not the case.] The amiable Madame B—— had taken upon herself the task of dying his hair, for her devoted zeal would not allow her to trust to strange hands so important a secret. She was discharging this function with a timid gracefulness, and, when laying her hands, for the first time, on the king’s head, she said to him with visible emotion: ‘We must indeed, Sire, be living in times of revolution, that I should thus venture to lay my hand upon a royal head.’ ‘Courage, Madame,’ affably replied the king, and in order to calm her agitation, he good-humouredly asked her if one might not likewise procure powder to whiten the hair. ‘*But the times we live in are such,*’ added the king, ‘*that they would often render it a useless secret.*’

“Pending those preparations, I had retired to make our final arrangements. I took care to apprise the landlord of the house I occupied, that, having to start by the Hamburg packet at an early hour the next morning, I had determined to sleep on board, in order to be in readiness; this is a very common precaution, and would not raise any doubts; but I adopted it because a Frenchman had called upon me the day before, and offered to accompany me on the voyage; this appeared a suspicious circumstance; and, although I went under a feigned name whilst in that house, I felt apprehensive that this person might have been a spy in the service of M. de Talleyrand.

“On returning to the king, I found him with the Bishop of Leon, M. Aznares, and the bishop’s secretary. The latter had just arrived from Gloucester-lodge, where he had sent him in search of the royal seal, which the king had forgotten to bring away. The bishop’s secretary informed us that sinapisms were preparing for the patient; this piece of news greatly amused the king, who was cheerfully preparing to step into a carriage, in the full enjoyment of health.

“I learnt that, during my absence, the Bishop of Leon, beset with those advisers who opposed the king’s determination, and who exaggerated to him the dangers that his majesty was about to encounter in his adventurous journey, was for a moment in doubt of its success; he felt it his duty to make a last attempt, in order to ascertain whether the king’s intention was irrevocably fixed, and had beseeched him to postpone his departure.

“‘No!’ replied the king, ‘I feel something here (pointing to his heart) which tells me that the undertaking will be prosperous; and in

order that God may protect it,' added his majesty; 'I request your blessing.' The king then bent his knee to the ground, and the worthy bishop implored the blessing of Heaven upon his royal head.

"The time of parting had arrived. The king's farewell to the Bishop of Leon, and to the persons who were about him, was most affecting. The clock struck twelve as we stepped into the carriage; we were in Brighton at half-past seven in the morning, and on our passage to Dieppe an hour afterwards."

These specimens will, we think, be sufficient to show the character and tendency of the book before us. We cannot but sincerely lament the fate of a country, under no other rule than the caprice, ambition and selfishness of weak and deluded princes, led away by sycophants and adventurers; and sincerely do we hope that the nation will, ere long, emancipate itself from its protracted minority, and constitute a government upon so solid a foundation, as to secure it from a repetition of the dire calamities under which it is now labouring.

ART. IX.—*Sur l'Homme et le Développement de ses Facultés, ou Essai de Physique Sociale*, par M. Quetelet, Secrétaire de l'Académie Royale de Bruxelles, &c. &c. 2 tomes. Paris, Bachelier, 1835.

In the middle of the last century, a Professor in the University of Göttingen invented the term statistics, to express a summary view of the physical, moral, and political condition of states; he justly remarked that a numerical statement of the extent, density of population, imports and exports, revenue, &c. of a country, more perfectly explained its social condition than general descriptions, however graphic, or however accurate. When such statements began to be collected and exhibited in a tabular form, it was soon discovered that the political and economic sciences were beginning to acquire similar advantages to those which astronomy and general physics had gained by the cultivation of the Baconian philosophy, namely, records of observations that tested the accuracy of established principles, and guided to the discovery of new laws of action. The knowledge thus acquired soon assumed a definite form, and statistics, from being a mere assemblage of facts, gradually rose to the dignity of a science, inasmuch as it connected its facts together by a chain of causation. But the science of statistics existed before its name; Captain John Graunt, of London, merits the high honour of

being its founder. His "Natural and Political Observations on the Bills of Mortality," published A. D. 1661, first directed public attention to the important inferences that might be deduced from correct registers of births, deaths, and marriages. The inferences were admired, but the collection of facts to support them has been in England all but wholly neglected up to the present hour!

It is sometimes said that statistics bears the same relation to economic science as mathematics to pure physics; it would be far more correct to compare their connection to that between experimental and abstract science, or between astronomical observations and astronomical science. Like every other branch of human knowledge, the political and economic sciences should be based on an induction from facts, and these facts should be accurately observed and copiously supplied. For many centuries, the sages of Europe and Asia gazed upon the heavens, watched the motions of the stars and planets in their courses, guessed at the laws that regulated their motions, and, content with these guesses, never saw that their theories were refuted by what was passing before their own eyes. The example of the pains-taking Saracens at length produced a due influence on the philosophers of Europe; observations were made in greater number, and with greater care; from these collected observations, which were, for all scientific purposes, so many experiments, the true system of the universe, and the laws that govern the motions of the heavenly bodies, were inferred by legitimate induction: and at this hour the accuracy of the induction is strikingly displayed by the predicted return of Halley's comet, whose period of wandering through the unknown regions of space exceeds the ordinary duration of human life. Have we the same certainty, have we anything like it, in the laws that regulate the social system? The answer at once is in the negative. Is such certainty attainable? We trust in the course of this article to show that it is. Why then has the most important of all branches of human knowledge been left in such a lamentably defective state? Precisely for the same reason that ancient astronomy was defective; our observations of the facts on which the social sciences must rest are miserably scanty; they have been made with imperfect instruments, and they are scandalously inaccurate. And in no civilized state are all these evils more glaringly exemplified than in the British empire.

Among modern statesmen there is no one that has been more honourably distinguished by his exertions to base the legislation of this great empire on the only true foundation of all sound legislation, statistical facts, than the Marquis of Lansdowne.

When first he entered public life, not only did the figures of speech reign triumphant over the figures of arithmetic, but a numerical statement was regarded as a kind of conjurer's juggle, to be admired, applauded, and forgotten, to be any thing but examined. And one of his earliest speeches announced the astounding consequence that the unaccounted-for arrears in our public expenditure amounted to more than four hundred and fifty millions sterling!* Men of every party combined to remedy such a glaring evil, and our finance reports of the present day, though far from perfect, prevent the recurrence of any similar error. But here we have an example of the neglect of such a statistical fact as the public expenditure of the country, spreading over a period of twenty years, while that expenditure was the subject of debate in every session, in a House of Commons never before or since paralleled for brilliancy of talent.

The state of our commerce and manufactures, the results of machinery, the effects of free trade, are mere arithmetical problems, more or less involved, that may be worked out if correct data are obtained. Their solutions thus educed should be as certain and as little open to cavil as a proposition in Euclid, or the determination of an algebraic equation. Do we possess any such certainty? Have we even approached to it? On the contrary, is it not notorious that on all and each of these subjects fierce controversies rage, and every disputant is prepared to support his own views with a formidable array of figures? It is unfortunately too evident, in every debate on these subjects, that pre-conceived opinions usurp the place of facts, and speculations as unsubstantial as "the baseless fabric of a vision" are substituted for correct observation.

* Lord Henry Petty, in the debate on the West India Accounts Bill, May 21st, 1806, said, that "up to the year 1785, the office of examining and auditing the public accounts of the receipt and the expenditure of the nation was vested in two officers of the Crown. But those officers, like many others, were charged with duties so far beyond the reach of their exertions, and vested with powers so inadequate, that, although their services were not to be deemed entirely useless, they were certainly very inefficient. The noble persons who had then for some time held those official situations (Lords Bute and Sondes,) although they remembered tolerably well that there were salaries to be received, yet, in process of time, forgot that there were duties to be performed, and though they never omitted regularly to receive the salaries attached to their situations, their official lassitude sunk, at least, into a total neglect of those duties." In a subsequent part of the same speech, he stated the astounding fact, that "there appeared to be an aggregate sum of not less than FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS STERLING unaccounted for within the preceding twenty years!" He added, with equal force and truth, "It is a fact, too notorious, that this enormous accumulation of unaudited accounts has long served as a shroud and a veil, behind which the most flagitious malversations have been screened from detection and punishment, while it hung, like a gloomy cloud, over the heads of honest and conscientious men, who were rendered unable, in the lapse of half their lives, to obtain a settlement of their accounts and a final exculpation of their conduct."

But these questions, perhaps, may be regarded as very complicated; the statistical returns, for their elucidation, difficult to be obtained; and the relations between the different classes of facts open to doubt and dispute. Assuredly no such objections can be urged against population returns; registers of births and burials require no extraordinary intellectual endowments to be kept with tolerable accuracy; what then is the state of our registration? There is not an insurance office in London, in which the actuaries will not testify that no confidence can be placed in our bills of mortality, and that all calculations based upon them have proved erroneous.

Inveterate customs have, perhaps, perpetuated a vicious system of registration; it is part of a fixed system that baptisms only should be recorded, and that accuracy in the number of deaths should be left to the care of the parish officers; and it would now be difficult, if not impossible, to adopt a more rational course of proceeding, without carrying innovation to parts of the system which have worked well, or which it would be inconvenient to change. Well, there are certain facts which Parliament, in its wisdom, sometimes deems it expedient to ascertain, and it chooses, of course, the best instruments for the purpose; let us see how far implicit confidence is due to Parliamentary returns. In the year 1819, Mr. (now Lord) Brougham moved for returns on the state of education in England; printed queries were sent to the clergymen of the different parishes, and a large proportion of the replies omitted all notice of schools kept by dissenters. Two precious mis-statements have been founded on this error; one, injurious to the clergy themselves, the other, flattering to the rising generation. When the proportion of the uneducated to the whole population was calculated by this false return, an indignant cry was raised through the empire against the church, for leaving so large a body of the people without instruction; and more correct returns since that time have led us to flatter ourselves on an improvement in education, a national progress in intellectual and moral strength, which really has no existence. Very recently the Earl of Kerry, a young nobleman to whom statistical science is already greatly indebted, moved for returns on the present state of education in England. We are fortunately enabled, by the exertions of the Manchester Statistical Society, to test the accuracy of this important document. The committee of that society, in a report read at a recent meeting of the British Association in Dublin, state that they had compared the returns, made to Government from three of the nine townships into which the borough of Manchester is divided, with the existing state of things, and that the following were the results:

"In the township of Manchester alone, which contains a population of 142,000, there are entirely omitted, in these returns, 1 infant school, 10 Sunday schools, and 176 day schools, which existed at the period these returns were made, and contained 10,611 scholars. False returns were made by one individual of 3 Sunday schools that never existed at all, and which were stated to contain 1,590 scholars: and double returns were made of three other schools, containing 375 scholars, so that the total error in these returns for the township of Manchester alone was 181 schools and 8,646 scholars. Besides this, eight dame schools were reported as infant schools.

"In Chorlton-on-Medlock, containing a population of 20,500, the returns made to Government show too small a number by 40 schools and 837 scholars. One infant school (a private establishment) was not returned at all; and one Sunday school, which had ceased to exist for more than a year, was returned with 222 scholars.

"In Hulme, containing a population of 9,600, the returns made to Government show too small a number by 14 schools and 864 scholars; and though there was not one infant school in the township, four dame schools, with 112 scholars, were returned under that title. A Sunday school, with 102 scholars, was also returned, which belongs to another township; and another, with 400 scholars, was altogether omitted."*

At the same meeting, Mr. Woronzow Greg, on whose merits as a statistician we need not dwell, presented a report on the Social Statistics of the Netherlands, in which he stated that he was forced to resort to the Netherlands as the country by whose returns the most important social questions should be determined, "having found, on a careful examination of the statistical documents relating to our own country, that they were wholly inadequate to furnish the necessary information."

Is statistical science, then, so worthless and unimportant as to be beneath the attention of the British nation, or are its results so uncertain that they should be regarded as theories to amuse the imagination, or are its lessons so purely speculative as to be regarded among the toys of science? The formation of a statistical section in the British Association, and of a Statistical Society in London, may, in some measure, serve as an answer to these queries; but the best reply will be a careful examination of the nature and objects of statistics, for which we cannot have a better guide than Mr. Quetelet's volumes now before us.

When we cast a glance on the ponderous volumes of legislation,—when we observe the number of absurd and iniquitous laws that disgrace the statute books of every nation under heaven,—when we look at the absurd and mischievous projects that have been not only favoured, but encouraged by the wisest and best of

† Report of the Manchester Statistical Society, printed for private circulation, pages 6 and 7.

statesmen, instead of absurdly attributing weakness or wickedness to the legislators and politicians, we say, with truth, that they acted in ignorance of human nature. Let us pay some attention to an important fact that we enunciate every day, without feeling its great value and its vast significance—"Ignorance of human nature"—it is the cause of at least half the crimes and follies of the world. But there are two species of ignorance, as Plato observed two thousand years ago; ignorance from total want of knowledge; and ignorance from partial knowledge, in other words, from absence of ideas, and from wrong connexions between ideas. The latter is at once the more common and the more mischievous; in order to acquire true knowledge, the wholly ignorant man has only to learn; the partially ignorant has both to unlearn and learn, and to unlearn is the most difficult task that can be imposed on the human mind. It is the second and more mischievous species of ignorance we mean, when we use the phrase ignorance of human nature.

But what is human nature? Every man in the world is assured that he knows what it is thoroughly; but press him for an answer, and he is driven to the reply of the ancient philosopher, "*si non rogas intelligo*;" examine more closely, and you will find that he means his own individual nature, or, if he has exercised any generalization, the nature of the limited sphere in which he moves. A very eminent preacher in the Church of Ireland* said, with equal truth and originality, that most men in their secret soul form a character of God from the exemplar of their own minds; it is in the same way that ordinary men judge of human nature: they deem that they find its archetype in their own bosoms; they feel surprised that the world does not change as they change; and hence the old man tells you how exceedingly good the times were when he was a boy,—meaning thereby that he enjoyed better health and spirits than at present. Here, too, is the secret of intolerance; the evidence for a creed strikes a man's mind with such force as to produce conviction, and he cannot see a reason why it should not produce the same conviction in the mind of everybody else; he cannot understand that evidence, without varying in its nature, may vary exceedingly according to the medium through which it was viewed, and he therefore attributes hardness of heart and perversity of intellect to those who differ from him, and punishes as depravity a necessity of constitution. Ignorance of the law of human nature that guides the formation of opinion,

* The Rev. Henry Woodward of Fethard. His Essays, now about to be published, exhibit an originality and boldness of thought, a skill in metaphysical analysis, and a sweetness of temper, that forcibly remind us of Jeremy Taylor.

has to answer for all the atrocities of religious war, all the horrors of the Inquisition and of the penal laws.

Some, however, make a further progress towards knowledge; they have made researches more or less complete on some of its general laws; they have instituted isolated observations, and have formed theories for certain facts. Let us vary our illustrations, and take an example of this half-knowledge from the commercial legislation of France. To protect the iron works of France, a duty is imposed on the import of the article from abroad, amounting to 150 per cent.; of course every other species of manufacture in which iron is used has been damnified by a law vastly increasing the expense of machinery; but here the legislator confined his observations to one trade, and never for a moment thought of the others. Again, in the silk trade, a duty is imposed on the export of raw silk, to secure a supply of raw material for the manufacturer, and at the first blush the plan may seem judicious. But extend the observations: limited in his market, the silk-grower will not raise more worms than he is likely to sell; the supply for the home market cannot be brought to meet the exigencies of a sudden increased demand, and the manufacturer is absolutely injured by the law devised for his protection.

But we may find a stronger instance of this mischievous half-knowledge without travelling from social into economic statistics, or quitting England for France. It was deemed necessary to check the crime of forgery, and the means devised were, to make it a capital offence. The error founded on partial observation, which led to this murderous statute, is even now sufficiently common; it is, simply, that attachment to life is the most influential motive in the human mind; the application of the principle to the case failed, because it was soon evident that forgers felt life to be but slightly periled. For this blunder there was even then no excuse; over and over again it had been demonstrated that the indiscriminate severity of our penal statutes defeated the object of punishment, that persons wronged refused to prosecute, witnesses fled to avoid giving evidence, or prevaricated in the courts, juries sought the most absurd pretexts to acquit contrary to their oaths, merciful judges made loop-holes in the law, and pardons were, under very equivocal circumstances, granted by the crown; so that, in fact, a criminal about to commit an offence might fairly calculate that, if detected, he had far more chances of escape than a soldier in the field of battle. These statements were made and proved by an unanswerable array of facts; but the persons who thus pleaded were hooted as philosophers, and informed that these matters could be duly estimated only by practical men! Philosophers, we grant, are attached to theories, but really what are

called practical men are the greatest theorists in the world ; the difference is, that the philosopher's theory is a general view derived from a large induction of authenticated facts ; the practical man's theory is a partial view based on the maxims of his nurse or his grandmother, on some unmeaning phrase of sounding words devised and perpetuated by faction, or at best on the induction of his own narrow judgment and limited experience. The false doctrines of some philosophers have produced a certain amount of mischief, but it is as a drop of water to the whole Atlantic, compared with the vast mass of evil perpetrated by the legislation of those who call themselves emphatically practical men.

To know human nature is to know the general laws of human action, to ascertain the general course of man's physical and moral faculties. Previously to all observation, it might seem that human actions would, if registered, present as vast a variety as the caprices of the will, and that to discover any thing like a law in their production would be more absurd than to investigate the rules of the wind, or the regulations of the whirlwind ; yet, when we pass from individuals to masses, we find even in those actions which seem most fortuitous, a regularity of production, an order of succession, that can only arise from fixity of cause. Thus, were a man always to examine only individual drops of water, he could never conceive the beautiful phenomenon of the rainbow ; it is only when the drops are aggregated in masses, and placed in a position favourable for observation, that he can contemplate that glorious arch spanning the horizon, and seeming to connect earth with heaven.

Of all the crimes that seem least to depend on human foresight, that of murder would seem the most fortuitous, since for the most part it is perpetrated in consequence of motiveless quarrels, or of circumstances apparently accidental. Yet experience proves, not only that murders vary very little in their annual amount, but that the instruments with which they are committed are annually employed in nearly the same proportions. The following table, establishing this extraordinary fact, has been compiled by Mr. Quetelet, from the records of criminal justice in France. And this uniformity is especially remarkable in a country where murders assume a melo-dramatic form, seeming to require countless coincidences to complete their scenic effect. The details of their perpetration, as recorded in "*Les Causes Criminelles Célèbres*," show a magnificence in the conception, and a savage atrocity in the execution, to which our judicial records can furnish no parallel.

YEARS.....	1826	1827	1828	1829	1830	1831
Murders in general	241	234	227	231	205	266
By musket or pistol.....	56	64	60	61	57	88
By sword, bayonet, dagger, &c.	15	7	8	7	12	30
By knives	39	40	34	46	44	34
By bludgeons or clubs.....	23	28	31	24	12	21
By stones.....	20	20	21	22	11	9
By mechanical implements, hatchets, chissels, &c.	35	40	42	45	46	49
By strangulation	2	5	2	2	2	4
By throwing down and drowning	6	16	6	1	4	3
By kicks and blows of the fist..	28	12	21	23	17	26
By fire	0	1	0	1	0	0
By means unknown	17	1	2	0	2	2

It is the business of a statistician to collect and tabulate facts in order to discover the laws of their occurrence; it is no part of his proper duty to investigate their causes. But in the present instance there are other authenticated facts, that seem at least to illustrate a general principle connected with this table, which deserve to be noticed. There is no better attested, nor more astonishing, record in history, than the sudden appearance of a disposition to commit some certain crime in a definite manner spreading like a contagious disease, reaching a fearful height in defiance of every effort to repress it, and then gradually sinking into oblivion. The madness of witch-finding in our country and in New England, the crime of poisoning in France when the *Chambres Ardentes* were established, the rick-burning in England within our own memory, are familiar examples. Does not this seem to prove that we might reckon a certain sympathy or principle of imitation among the leading incentives to crime? Let us see if there are any other facts that seem to point at the same conclusion? The following is a table of the suicides committed in the department of the Seine from the year 1817 to 1825, inclusively.

YEARS.....	1817	1818	1819	1820	1821	1822	1823	1824	1825
Totals	352	330	376	325	348	317	390	371	396
By drowning	160	131	148	129	127	120	114	115	134
By fire-arms.....	46	48	59	46	60	48	56	42	56
By suffocation	35	35	46	39	42	49	61	61	59
By voluntary precipitations	39	40	39	37	33	33	43	47	49
By hanging	36	27	44	32	38	21	48	38	40
By sharp instruments	23	28	20	28	25	31	47	40	38
By poison	13	21	20	14	23	15	21	28	20

But these are not the only facts to which our attention must be directed; at a meeting of the Academy of Medicine, a few years

ago, Castel mentioned that a soldier in the Hotel of the Invalids, had recently committed suicide by hanging himself from a post in the court; within a few weeks twelve of his comrades destroyed themselves in the same way, and at the same post. The fatal post was removed and the propensity to suicide immediately ceased. Esquirol related six cases of a disposition to destroy children, that had occurred within his experience, since Madame Cornie's trial for that crime. The propensity to suicide was at one time shockingly displayed in an English regiment at Malta; the commanding officer at length ordered that the body of the next suicide should be denied Christian interment, and treated with striking indignity; it was so done, and no other case of self-destruction appeared while the regiment remained in the island. A very intelligent officer, whose testimony was corroborated by a popular magistrate, informed us, while preparing this article, that the propensity of soldiers to use their bayonets on the slightest provocation has been aggravated a hundred-fold since the recent discussions on the propriety of their being permitted to wear side-arms. One more instance and we have done; it is of too grave importance to be passed over lightly.

A clergyman, master of a very large and popular school, the locality of which, for reasons that will presently appear, we must not specify, recently informed one of his friends, that he had discovered a new pupil in the act of practising a disgraceful vice. "Send him home to his parents and say nothing about it," was the friend's judicious recommendation. The schoolmaster however, placed great confidence in his own eloquence and the corrective powers of birch; he assembled his boys, made an excellent harangue on the guilt of the delinquent, and gave him a sound flogging. The example of crime proved more influential than the example of punishment, and the vice spread so rapidly that the whole school was broken up in consequence. These and countless similar facts lead us to question the propriety of describing vice at all, in the moral tales designed for young persons, even though the consequent punishment be ever so strongly depicted. The importance of the lesson will, we trust, excuse the slight deviation from our subject.

Before we quit these tables of murders and suicides, we may notice the value of such returns in a jurisprudential point of view. In France the proportion of suicides to homicides is nearly as 5 to 3, consequently, if a dead body be found in France, without any evidence appearing for the cause of death, there is much greater probability of the deceased having fallen by self-violence than by the hand of an assassin. If it appear that the deceased has died by suffocation or strangulation, the probabili-

ties for suicide are so greatly increased as, in the absence of other evidence, to justify a verdict. We shall have occasion again to examine the judicial value of statistical science.

M. Quetelet investigates the laws of human nature, under the form of determining the characteristics of the average man (*l'homme moyen*), a course very convenient for those who have made any advance in statistical science, but which requires some explanation to beginners and general readers. Let us first observe, that all men establish in their own minds a standard of human nature, that is, an abstract idea of average man, by which they measure not merely physical development, but also moral conduct and intellectual power. We have names for almost every deviation from this conventional standard; we speak of giants and dwarfs, who exceed or fall short of the average height, of fruitful and unfruitful marriages, of geniuses and blockheads, of excessive mortality in any particular year or district, though in most cases we have not accurately fixed the standard by which we determine these instances to be exceptions from the general laws of humanity. Now the object of Mr. Quetelet's book is to determine and fix this standard of judgment, to ascertain as far as practicable the laws of human nature from the cradle to the grave, and to direct attention to important points, that have been either wholly neglected or only partially investigated. Before going any further it is of some importance to observe, that the average man of one country in duration of life, enjoyment of comfort, mental development and countless other important particulars, may and does differ materially from the average man of another. Nay more, these representative abstractions will differ in localities at no great distance from each other, in an agricultural and manufacturing county, in town and country; in a city and its suburbs. It is obvious that, by comparing the averages of different localities, we can at once determine which demands the preference, and that we are placed in a position for examining the causes of the superiority of the one and the degradation of the other. Until, however, these standards be ascertained, it is just as obvious that all reasoning on the subject must be vague and inconclusive. A striking example of this simple truth has been recently exhibited in our own country; some years ago, the sufferings of the factory operatives, and their physical and moral wretchedness, were pictured with great force of eloquence in both houses of parliament and in the columns of several leading journals; British humanity—and Britain has a very abundant stock of the article, and a still more copious supply of its spurious imitations—was appealed to; and we were not far from being persuaded that our manufacturing supremacy was a national curse, calamity,

and disgrace. The operatives took advantage of this popular clamour: they hoped by its means to diminish the use of machinery and the employment of children in factories, and as a consequence to secure for themselves higher wages. It is scarcely necessary, in the present state of economic science, to turn aside from our immediate object, and show that the success of the operatives would have been ruinous to their own interests; the results of machinery are too well understood by all, except those whom the stream of time has left stranded on the beach to gaze in stupid wonder on the current that rolls by. The manufacturers answered the charges made against them by an appeal to incontrovertible facts, the tables of mortality, the records of hospitals and police-offices, the registers of parishes and courts of justice; but there are still people in the world, who prefer the figures of speech to the figures of arithmetic, and the rules of Longinus to those of Cocker. Pathetic tales, more than sufficient to supply a whole generation of novelists, prevailed over a dull, dry parade of stupid figures, and a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine the state of our manufacturing population. The Report is now open before us, and, with the exception of the memorable Report on the silk trade, in which six lines from the Committee are the prelude to one thousand pages of opposing statements and contradictory evidence, we never beheld so extraordinary a result from the labours of sane men. It was scarcely contended that mortality was increased by factory employment, but it was strenuously asserted that life was rendered a burden, and that Coleridge's daring personification of "Life in Death," in his "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," was but a faint and feeble image of life in manufactories. Finally, the Committee came to a conclusion in which nothing was concluded, and a commission was issued to investigate the subject. The extraordinary merits of the reports produced by the Factory Commissioners, documents in which the exactness of science is for the first time fully proved to be the only guide for enlightened humanity and really useful charity, state-papers that are an honour to our age and country, lead us to forgive, and almost forget, the series of absurdities which caused their production, and which they effectively counteracted. We extract one table from these invaluable Reports; it decisively settles the question of the effect of factory labour on the health of children, tested by the best attainable standard, growth in size and weight: it is however to be regretted, that relative strength, tested by the dynamometer, was not also examined, for this is one of the surest measures of the effects produced by an injurious occupation.

Comparative average Age and Weight of Children employed in Factories and engaged in other Avocations.

FACTORY CHILDREN.					NON-FACTORY CHILDREN.			
Age.	Males.		Females.		Males.		Females.	
	Weight, lbs.	Size, inches.	Weight, lbs.	Size, inches.	Weight, lbs.	Size, inches.	Weight, lbs.	Size, inch.
9	51.76	48.139	51.13	47.970	53.26	48.564	50.44	48.438
10	57.00	49.789	54.80	49.624	60.28	50.650	54.44	49.371
11	61.84	51.261	59.69	51.155	58.36	51.005	61.13	52.099
12	65.97	53.380	66.08	53.703	67.25	52.962	66.07	53.666
13	72.11	54.477	73.25	55.636	75.36	54.977	72.72	55.069
14	77.09	56.585	83.41	57.745	78.68	56.625	83.43	58.226
15	88.35	59.638	87.86	58.503	86.83	58.020	93.61	59.153
16	98.00	61.600	96.22	59.811	110.30	63.201	91.16	58.083
17	104.46	62.673	100.21	60.413	117.80	64.068	102.44	60.708
18	106.13	63.318	106.35	62.721	126.30	69.891	122.00	64.750

Average in weight of an equal number of males and females of all the above ages, from nine to seventeen, inclusive.

	lbs.		lbs.
Boys employed in factories	75.175	Girls employed in factories	74.739
Non-factory boys	78.680	Non-factory girls	75.049

Average in size of an equal number of males and females of all the above ages, from nine to seventeen, inclusive.

	lbs.		lbs.
Boys employed in factories	55.282	Girls employed in factories	54.951
Non-factory boys	55.563	Non-factory girls	54.971

Numbers weighed and measured for preparing the above table.

Factory boys	410	Non-factory boys	227
Factory girls	652	Nonfactory girls	201

Leaving now these more general views of statistics, we shall go lightly through some of the principal laws of human nature from birth to death examined by M. Quetelet, dwelling at length only on those which require to be more thoroughly investigated, or have too immediate a bearing on the general interests of society to be dismissed lightly.

Many curious and important questions are connected with the facts of births and fecundity of marriages. It appears that more boys are born than girls in the proportion of about 105 to 100, and that this proportion is rather greater in legitimate than illegi-

imate births.* It appears, also, that this excess of male births is slightly, if at all, varied by climate; but that it varies considerably in relation to the comparative ages of the parents. We have vainly sought for documents to scrutinize this law; Professor Hofacker in Germany, and Mr. Sadler in this country, have examined the subject, and arrived at very nearly the same results. The professor, however, confesses that he could obtain only a limited number of observations, and Mr. Sadler had no document but Debrett's Peerage. We quote Professor Hofacker's table, with the hope that it may attract the notice of medical men and induce them to keep a record of their observations.

Age of the Husband.	Age of the Wife.	Number of Boys born for every 100 girls.
The husband is younger	than the wife	90·6
The husband is the same age ..	as the wife	90·0
The husband is older	by from 3 to 6 years	103·4
Do. do.	by from 6 to 9 years	124·7
Do. do.	by from 9 to 18 years	143·7
Do. do.	by 18 years and upwards	200·0
The husband's age is between } 24 and 36	the wife's between 16 and 26 ..	116·6
Do. do.	the wife's between 36 and 46 ..	95·4
The husband's age is between } 36 and 48	the wife is younger	176·9
Do. do.	the wife is of middle age	114·3
Do. do.	the wife is older	109·2
The husband's age is between } 48 and 60	the wife of middle age	190·0

With regard to fecundity of marriages, we shall simply extract M. Quetelet's general results, without comment.

" 1. Precocious marriages cause more or less sterility, and produce children with less than the ordinary chances of life.

" 2. Marriages that are not barren produce the same number of children whatever be the age at which they take place, provided that this age does not exceed about thirty-three years for the husband, and twenty-six for the wife; after which period the productiveness of the parties diminishes.

" 3. The most productive marriages are those in which the husband is as old or a little older than the wife."

• To these we may add a new statistical law, first announced by Mr. Woronzow Greg in his Report on the Social Statistics of the

¶ The equality of the sexes seems to be subsequently restored by the greater average mortality of male infants.

Netherlands, read at the recent meeting of the British Association in Dublin.

“ We now come to notice one proportion, discovered by my brother and myself, some years ago, which is so constant, as almost to entitle it to the appellation of a general law, though the *modus operandi* is not easy to conjecture. *The proportion of births to a marriage* (cipher of fecundity) *appears to vary inversely as the proportion of marriages to the population* (cipher of marriage).

Provinces.	Cipher of fecundity.	Cipher of marriage.	Provinces.	Cipher of fecundity.	Cipher of marriage.
Limbourg.....	3.09	90.3	W. Flanders	5.01	167.7
N. Holland, &c. ..	4.50	104.4	Namur	5.06	150.9
Overysse.....	4.60	121.9	N. Brabant	5.14	150.0
Antwerp	4.65	142.9	Groningen	5.17	149.3
Drenthe	4.69	140.3	Liege	5.33	154.1
S. Holland	4.74	113.3	Luxembourg	5.37	149.9
Guelderland.....	4.75	131.1	S. Brabant	5.45	142.2
Utrecht	4.86	118.2	Zealand	5.49	113.7
Hainault	4.98	136.5	Friesland	5.75	128.7
			E. Flanders	5.82	165.3
Average	4.54	121.0	Average	5.36	144.2

“ The same inverse proportion is observable in the eighty-six departments of France; a synopsis of which is here given, for the sake of brevity.

In the Departments of France where the Cipher of Marriage is	The Cipher of fecundity is
Under	112
From	112 to 130
	130 .. 140
	140 .. 150
	150 .. 160
	160 .. 170
	170

“ In the counties of England the same result obtains, thus :—

ENGLAND.

In Counties where the Cipher of Marriage is	The Cipher of fecundity is
Under	120
From	120 to 130
	130 .. 140
	140 .. 150
	150 .. 160
	160 .. 170
	170

M. Quetelet next proceeds to investigate the influence of climate, season, the hour of the day, &c., and the preventive checks resulting from the density of population, and the ratio of mortality. These and many similar heads of inquiry, we reluctantly pass over, because to examine them efficiently would demand more space than we can devote to the author's entire work. To those who feel an interest in this department of statistical science, we particularly recommend the chapter on still-born children; but we cannot quit it without quoting a gratifying proof of the rapid advance of obstetrical knowledge, taken from Hawkins' *Elements of Medical Statistics*. In the Lying-in Hospital of London, where nearly 5000 patients are received annually, the following changes have taken place in the ratio of mortality:—

YEARS.	Proportion of Deaths among the Mothers.	Proportion of Deaths among the Children.
From 1749 to 1758	1 in 42	1 in 15
— 1759 — 1768	1 — 50	1 — 20
— 1769 — 1778	1 — 55	1 — 42
— 1779 — 1788	1 — 60	1 — 44
— 1789 — 1798	1 — 288	1 — 77

During the last period the mortality of mothers at the Hôtel Dieu in Paris was 1 in 15 for mothers, almost twenty times greater than that of London.

The subjects of mortality and population occupy the remainder of M. Quetelet's first volume. We shall only point out a few of his results. The influence of place on mortality proves that cold climates are more favourable to life than warm climates.

“ In the north of Europe there is 1 death for 41·1 inhabitants.

In the centre 1 40·8

In the south 1 33·7

At Batavia (lat. 6° 10') 1 26.”

The difference between the mortality of cities and the country is sufficiently marked in Belgium. There were

“ In the cities .. 1 death for every 36·9 inhabitants.

In the country, 1 46·9.”*

* We cannot satisfactorily ascertain this difference in England; the rate of mortality, however, for London and Glasgow differs but slightly from that for the country parts of Belgium. There is in London 1 death for 46·0 inhabitants; in Glasgow, 1 for 46·8.

It is remarked that great fecundity is always accompanied by great mortality. England, the republic of Guanaxuato in Mexico, the two extremes in the scale of population, exhibit this very forcibly.

STATES.	PROPORTION OF INHABITANTS		
	To a Marriage.	To a Birth.	To a Death.
In England	154.00	35.00	58.00
In the Republic of Guanaxuato..	69.76	16.08	19.70

But in this estimate it must be observed that the fecundity of the population is a very different thing from the fecundity of marriages. In fact, a great mortality must diminish the fecundity of marriages, by lessening their duration and increasing the number of second and third nuptials. The influence of sex on mortality is very marked at different ages; it is even appreciable before birth, the number of still-born males to that of females being in the proportion of about 3 to 2; the number of deaths during the first two months of life is as 4 to 3; in the third, fourth and fifth months as 5 to 4; thenceforward the difference gradually diminishes, and about the tenth month wholly disappears.* Between the ages of 14 and 18 the mortality of females is sensibly greater than that of males; from 21 to 26 the direct contrary is observed; from 26 to 50, female mortality exceeds male, and the difference is greater in the country than in the towns;† from 50 upwards the mortality of both sexes is nearly alike.

Age is the circumstance that most remarkably modifies the law of mortality, as may be seen by the inspection of our ordinary tables of life.‡ The age of five years is that in which the probable duration of life is greatest; the mortality of infancy is excessive.§ M. Quetelet calculates the following number of deaths

* It must be borne in mind that the excess of male over female births is not, taken alone, sufficient to account for this disparity of mortality, the proportion between male and female births being only about as 20 to 19.

† There is an obvious cause for this disparity in the fact that women in the towns do not, during pregnancy, engage in such laborious tasks as women in the country.

‡ We have already complained of the inaccuracy of our ordinary life-tables, but we have been just informed that an eminent statistician is engaged in preparing a new series of tables, in which the distinctions of profession, place, sex, &c. will be carefully preserved.

§ M. Quetelet attributes no small portion of this mortality to infant baptism, but we think he estimates too highly the injurious effects of exposure in a cold church, and the infant's fright, especially in English cities, where the churches are well warmed.

out of 10,000 births for the accompanying four classes of infants under one year of age.

Out of 10,000 male children born in the city .. 2574 die in the first year.

Ditto. born in the country, 2425

Ditto. female children born in the city .. 2068

Ditto. born in the country, 1999

Average deaths among 10,000 children 2266 in the first year.

In fact, one-tenth of the infants that enter the world die in the first month. We trust soon to have an opportunity afforded us of scrutinizing this subject more closely by the publication of M. Villermè's long expected work,* and we therefore pass over the less important influences that modify mortality, and the many disputable questions connected with the general laws of population.†

In his second volume M. Quetelet commences by estimating the development of size, weight, and force. We have already shown the important bearing of the first two elements on a vital political question; it is easy to show that they may be turned to a very profitable account in medical jurisprudence. There are countless occasions on which it would be of the utmost importance to determine the age of an individual by physical qualities; but science as yet does not furnish us with any such resource, but leaves us in most cases to a frightful empiricism.

"When a physician is called upon to examine the body of a child found dead, and from simple inspection states the probable age of the infant, it is manifest that no element exists for the verification of his opinion, however erroneous it may be. If, on the contrary, to his estimation of the age were appended the size and weight of the body, and some other physical characteristics capable of direct measurement, and if we had besides exact tables of the cipher of these physical characters for different ages, and the limits of their variations for children regularly formed, not only would the physician's opinion be susceptible of verification, but it would scarcely be required if the elements of verification admitted of great exactness. Such approximations (supposing perfect certainty unattainable) ought not to be rejected in legal medicine, since they tend to substitute precise characters and exact data for the vague and frequently erroneous guesses of empiricism."

The investigations on the intensity of force at different ages, the quickness of the pulse, the number of inspirations, speed in

However, we happen to know three families, all very large, indeed together amounting to twenty-nine, parents not included, in which, from such notion, it was customary not to have the children baptized before they were three years old, and out of this number only one died in infancy.

* Its title is "*Des Lois de la Population, ou Rapport de la Médecine avec l'Economie politique.*" We understand that it is nearly through the press.

† The fierce controversies that have raged on most of these points afford a sufficient reason for omitting their discussion in a merely general view of statistical science.

walking or running, height and distance in leaping, &c., point to some very singular conclusions; but the observations are not sufficiently numerous to establish a definite result. Mr. Babbage, at the meeting of the British Association in Cambridge, dwelt very strongly upon the great advantages that would result from constructing tables of *Constants* for all that is measurable in the different kingdoms of Nature.

M. Quetelet has endeavoured to supply the portion of that gigantic plan which relates to the measureable qualities of man. There are, however, many important matters which yet are wholly untouched. In a conversation on the subject of these Constants with Mr. Babbage, at the recent meeting in Dublin, he stated to us, as he had previously done to M. Quetelet, that he had often minuted several human actions, for instance, how many steps a man takes in a minute; how many strokes of an oar a sailor makes; how many blows of a hammer a smith gives; how many stitches a tailor puts in a piece of cloth; and that he had found these numbers little liable to variation. We have to a very limited extent repeated these observations with precisely the same result. In the course of the investigation, we found that the uniformity of the sound of the hammers in a forge produced a species of harmony to the ear; just as, when we recline by a mountain-brook fretting and dashing over countless obstacles, the separate sounds come at first confused on the ear, but, after a time, from their regularity, melt into one tone of soothing melody. It would be highly interesting to continue these observations, and also to determine whether they have any and what relations to sex, age, pulsations, inspirations, and other physical attributes.

The determination of the average man in his moral and intellectual character is beset with difficulties that at first sight seem insuperable. We have a unit of measurement for size and weight; we have the dynamometer to estimate strength; but where is the standard for determining courage, virtue, memory, or genius? May we not, however, approximate to correctness by diligently registering the effects? Suppose that the aggregate of certain crimes in one community is as 1 to 10,000 of the population, and the aggregate of crimes in another community is as 1 to 5000 of the population, have we not here some means of judging their relative tendency to that particular crime? Again, let there be two boys at school, one of whom can learn by rote a certain number of lines in half an hour, while another will require three hours to master the same task, have we not data for estimating their relative quickness? And if one has lost the remembrance of these lines at the end of a month, while the other retains them to the end of a year, cannot we institute a comparison between the relative tenacity of their memories?

And here we cannot forbear making an important psychological remark suggested by a long course of observations made by ourselves and others on the education of the memory. Quickness and tenacity of memory are essentially different qualities, and neither of them is identical with the still more valuable quality, readiness of memory. The habit of getting by rote is easily acquired by practice, but its utility is not merely questionable, its excessive cultivation is positively injurious. Few persons can have seen much of a university education without discovering that what are called "crammed men," who have imbibed from tutors a fixed amount of knowledge to gain a particular honour, or pass a particular examination, generally forget as fast as they have acquired, and in a few years appear as if they had never learned. Tenacity of memory is a much more valuable acquirement, but even this, when merely verbal, is more injurious than serviceable. We knew an instance of a student, who actually learned the six books of Euclid by heart, though he could not tell the difference between an angle and a triangle. This was discovered by accident; one of his plates was missing while he was under examination; his examiner drew a figure, and placed the letters in a different order from that to which he had been accustomed, and the poor youth was completely at a stand-still. Readiness of memory, like quickness and tenacity, may be greatly improved, if not acquired, by practice. Repeated interrogatories, judiciously worded, form the entire secret of the educational art; but schoolmasters in general find it much easier passively to hear a task, than to muster up as much intellectual energy as is necessary to ask a question.

This is not a digression from our subject, on the contrary it shows the vast importance of statistical inquiries in the important science of education—a science, by the way, at a lower ebb in England than in any other civilized nation on the earth.

The most important question in moral statistics is the law of the tendency to crimes, and the causes by which it is modified. M. Quetelet especially examines the influence of seasons, climate, sex, and age, and shows that these do produce variations of considerable amount. But there is a preliminary difficulty urged by M. Alphonse de Candolle, which we do not think has been satisfactorily obviated; all reasoning respecting the statistics of crime are based upon a certain number brought under the cognizance of the law, which, however, form only an indefinite part of all the crimes committed. M. Quetelet answers, that the discovered crimes in any country bear a tolerably definite proportion to the entire number of crimes committed, and thinks that this is proved by the astonishing constancy with which the same, or nearly the

same, numbers are reproduced annually in the returns of crime. Now, though this regularity is very striking in the criminal registers of France and Belgium, as may be seen in the table of murders quoted at the commencement of this article, the English returns present no such aniformity, as will appear from the following table:—

Return of Committals for Crime in England and Wales.

(From Marshall's Statistical Tables.)

YEARS....	1824.	1825.	1826.	1827.	1828.	1829.	1830.	1831.
Larceny	10,526	11,147	12,478	13,380	11,300	13,885	13,399	13,698
Burglary	460	428	478	572	249	171	155	152
Highway-Robbery	258	189	307	381	314	299	301	573
Arson	28	22	17	14	14	37	45	10
Murder	73	94	57	65	83	47	65	57
Offences against Game Laws ..	178	151	188	284	366	230	141	105
Total of Committals	13,698	14,437	16,164	17,921	16,564	18,675	18,107	19,647
No bill found	1,662	1,685	1,786	1,950	1,672	1,800	1,832	2,094
Acquitted	2,611	2,788	3,271	3,407	3,169	3,614	3,470	3,723
Convicted	9,425	9,664	11,107	12,564	11,723	13,261	12,805	13,830
Sentenced to Death	1,017	986	1,146	1,456	1,086	1,311	1,351	1,549
Executed	49	50	57	70	79	74	46	52

We have quoted only a portion of these returns, because this is sufficient to show either that the recurrence of crimes in England is more variable than in France or Belgium, or that our registers are less exact. The latter appears to be in some measure the case, for there is a greater approach to uniformity in the last three years. The British islands are, however, subjected to a cause of perturbation from which France and Belgium are exempt—the administration of justice by an unpaid magistracy. Facility of communication; and the reports of cases in the public journals, are fast producing uniformity in England and Wales; but in Ireland the executive varies in every county, and almost in every parish. We could name more than one instance in which the criminal calendar, heaviest in the kind and number of offences, proved to be the lightest when scrutinized at the assizes; but we only refer to the subject for the purpose of warning statisticians to examine beyond the simple facts stated in the returns, when they institute comparisons between the amount of crimes in different districts.

But a much more important question remains yet to be discussed—the effect of education on the tendency to crime. “It is now,” says a writer in a popular periodical, “established by decisive evidence, that public instruction not only has no effect whatever in diminishing the tendency to crime, but that it greatly increases it.” The chief foundation for this strange assertion is of course M. Guerry’s celebrated work on the Moral Statistics of

France. He proves indisputably that there are most crimes against property in the departments where there is most public instruction; but he does not add that these are also the wealthiest portions of France. Of course there will be most crimes against property where there are most temptations and opportunities for their commission. To deduce any argument from the concomitancy of crime and instruction appears to us not very unlike the argument of the preacher, who tried to demonstrate the wisdom of Providence from the fact that large rivers always flow near large towns.

A more difficult objection to the diffusion of education is furnished in the following extract from a Report made to the Middlesex Magistrates by the Chaplain of Coldbath Fields Prison:

"As to the capabilities of prisoners to receive instruction, the chaplain, desirous of ascertaining on certain data what capabilities prisoners possessed of acquiring religious and moral instruction to counteract the demoralizing influence with which they are surrounded, has inquired into the education of 967 prisoners individually, viz. 701 males, and 266 females, in this prison on the 20th of September last.

"The following result appears:—

PRISONERS	967
Those uneducated, first imprisonment	56
Ditto, imprisoned before	48
Those educated, first imprisonment	646
Ditto, imprisoned before	217
Total, first imprisonment	702
Total, imprisoned before	265

"From this inquiry the chaplain draws his conclusion, that it is not the want of education, but the absence of principle, which leads to crime."

Before examining the validity of the worthy chaplain's conclusion, we must quote another document brought forward by the opponents of education.

Return of the PRISONERS in Glasgow Bridewell,

From June, 1834, to June, 1835.

State of Education.	SCOTCH.			ENGLISH.			IRISH.			FOREIGN.			TOTAL.		
	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.
Can read and write..	78	32	108	15	9	24	15	9	24	98	33	131
Can read only	36	66	101	3	2	5	25	9	34	2	1	3	66	77	143
Can neither read nor write	9	18	27	12	..	12	12	10	22	1	..	1	24	28	52
Total	121	115	236	18	2	20	46	20	66	3	1	4	168	138	306

Before any inference could be deduced from these documents, we should first have accurately ascertained the proportion of the educated to the uneducated in the several populations; and, secondly, we should have some account of the amount and quality, as well as of the fact of education, or rather instruction. The Report of the Manchester Statistical Society's Committee on the State of Education in that Borough, affords abundant proof that the nature, extent, and efficacy of the instruction afforded, is not to be measured by the mere test of capability to write and read. We shall quote a few anecdotes to prove that, in all future educational inquiries, the qualifications of the masters must be investigated as well as the number of the pupils.

"In one of the seminaries of learning, where there were about 130 children, the noise and confusion was so great as to render the replies of the master to the inquiries put to him totally inaudible; he made several attempts to obtain silence, but without effect; at length, as a last effort, he ascended his desk, and striking it forcibly with a ruler, said in a strong Hibernian accent, 'I'll tell you what it is, boys, the first I hear make a noise, I'll call him up, and kill him entirely;' and then, perceiving probably on the countenance of his visitor some expression of dismay at this murderous threat, he added quickly, in a more subdued tone, 'almost I will.' His menace produced no more effect than his previous appeals had done. A dead silence succeeded for a minute or two; then the whispering recommenced, and the talking, shuffling of feet, and general disturbance, was soon as bad as ever. The master gave up the point, saying, as he descended from his desk, 'You see the brutes, there's no managing them.' The committee met with two instances of schools kept by masters of some abilities, but much given to drinking, who had, however, gained such a reputation in their neighbourhood, that, after spending a week or fortnight in this pastime, they could always fill their school-rooms again as soon as they returned to their post. The children, during the absence of the masters, go to other schools for the week, or play in the streets, or are employed by their parents in running errands, &c. On another occasion, one of these instructors and guardians of the morals of our youth, was met issuing from his school-room, at the head of his scholars, to see a *fight* in the neighbourhood; and, instead of stopping to reply to any educational queries, only uttered a breathless invitation to come along and see the sport."

We should be very glad to know from the chaplain, who decided so flippantly on the inutility of education, if he had first inquired whether the persons he examined were really educated, or whether they had been merely instructed in reading and writing? It is manifest that it would be better for the pupils of such masters as those described in the Manchester Report, to have remained for ever without instruction, than to have been subjected to such authoritative contamination. Until some care be taken to give the same security by law for the health of the mind as is given for the health of the body; until schoolmasters

are subjected to at least as rigid a scrutiny as apothecaries; it is perfect nonsense to talk of education having failed to check the progress of crime in England.

But we can even now statistically prove the beneficial effects of education, where the primary schools are under the superintendence of a minister of public instruction, which is always a guarantee for their being more usefully conducted, than when left to the superintendence of a master or of voluntary subscribers. Mr. Gregg, in the admirable Report to which we have more than once referred, has classed the provinces of the Netherlands in four divisions proportionate to their relative amount of education. We shall quote his comments as well as his table—they are equally instructive and encouraging.

Provinces.	Per centage of the Population at School.		Inhabitants for every Murder, Rape, or Violent Assault.
" In the 5 first provinces, where	13.9	..	52.960
5 next.....	11.5	..	43.380
3 next.....	10.3	..	31.700
4 last.....	7.9	..	20.720

" Thus we do find, that, where the greatest quantum of education exists, the more heinous crimes of violence diminish in frequency. Upon crimes of fraud I should doubt any effect being produced, (appreciable by similar tables,) as the causes of these depend often less on the individual, if we may so speak, than on the circumstances by which he is surrounded.

" The fairest and most satisfactory mode, however, of ascertaining the effect of education in diminishing crime is to ascertain the proportion of offenders who have received instruction. M. Guerry thinks that even in this way no accurate or gratifying result can be arrived at. Let us examine the state of matters in France, Belgium and America. The data for constructing the following table are taken from M. Quêtelet and Dr. Lieber, and reduced to centesimal proportions.

Degree of Education.	FRANCE.		Proportion between the two kinds.	ALL KINDS OF CRIMINALS.		
	Criminals against Property.	Criminals against Person.		France.	Belgium.	America.
None	616	583	3.3	610	610	256
Very imperfect	262	282	2.8	266	150	551
Decent	103	113	2.7	103	200	180
Superior.....	19	22	2.6	21	40	13
Total	1000	1000		1000	1000	1000

“ Two conclusions are to be drawn from this table, which has been constructed with the greatest care : *First*, that 81 per cent. of the crimes are committed by persons having received no education or a very imperfect one ; and only 19 per cent. by those having had the benefit of a decent or a superior one.

“ *Secondly*, The fourth column shows the number of crimes against property for one against the person, among each division of criminals. From this it appears that the best educated commit, *proportionally*, more crimes of violence than of fraud. This is natural, inasmuch as, while their *passions* are equally strong, their temptations to theft are incomparably less than those of the ignorant, who are generally also the poor.” —pp. 26, 27.

We have now examined a few of M. Quetelet's investigations into the physical, intellectual, and moral developments of human nature. Much that is valuable, and much that is curious, we have been reluctantly compelled to pass over ; compelled by the abundance of his materials to make a selection, we have chosen as specimens those topics in statistical science which are of most pressing and immediate interest. Our great object has been to show the vast importance of statistical research nationally and individually, to gain a new hearing in the cause—“ the figures of arithmetic *versus* the figures of speech.” In the course of our observations we have had to censure, more in sorrow than in anger, the great neglect of statistical science in these kingdoms ; but we must add that in this, as in many other departments of knowledge, we see the dawn of a better day. To say nothing of the valuable tables compiled by Finlayson, Rickman and Marshall, with industry that may well excite wonder, and skill above all praise, we may refer to many admirable statistical papers in the *Spectator*, but, above all, to the Ordnance Survey now in progress in Ireland, a copy of which was laid before the British Association at its recent meeting in Dublin. In moving that the thanks of that body should be given to his excellency the Lord Lieutenant for having sent the copies, Mr. Babbage, with equal truth and justice, declared that “ the gentlemen engaged in its preparation had earned a right to the lasting gratitude of their countrymen as national benefactors.” In this truly national work we have an accurate account of all that is performed by man, or produced by nature, within the geographical limits of Ireland ; it will, when complete, be an invaluable record of the country's resources, and, at the same time, will show how they may be developed so as to promote the best interests of society.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXX.

BELGIUM.

The first volume of the History of Flanders, and its civil and political institutions to the year 1305, by Professor Warnkœnig, is just published.

M. Duvasme-Pletinckx has announced for publication a complete collection of the works of Rubens, in lithographic plates. It will contain at least 1500 works of that great artist.

A Royal Society of Sciences has been established at Antwerp, and, though it has existed only six months, it already boasts of many eminent names of foreign literati among its members, such as Alex. von Humboldt, Charles Dupin, Dr. Pariset, Alexander de la Borde, De Candolle, Magendie, Hufeland, &c. &c.

M. Joly, a Belgian, has written a Play, called "Jacques Artevelde," which has been performed with great success, and is highly spoken of by the Belgian journals.

The Royal Commission for collecting the Chronicles and Histories of Belgium held a meeting on the 20th of August. M. Gachard, the Secretary, communicated much interesting information. He had been sent by the Minister of the Interior to Dusseldorf to examine the Archives of that city, which were known to contain many manuscripts relative to the History of the Belgic provinces. His mission was successful beyond his expectation. M. Lacomblet, keeper of the Archives, not only assisted in examining the documents to which his attention had been directed, but communicated many others of great importance relative to the history of Belgium. There are even some that regard English history.

As connected with literature, it may be interesting to some of our readers to be informed of a remarkable sale of the splendid and valuable collection of the late Count de Rinesse Breidbach, which was to commence at Antwerp on the 1st of October, for the first part, and on the 16th of May, 1836, for the second portion. This second portion contains 50,000 medals and coins, ancient and modern; with a library of 700 works on numismatology; a collection of antiquities, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Celtic, German, &c.; another of antiquities of the middle ages; a collection of 4000 diplomas, 400 seals, and 10,000 prints,—many of them are extremely rare and curious.

M. Serrare, keeper of the archives of East Flanders, has translated from the Flemish, "*Le Jeu d'Esmeré, fils du Roi de Sicile.*" This he maintains to be the oldest drama of the grave kind; and it belongs to the most brilliant period of the older Flemish poetry, that is to say, the first half of the fourteenth century.

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DENMARK.

The following is extracted from the annual report of the proceedings of the Society of Northern Archæology at Copenhagen, 1834—1835. Professor Schlegel, the President, at the meeting on the 31st of January, gave a general view of the proceedings and affairs of the Society during the last year. Conformably to its chief object, that of publishing ancient Icelandic and other Northern writings, the Society has printed, in the course of the year, *Fornmanna Saga*, No. 9, and *Oldnordiska Saga*, No. 9, containing, the first in the original Icelandic, the second in a Danish translation, the Sagas, (or Chronicles,) of the Norwegian kings Hakon Sverrison, Guttorm Sigurson, and Ingi Bardson, with the Saga of Hakon Hakonson, to the death of Duke Skuli; or the period from 1184 to 1240. The following will be shortly published, "*Fornmanna Saga*, No. 10," "*Oldnordiska Saga*, No. 10," and "*Scripta Historica Islandorum*, vol. vi. and vii.; the first two of which will contain the conclusion of the Royal Sagas in Icelandic and Danish; the two last, (which are ready for the press,) the history of the Norwegian Kings from Magnus the Good to Magnus Erlingson, in a Latin translation.

The Society resolved in 1831 to use all the means in its power to clear up the ancient history of Greenland, and especially, if possible, to determine with certainty the site of the old European settlement, Eysribygd, and of the Episcopal See of Gardar, which flourished there for many centuries. With this view, the Society resolved to have excavations and researches made, especially in the district of Julianehaab and on the coast of Davis's Straits. These operations were commenced in 1832, and were continued in 1833 and 1834. Much interesting information has already been obtained. The Society also resolved to publish in a separate work, "on the Historical Monuments of Greenland," as complete a collection as possible of the accounts of Greenland, contained in the ancient Icelandic historical books. The printing of this work, as well as of another accompanied with a Latin translation, "on the Voyages of Discovery to America, undertaken by the old inhabitants of the North," has been continued this year. Captain Graub has constructed for this collection, from his own surveys, a special map of the district of Julianehaab, which is now in the hands of the engraver.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities has received many valuable additions during the last year. The third volume of the *Archæological Journal* of the society has been printed. The society has also printed a German translation of several of its most interesting articles, illustrated with numerous plates; but only for the German members of the society.

Professor Olshausen of Kiel has announced that the family of the celebrated Carsten Niebuhr are now preparing, after a lapse of so many years, to publish the third volume of his *Travels in Arabia*.

FRANCE.

In the last Number of this Journal, we gave a brief account of the great works relative to the national history of France, either projected or already commenced. We have now to advert to a new society, the nature and gigantic plans of which merit a far more extended notice than our limits will here allow us to give, but to which we shall doubtless have occasion frequently to recur. Within the last ten years a new era has commenced in the study and composition of history. Everywhere, and in all the sciences, the historical

features are the most prominent ; historical schools predominate in philosophy and jurisprudence ; systems and reasonings give way to pragmatic developments ; poetry (including romance) draws its materials from history, and the historian admits into his narrative more and more of the elements of poetry. The intellectual and moral history of mankind is more and more blended with the political : the history of the sciences and arts, of the ideas, the opinions, the domestic manners of nations, everywhere accompanies that of empires, kings, and generals. This conviction has given rise in different countries to associations in one and the same historical undertaking, such, for instance, as that under the direction of Uckert and Heeren in Germany. This too has given rise to the society established about sixteen months ago under the title of *Institut Historique*, which has become so extensive, has so many proofs of its activity to produce, and is about to execute such vast plans, that it is high time to call the attention of the learned world to it. The number of the members is about 800, of whom one half are Frenchmen, the others natives of almost all countries. Among the French members are Chateaubriand, Reinhard, the Dukes of Broglie, Doudeauville, and Montmorency, Messrs. de Fizensac, Choiseul, Noailles, the Academicians, Michlet, Carnot, Destutt de Tracy, Lamartine, Bory de St. Vincent, G. Saint Hilaire, &c. &c. The historians, such as Thierry, Daru, Capefigue, Barante, of course belong to it. The *Journal de l'Institut historique* began in August last year, and appears regularly in monthly numbers of four sheets. Its chief value, as far as France is concerned, is, that it is the first example in that country of independent criticism. The second undertaking of the society is the *Annuaire de l'Institut historique*, which is composed by a committee of thirty members, and the first annual volume of which will appear in January, 1836, and contain the political and scientific history of Europe for 1835. Another committee is engaged on a *Manuel diplomatique*. The commencement of a more intimate personal acquaintance between the European historians is to take place on the 15th of November, for which day the *Institut historique* invites a great European historical congress to Paris, to which all the learned societies in Europe are requested to send deputies. This congress is to sit a fortnight, and questions are prepared in all the classes of the Institute, which are to be submitted to this congress. But the undertaking which is of the greatest importance to Europe, and is unparalleled both in its plan and the manner of its execution, is the *Dictionnaire de l'Institut historique*, which is intended to supersede all existing historical repertoires, and is to be composed under the direction of an association of historians of all nations and countries. The plan is as follows :—The contents of the *Dictionnaire* will be exclusively historical ; it will not go beyond the limits of this circle, which is itself so extensive, but it will embrace History completely and in all its phases, and comprehend equally Men, Events, and Things. By Things is understood whatever relates to the history of Science, Language, Art, to the development of human activity in Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce ; and it will pay as much regard to the history of the manners and customs of nations, as to that of political events, which have hitherto been thought alone worthy of detailed notice. The number of the articles will of course be very great ; but a simple classification will greatly lessen the labour, and prevent repetitions. The articles are of three kinds. Those of the third class are very short notices, often only larger definitions with reference to the greater articles. Those of the second class relate to Facts, Men, Ideas, remarkable historical Epochs. Those of the first class are devoted to Events and Men that changed the face of a great part of the world (Alexander, Charlemagne), to a great historical period (the Middle Ages), to a great aggregate of countries (Russia, India), to some important social relation (Islamism, Languages, &c.), or lastly to a

great class of Nations, or of Mankind in general (the Priesthood, Races): In general the articles relative to *Men* (i. e. individuals) will be much less numerous than those on *Events, Ideas, and Things*, otherwise history becomes biography. It is impossible to enter into details respecting the contents of this part of the work; the following are the prominent features:—1. Dynasties; 2. Great Historical Periods; 3. States, Provinces, Cities, and their History; 4. Confederations, Corporations, Religious and Military Orders; 5. Wars, Treaties of Peace, Conventions, Battles, Diplomacy; 6. Governments, Dignities, Offices; 7. Legislation, Laws, Customs, Codes; 8. Finances, Taxation, Loans, Money; 9. Manufactures, Commerce, Navigation, Mines, &c.; 10. Churches, Popes, Councils, Ecclesiastical administration, &c.; 11. Nobility, Third Estate, Peasantry, &c.; 12. Chivalry, Heraldry, Feudalism, Arms, Armies, Art of War; 13. Ordinary Life, Liberty, Personal Security, Habitation, Dress, Costumes, Fashions, Furniture, Luxury, Poverty, &c.; 14. Religions, Ceremonies, Festivals; 15. Monuments, Archæology, Cathedrals, &c.; 16. The Fine Arts; 17. Literary Activity, Printing, Progress of Philosophy, Theology, Sciences, Discoveries, &c.; 18. Sources and Documents, to facilitate the study of history. The extent of the work is calculated at forty volumes in large 8vo., each of thirty-two sheets, printed in double columns;* four volumes to be published every year. Such is a general, but very imperfect, outline of this great enterprise. A very remarkable circumstance is, that the Institute has resolved to commit the printing of the work to a German House, and commissioned a German member of the society to negotiate that business with some eminent German firm. So extraordinary a sacrifice of French national pride seems to indicate that the French book-trade must be in a very different state from what it is generally supposed to be.

A new edition, being the sixth, of the Dictionary of the French Academy, in two 4to. volumes, is publishing by Messrs. Didot. This work, a monument of industry, erudition, and accuracy, such as no other European nation can boast of, is the result of thirty years' assiduous labour under the superintendence of the successive secretaries of the National Institute, Morellet, Suard, Raynouard, Auger, Andrieux, and Arnault. Besides these a permanent committee, consisting of six of the most eminent French philologists and lexicographers, was appointed to revise and consider the individual articles prepared by them: and, after undergoing this critical ordeal, all proposed additions, alterations, and explanations from beginning to end were carefully considered and discussed at the general meetings of the Academy. Thus a single word, for example, *liberté, droit, constitution*, has frequently occupied a whole sitting; and this serves to show how the Academy could have been engaged for so long a period in the new edition of this national dictionary. To afford some idea of the scientific value and unimpeachable authority attaching to this work, we need only mention the names of the distinguished scholars and scientific men who have devoted their attention to its different departments:—1. In *Grammar, Poetry, Rhetoric, &c.*, Andrieux, Jouy, Villemain, de Feletz, Campenon, Jacretelle, Etienne, Arnault, &c.; 2. In *Philosophy, Education, the Natural Sciences*, Cuvier, Raynouard, Cousin, Droz, Fourier, Biot, Thenard, &c.; 3. In *Jurisprudence, Political Economy, History, Politics, Diplomacy, &c.*, Pastoret, Dupin, Royer-Collard, Segur, Daru, &c.; 5. In *Architecture, Painting, Music*, Huyot, Vaudoyer, Quatremère de Quincy, Guérin, Catel, Berton, &c.; 6. In *Nautical Affairs*, De Rosset, Admiral

* It seems to us that these volumes (500 pages each) will be too small. Our Edinburgh Gazetteer of 50 sheets or 800 pages is by no means an inconvenient size.

Roussin, &c.; 7. In *The Military Sciences*, General Bartin; in *Mechanics*, Jourdan; in *Manufactures*, Rey, &c.

A great number of unpublished Letters by St. François de Sales, are about to appear. The Sardinian ambassador at Paris, Count de Sales, has caused them to be transmitted from Turin to the publisher of the collected works of St. François. There are 310 letters to princes and princesses of the House of Savoy, and other distinguished persons.

M. Paulin of Paris has commenced, by the title of *Edition pittoresque des Classiques français et étrangers*, a series of illustrated works, which can scarcely fail to become popular in other countries as well as in France. He commences with *Gil Blas*, which alone will contain five hundred designs of the most different kinds, executed by the best engravers of France. This will be followed by *Molière's Plays*, a new translation of *Don Quixotte*, *Lafontaine's Fables*, *Orlando Furioso*, &c. *Molière* will be accompanied by 600 illustrations, and the other works in the like proportion. The subscription price of the *Gil Blas*, with its 500 plates and cuts, is no more than 12 francs.

In France, considerable attention is paid to the reprinting of the early French and Norman literature. M. Francisque Michel has published a report of his researches in the English libraries. The minister has given orders for the printing of the long metrical *Chronicle of Benoît de Sainte-More*, to transcribe which M. Michel was first sent to England: it will, we believe, be edited by M. Michel, and form two volumes in 4to. M. Michel is also printing the *Romance of Roncevaux* from the very early MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. At Rouen, Frere, the publisher of *Wace's Roman de la Rose*, is now printing the *Brut* of the same poet, and he has also in the press a collection of original and unpublished documents relating to the conquest of England by the Normans, in two vols. 8vo. edited by M. Michel.

In the 13th volume of the *Notices des Manuscrits*, M. Raynouard will give an abstract of a curious and hitherto unknown romance, in Provençal verse, preserved in a manuscript of the library of Carcassonne, to which he has given the title of "*Flamenca*," the name of the heroine, as it is imperfect at the beginning and end, and has no title in the MS. We regret to say, that this venerable scholar has been lately much afflicted with illness, which we fear will retard the progress of his great Dictionary of the Provençal and other dialects that have sprung from the Latin.

The Minister of Public Instruction has proposed a report to the King to have a new *Codex medicamentarius* composed by a certain number of members of the Royal Academy of Medicine. The King approved the plan.

The first volume of a translation, to be completed in five volumes, of Count Toreno's *History of the Insurrection, of the War, and of the Revolution of Spain*, on which he employed the many years of his exile, is just published.

GERMANY.

The German journals mention it as an extraordinary circumstance that the Grand Duke of Hesse has granted to Captain Ross an exclusive privilege, for twelve years, for the sale in his dominions of the *Narrative of his last Voyage*

in the English language, and also for the German translation of it made with his concurrence.

Macken of Reutlingen has announced a work on Greece, by Dr. J. W. Gess, entitled "Ancient and Modern Greece," in an 8vo. volume, with 74 illustrations.

The house of Grimmer of Dresden is preparing for publication, in numbers, a series of engravings on steel and copper representing the most remarkable productions of the fine arts and curiosities in the royal collections, by the title of "The Museums of Dresden." The graphic department will be superintended by Mr. Frenzel, inspector of the royal gallery; and the illustrative descriptions will be furnished by several literati and connoisseurs.

The same house is also publishing, in monthly numbers, "Chronicles of the City of Dresden," by Dr. Klemm, librarian to the King of Saxony, illustrated by numerous engravings. The work will be completed in 36 numbers, each containing two plates and two sheets of text.

Scheible of Leipzig is about to publish in six or eight parts, forming, when complete, a thick 8vo. volume, "Martin Luther, his Life and Works," by Dr. C. F. G. Stang, with 7 engravings on steel. The same bookseller is publishing, in the same form, "The Thirty Years' War and its Heroes," by Dr. C. A. Mehold, with six steel engravings. He announces, also, the speedy conclusion of Ernst Münch's "History of the Latest Times," by the publication of the second part of the sixth volume.



A small volume, by Mr. S. Matthies, has just appeared at Nürnberg, with the title of "Aeronautics in the highest Perfection, or Description of a new-invented and extremely simple Machine, which furnishes irrefragable proof that it is not only practicable for the Aeronaut to steer in any direction he pleases, but also that this will be actually accomplished within half-a-year."

M. von Hammer has concluded his admirable "History of the Ottoman Empire" with the tenth volume. The history itself finishes with the eighth, being brought down to the Peace of Kainardji. The ninth and tenth are occupied with valuable documents. The same distinguished author promises a "History of Ottoman Poetry," which will include specimens of the works of two thousand poets.

Dr. Carus, eminent as a physician, a physiologist and a connoisseur, has produced a work of great interest in his "Tour through Germany, Italy and Switzerland," in two volumes. It contains the result of his observations made in 1828, on his travels in company with Prince Frederick, Co-Regent of Saxony.

Public opinion in Germany holds out little more encouragement to young aspirants for poetical distinction than it does in England; nay, there is such a shyness for everything like verse, that many of the principal booksellers will not publish any poetry. Every Leipzig fair, nevertheless, brings at least thirty collections of poems, the authors of which, so far from receiving payment for them, have frequently themselves to defray the expenses of printing.

Erhard, the bookseller of Stuttgart, announces that he is preparing to publish a "Translation from the Spanish of Toreno's History of Spain, from 1808 to 1823," in three volumes, 8vo.

The first volume of K. L. von Knebel's "Posthumous Works," prepared for the press by Messrs. Varnhagen von  Mundt, is just published. The work will be completed in  before the end of the present year. The Correspondence contains letters from persons eminent for their rank, and also from many of the most distinguished writers of the last generation in Germany."

The house of Cotta, at Munich, has lately published engravings of the celebrated frieze by Thorwaldsen, representing the Entry of Alexander into Babylon, executed for the palace of the King of Denmark at Christiansborg. These plates, twenty-two in number, forming a volume in oblong folio, are engraved by Professor Amsler, after drawings by Fr. Overbeck, and the illustrative text which accompanies them is from the pen of Dr. Schorn.

The first volume of Dr. Flathe's "History of the Precursors of the Reformation," was published in the spring. The second was expected to appear about Michaelmas.

Dr. Gross-Hoffinger has published in an 8vo. volume, entitled "Leben, Wirken, und Tod des Kaisers," a very interesting sketch of the life and character of the late emperor of Austria. It is a tribute to the private and public virtues of the deceased monarch, and will be gratefully received by the millions who lived under his mild sway, and among whom (and they surely are the best judges) there is one universal sentiment of love and veneration. The work contains, also, an admirable view of the state of literature, manufactures and politics, in the Austrian empire. The publication of the "Life of the Emperor Joseph II." by the same author, is delayed, because he has thought it necessary to take a journey to Vienna, for the purpose of rendering it more complete.

HOLLAND.

Dr. Blume, author of the beautiful and scientific work "*Flora Java*," has announced for publication another work, under the title of "*Rumphia, sive Commentationes Botanicae, imprimis de plantis Indiae Orientalis*." The work is to consist of thirty-six numbers, each containing six plates, representing the rarest plants of the whole Indian Archipelago, from original drawings made on the spot by a skilful hand. The work will be in every respect a counterpart to the "*Flora Java*," so unfortunately interrupted at the thirty-fifth number by the insurrection in the Belgian provinces. The subscribers to that great work, and the lovers of botany in general, will be happy to learn, not only that the whole of the MS. is in the hands of the publishers, but that arrangements have been made for publishing the remaining numbers.

By permission of the king, M. G. van Prinsterer has commenced the publication of "*Archives, ou Correspondance inédite de la Maison d'Orange*." It commenced in the year 1552, and two volumes of the first series are published.

"The Trial of Constantine Polari," for stealing the jewels of the Princess of Orange, is published. The singularity of the robbery, the mystery in which it was long involved, the great value of the articles stolen, and the strange reports and whispered calumnies to which it gave rise, render it very interesting in Holland.

translation of Göthe's "Theory of Colours," by M. Bakker Korff, made its appearance.

ITALY.

The following works have been lately published at Rome:—"Monumenti Gabini della Villa Pinciana, descritti da Ennio Quirino Visconti: nuovamente publicati per cura del Dott. Giovanni Labus, 22 Tavole;" and "Monumenti scelti Borghesiani," by the same author.

At a time when the attention of the public and of foreign visitors has been so much excited by the great works for changing the course of the Anio and the famous cascade of Tivoli, Signor Santo Viola, already known as the author of several esteemed works, has published, very *à propos*, a most interesting work on the Anio, in which he has collected and arranged in epochs every thing relative to that river from the most remote antiquity to the present day. It is entitled "Chronica delle diversi vicende del Fiume Aniene in Tivoli, sino alla deviazione del medesimo nel traforo del Monti Catillo."

A volume has appeared at Milan with the title of "Semplice Verita; op-
postu alle Mensogne de Enrico Misley nel suo Libello—L'Italie sous la
domination Autrichienne."—Plain Truth opposed to the Lies of Henry Misley.

"Scene Istoriche del Medio Evo d'Italia"—Historical Scenes of the Middle Ages in Italy—in an 8vo. volume, consists of four Tales, which are said to possess considerable merit.

At Naples there has lately been published "Della Procedura penale, nel Regno delle due Sicilie, esposta da Niccola Nicolini, dedicata alla Maestà del Ré N. S. Volumi Nove."

M. Azeglio, director of the Royal Gallery of Paintings at Turin, is publishing representations of the finest pictures in that collection, engraved by some of the most eminent Italian artists. The work will form eighty numbers, of four plates each, in folio. The illustrative text accompanying them will be furnished by M. Azeglio himself.

At Milan there have lately appeared translations of "Göthe's Faust and Wilhelm Meister," and of "Mendelssohn's Philosophy," the latter with notes, and a memoir of the life of the author, by Dr. Francesco Pizzetti.

PRUSSIA.

A remarkable circumstance has lately attracted the notice of the literary world. A bookseller in Switzerland applied to a man of letters in Berlin, informing him that he intended to translate into German a work published at Berlin in 1778, by the title of "Reflexions sur l'Etat des Affaires Publiques," and requested that inquiry might be made to discover who was the author. After a long investigation, it has been ascertained that the work was written by Elizabeth, Queen of Prussia, consort of Frederick the Great, who composed it at the palace of Schönhausen in the summer of 1777.

There appear in Prussia 283 newspapers, journals, monthly and weekly publications: 22 towns have political journals, 3 of which are published at Berlin, and 2 at Breslau.

Dr. Spieker has published a very interesting "Description and History of the Church of St. Mary at Frankfort on the Oder;" a contribution towards the history of the Church and the Reformation in the Mark of Brandenburg, in an 8vo. volume, with five plates.

A German translation of the "Correspondence of Field Marshal Suwaroff during the Campaign in Italy and Switzerland in 1799," by a Prussian officer, has appeared. The original was published in 1826 at St. Petersburg, by the emperor's command, in three volumes. The first volume of the Russian contains the history of the campaign, chiefly copied (often word for word) from the documents in the second and third volumes, and on the whole unsatisfactory and defective. The translator has confined his labours to the last two volumes, containing the official documents, letters, army reports, orders of the day, &c. which are highly interesting and important.

M. Ad. Stenzel, Secretary to the Historical and Geographical Section of the Silesian Patriotic Society, has just published "*Scriptores rerum Silesiacarum*," vol. i. part i. 4to. It contains four chronicles relative to the Polish-Silesian history.—1. The *Chronica Lechitarum*, from the remotest times to 1273.—2. A *Breve Chronicon Silesiæ* from two MSS.—3. The *Chronica Principum Poloniæ*.—4. A *Catalogus Abbatum Saganiensium*, which, however, is not a dry catalogue, but a circumstantial, valuable chronicle. This work is very highly spoken of, and appears to be of great value in throwing light on the history of Silesia. Nos. 1 and 3 have been printed before, but very incorrectly; Nos. 2 and 4 are from hitherto inedited MSS.

The third section of the "Map of the Moon," by Wilhelm Beer and J. H. Mudler, is published. The fourth section is completed, and is already (in August) in the hands of the engraver; so that, as it does not now depend on the weather, we may hope to have the whole map by the end of the year.

The late Baron von Humboldt, with the modesty which characterized him, gave to his great work on the Oceanic or Polynesian Languages, the fruit of immense research, the simple title "On the Kawi Language in the Island of Java." The work begins with an introduction "On the difference in the construction of Languages, and its influence on the intellectual development of the human race," which, as it is calculated to interest the learned world in general, will be published as a separate work, of about fifty sheets, and will appear in a few months.

A letter from Berlin, of the 23d July, states that Count Schilling von Kanstadt, Russian councillor of state, who was then in that capital, had brought from Tibet no fewer than 7,000 manuscripts; a thing which no former traveller has yet been able to effect. It was expected that some chests of these MSS., for the most part duplicates of those which he had left at St. Petersburg, would be purchased for the Royal Library.

RUSSIA.

The Journal de St. Petersburg, of 3 and 5 September, contains an extract from an Imperial Ukase, promulgating the regulations for the Universities of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Charkow and Casan. It consists of 9 chapters, and 169 articles. The universities are to consist of two or three faculties, viz. Philosophy, Jurisprudence, and Medicine (the last only in Moscow, Charkow, and Casan). Divinity is not to form a separate faculty; but the lectures on divinity, ecclesiastical history and canon law, shall be attended by all the students of the Russian-Greek church. The Philosophical Faculty shall have two sections—1. Philosophy, Antiquities, History, Statistics.—2. Mathematics, Technology, Natural History. Each university to have a senate and a council of administration. The teachers are divided into professors, adjuncts, and lecturers. All the faculties are under the authority of a rector. The senate consists of the ordinary and extraordinary professors, the rector being president. The council of administration, in which the rector also presides, consists of the dean and the syndic. All the universities are called Imperial Universities, being under the especial patronage of the emperor. In each university there shall be lecturers on the German, French, English and Italian languages. Among the privileges of the universities, is that of having their own censorship, and of receiving all books, journals, and newspapers, from foreign countries, without their being submitted to the board of foreign censorship.

According to an Imperial Ukase, a school of jurisprudence is to be established at St. Petersburg for the instruction of young men of noble families intended for the civil service, especially for legal employment.

A school for the study of the Chinese language has been opened, by the emperor's orders, at Kiachta, on the frontiers of Mongol Tartary, to facilitate the commercial intercourse between Russia and China.

M. Kovaliosky, professor in the University of Casan, has published a Mongol Chrestomathie, which deserves general attention, because it contains, in a systematic order, valuable, and hitherto unknown fragments, relative to the history and literature of the Mongols. The work is divided into four volumes. The first is a collection of stories from the best works, both printed and MS., containing notices of Buddhism; the second contains historical fragments on the fate of Buddhism in China, Tibet, India and Mongolia; the third, the Buddhist Catechism, and some dogmatic chapters; and the fourth, the history of the reign of Khoubalai Khan, from a MS. Chronicle—a tradition of the Bouraits—fragments of the philosophy of Khonne-dzi-ia and Mon-dzi-ia—ordinances of the Emperors of China—some specimens of the correspondence of the Mongol government with the Russian officers—a collection of dialogues of Zine-vine-Zimine—specimens of private letters and poems.

M. Kovaliosky intends to publish a Buddhist Cosmology, a History of Buddhism, and a Mongol-Russian Dictionary, in four volumes.

Baron C. D'Ohsson has published *Histoire des Mongols depuis Tchingis Khan jusqu'à Tamerlan*, 4 vols. 8vo. with a map of Asia in the thirteenth century.

The Northern Bee (a journal in the Russian language) contains an Essay by Sergiss Scromnenko against a work published at Paris by the title of "La

Chronique de Nestor traduite en Français par Louis Paris, in which the author endeavours to prove that M. Paris is ignorant of the Russian language—that he is unacquainted with the history and literature of Russia—and that he has, for the most part, only translated into French the bad German translation of Scherer, which is not at all to be depended on.

SWEDEN.

The second volume of one of the most recent important productions of Swedish literature has lately been published, viz. "*P. Wieselgren, Sveriges sköna Literatur; Andra delen. Statens Sköna Literatur.*" It contains the belles-lettres of Sweden, and comprises the most ancient times and the middle ages. This work is regarded by the Swedish literati as of great importance. It is not only far more circumstantial and comprehensive than any preceding work of the kind, but is interesting to all lovers of ancient northern literature in general, because the old Scandinavian fables and popular songs are treated of in detail, and with much critical acumen.

TURKEY.

Achmet Ferizi Pacha, chief inspector of the Military School, has established a printing-press in that institution, where the pupils act as compositors. He has lately presented to the sultan a small book as the first fruits of their skill.

Saib Effendi Ferizi-Zadi, writer in the Mosque of Emir Sultan at Broussa, has compiled, from original sources, a "*History of the Ottoman Empire, to the reign of Sultan Abdul Hamed.*" The sultan has ordered the work to be printed at the expense of the imperial treasury, and has conferred on the author a pension of 6000 piastres. Several new works have lately been printed at the imperial press. Among them are an Arabic, Persian and Turkish Dictionary, and a *Treatise on Morals.*

* * A work of peculiar interest at the present moment, as illustrating the state of Greece and the designs of Russia in regard to that country, has just issued from the press of Heidelberg, in Germany. It is intitled, "*Das Griechische Volk, in öffentlicher, kirchlicher, und privat-rechtlicher Beziehung*"—"The Greek People in its Political, Ecclesiastical and Social Relations, before and after the Struggle for Independence, up to the 1st of June, 1835." Two volumes are published, and these will be followed by a third, consisting of State Papers and Documents. The author, Mr. G. L. von Maurer, was a Member of the Royal Regency of Greece, and the disclosures which he makes are so unpalatable to the King of Bavaria, that he is said to have prohibited the circulation of the work in his dominions. We did hope to be able to present our readers with a review of this book in our present number, but the time required for the due consideration of its important contents, compels us to defer it till our next publication.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM JULY TO OCTOBER, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE.

- 1 Klein, Handbuch der biblischen Geschichte. 8vo. 10s.
- 2 Ritgen, Die höchsten Angelegenheiten der Seele. 8vo. 5s.
- 3 Schmid, Erklärung der heiligen Schriften. I. IV. 8vo. 5s.
- 4 Alzog, Dr., Explicatio cathol. system. interpret. litterar. sacrar. 8vo. 3s.
- 5 Barth, Die altdeutsche Religion. 2 Vols. 8vo. 12s.
- 6 Schrank, Dr. Franc. de Paula de, Comment. literalis in Genesin. 8vo. 12s.
- 7 Strauss, Dr., Das Leben Jesu, kritisch bearbeitet, &c. 2ter Bd. 8vo.
- 8 Zimmermann, Dr., Predigten über die Berg-Predigt unsers Erlösers. 2 Bde. 8vo.

LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

- 9 Solon, V., Théorie sur la Nullité des Conventions et des Actes de tout Genre, en Matière Civile. 2 Vols. 8vo. 12s.
- 10 Albitte, G., Cours de Legislation Gouvernementale. 8vo. 6s.
- 11 Thöne, Das preussische Privat-Recht, Vol. II. 8vo. 10s.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY, METAPHYSICS, EDUCATION, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

- 12 Laujon, A. de, Reflexions sur l'Education Morale et Politique de l'Homme. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- 13 Graser, Das Verhältniss des Elementar-Unterrichts zur Politik der Zeit. 8vo. 7s.
- 14 Passavant, Von der Freiheit des Willens und dem Entwicklung-Gesetze des Menschen. 8vo. 3s.

MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS, AND CHEMISTRY.

- 15 Poisson, S., Théorie Mathématique de la Chaleur. 4to. 1l. 5s.
- 16 Pascal, J. C., Cours de Géométrie Élémentaire. 8vo. 7s.
- 17 Creizenach, Lehrbuch der Algebra. 8vo. 10s.
- 18 Enke, Berliner astronom. Jahrbuch, für 1837. 8vo. 12s.
- 19 Schubarth, E., Elemente der techn. Chemie. 2 Bde. 8vo. Mit 20 Kupfertafeln. 3l. 10s.

NATURAL SCIENCES.

- 20 Flore de Paris, Genera et Species, ou Première application faite du Système Floral aux Plantes Vivantes. 8vo. 4s.

- 21 Silbermann, *Énumération des Entomologistes Vivans*. 8vo. 3s.
 22 Dietrich, Dr., *Flora regni Borussiae*. 3ter Bd. 7tes—12tes Heft. Mit 36 Kupfertafeln. 1l.
 23 Zenker, *Plantae Indicae, quas in montibus Corinbaturicis coeruleis Nilagiri collegit B. Schmid*. Decas 11da. Mit 10 Kupfertafeln. Folio. 1l.

MEDICAL SCIENCES.

- 24 Bureau-Riofrey, *Éducation Physique des Jeunes Filles*. 8vo. 6s.
 25 Mellet, E. L., *Manuel Pratique d'Orthopédie*. 18mo. 6s. 6d.
 26 Duparcque, F., *Histoire Complète des Ruptures et des Dechirements de l'Uterus, du Vagin et du Périnée*. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
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cisely fill up all the oval *hiatuses* of this extraordinary monument. Osiris, Typhon, Horus, Vulcan, Anubis, Apollo, Ammon, are among the names of the gods supposed to have preceded Menes; and the learned reader, in looking at the imperfect titles of the first line of the tablet of Abydos, will, we think, see among them some of the titular symbols of these very gods. But we throw out this hint merely as conjectural; we neither consider it proved, nor necessary, as far as our theory is concerned, to be proved. All we consider proved is, that everything is vague respecting the monumental and architectural antiquities of Egypt, until the era of the founder of the eighteenth dynasty, called Amosis by the chronologies, and whose titular oval stands seventh on the second line of the Stone of Abydos. From that time the strongest ray of light is poured upon Egyptian history; so much so—and we shall show that Rossellini proves it—that we may safely repeat the emphatic phrase which we before applied to his successors in the eighteenth dynasty, that we are enabled by means of recent discoveries to know not less of them (in some respects more) than we know of our own Plantagenets.

We shall return, therefore, at once to Rossellini, and to the series of evidences which he produces to substantiate this proposition. And first to the point whence we diverged; the invention of architectural forms. No architect, we would be willing to admit that he will find the type or the germ of the architectural order among the colonnades and porticoes of the plain of Thebes or line the banks of the Nile. He may, as Belzoni had, indeed, before demonstrated by his excavations, that these kings were familiar with the arch. Thus they have invented, since every tyro knows the cumbrous substance of the arch employed by the Cyclopeans, whom they succeeded. One reservation respecting the invention of the Doric column, indeed, made in favour of the Athenian colonists of Egypt, but that reservation can no longer be maintained; Rossellini exhibits Doric columns constituting the porticoes of the Egyptian temples, which are clearly traceable to the same extraordinary era. Etruscan vases and the Greek scroll ornament are equally ascribed by Rossellini to Egyptian invention. It is probable that the Cyclopean shepherds merely used an unornamented cylinder for supporting roofs—like those at the palace of Mitzlan in South America, a monument ascribed by the Indians, as it was usual with all nations with regard to Cyclopean monuments, to the Giants, to the “*Wandering Masons*,” or to the Tultecans, who preceded the Mexicans. Some of their cylindric pillars, indeed, remain in Ireland, Palestine, and other parts of the world, to the present day.

But there is a more singular proof of the inventive genius of

the race of kings, who, according to our view, founded social order and civilization on the wreck of the pastoral community "of goods." Not the slightest improvement has been made in the tasteful forms of their household furniture down to the present day. A curious inference grows out of this fact, the truth of which any of our readers will at once admit by throwing a glance on the superb chairs, couches, sofas, footstools, tables, and beaufets, exhibited by Rossellini. It is this—that the luxurious custom of squatting on ottomans, which now prevails over the East, and of dining inconveniently from trays placed on a low stool, is a much later invention. The Egyptians of the remote age in question evidently sat as the Europeans now do, and employed their tables in the same masculine manner, avoiding the effeminately recumbent position employed by the Romans at their dinners. Rossellini adds to this information the still more curious exhibition of all the details of an Egyptian upholsterer's workshop, between three and four thousand years ago. We see all the forms of household furniture under the progressive operations of the workman's hand; the cutting and turning implements by which they were made; the joining and gluing of the parts; and the acts of polishing them, when complete, with pumice-stone, or of gilding and adorning them with stuffed silken cushions like the modern. This exhibition of the details of an Egyptian upholsterer's workshop is only a corner of the details supplied by Rossellini of all the other trades and manufactures of Egypt, and which, in all cases, possess a minutely accurate and curiously attractive character. : and the necessity of touching, before we conclude, on some important contemplations and more serious associations, we conclude us from following up this sketch of the art of Egyptian upholstery by an equally succinct and interesting account of all the various trades and processes of manufacture which existed in Egypt 1800 years before the Christian era. All the information necessary to complete the subject, on a really descriptive point of view, we must refer our readers to the arranged series of the trades and manufactures of Egypt set forth in Rossellini's illustrations. We have no hesitation in declaring that, not only a very interesting, but a very accurate view on "Egyptian trades and manufactures," at the era we speak of, might be derived from the materials furnished by Rossellini.

After our enumeration of some of the early arts, including the *artes perditæ*, of ancient Egypt, our readers may have been tempted, naturally, to exclaim, "There is nothing new under the sun." But the exclamation would be still more justifiable and appropriate after a complete survey of the trades and manufactures of Egypt; for the greater part of them exhibit the same

tools, implements, and processes, as are employed in our workshops and manufactories of the present day. The whole process of manufacturing silk and cotton, with all its details of reeling, carding, weaving, dyeing, and *patterning*, may be more especially named. Another interesting publication might derive the superior accuracy and authenticity of its materials from the pictorial narrative brought by Rossellini before the evidence of the eye. We mean "*A natural history of the birds and fishes of Egypt.*" The natural histories of Aristotle, Pliny, and indeed of more accurate modern philosophers, might fail in imparting to the inquirer the narrative delineations of the writer. All oral or written description must, from the nature of things, be accompanied by indefiniteness and vagueness. Not so the pictorial descriptions given in coloured imitation of the natural object by the Egyptian naturalists, and rendered complete by inscriptions, recording the name and physical properties of the object—in some cases, without a doubt, the genus and the class.

These materials for a history of ancient Egypt under the 18th dynasty are made still more complete—we may say perfectly complete—by other illustrations of Rossellini, which establish a claim to that unquestionable veracity and fidelity which can be asserted of no other history but a pictorial one. Almost all the customs and amusements, religious, military, or judicial, domestic, royal or plebeian, of the Egyptian people, the splendid era to which we are referring—some even the school-boy and vulgar amusements—are singularly in conformity with those of the present day. The dogs employed in hunting are coupled like those of the present day, which they, and the hounds employed in hunting, resemble, with few exceptions in apparently lost varieties, as to form and colour. All the gorgeous details of the haughty courts and palaces, of which we merely obtain glimpses in the fragments brought before us with the vivid efficacy of some magic exhibition of departed things and persons. We see the portrait of the Pharaoh who received and elevated as his prime minister, given with the accuracy of a profile portrait of Ram IV. We see, with the same accuracy, in all the coloured varieties of court costume, and accompanied by all the picturesque or grotesque insignia of ancient office, the wives, the daughters, the princes, the generals, the pontiffs, not only of this prince, separated from us by so vast a chronological chasm, but of all his immediate successors up to the culminating point of the dynasty's ambitious magnificence, which terminated with the great Sesostris. We see the portrait of that prince a hundred times repeated, and we are made not only more familiar with it than with any of the dubious portraits of the other conquerors of antiquity,

but as familiar with it as with the portraits of Napoleon, Wellington, or Nelson. We see, in the same phantasmagorical procession of defunct sovereigns,—although we consider the proof not made out as to the identical sovereign,—the accurately delineated portrait of that arrogant Pharaoh, who, relying on his own autocracy, dared to oppose his own decisions to those of the Almighty—to oppose the natural magic, or philosophical conquests over matter obtained by his priestly monasteries and scientific colleges, against the miracles of God's vicegerent—to pursue his chosen people through the opening Red Sea, and to display his audacious banner, thus singularly preserved and displayed before us on the Stone of Abydos, amidst the ominous radiance of the fiery column which guided and protected the flying Israelites. The celebrated wars, in all their remote but most romantic details, of Rameses Sesostriis, are also brought before us. Some of these details are imperfectly, up to the present time, supplied by Rossellini's unfinished work—but the deficiencies are amply filled up by other recent authors on Egypt,—by Hamilton, Wilkinson, Belzoni, Felix, Head, and by the great work of the French scientific mission, the *Antiquités d'Égypte*; while a full description of the historical tablets representing these wars is supplied by Champollion in his *Lettres*, with a combined minuteness and perspicuity rivalling a modern bulletin of general intelligence.

But we hasten from the historical details elucidated by the triumphs of recent antiquarian discovery in Egypt, confident that however interesting and important they may be, they are of subordinate interest and inferior importance to another view of the subject, and to a consideration of which we now mean to devote the remaining portion of this paper. We have seen the striking illustrations and corroborations of Scripture afforded by Egyptian discovery generally, but more particularly by the most recent illustrations of Rossellini. Our readers are sufficiently familiar, doubtless, with the history of Josephus, and he corroborates and illustrates the details of Manetho, connecting the various events which linked the biblical history of the Jews with that of the Pharaohs of the 18th dynasty. This matter has been so repeatedly and so amply discussed by the whole body of Egyptographers, that a mere reference to the account of Josephus, embodying that of Manetho, might be sufficient as a starting point for the comments we are about to make. A summary of its more remarkable features may, however, for the convenience of our readers, be here comprised in a few lines.

Manetho's statement is that, from the commencement of the Egyptian Genesis to the time of Alexander, thirty-one dynasties reigned in Egypt. But the first fifteen of these are composed of the Auritæ, the gods and demi-gods of Egypt. These fifteen are they which Eusebius asserts to be false, and which, as we have

shown, may be, under one aspect, pronounced so. These Auritæ and demi-gods, to our view, are the antediluvian and postdiluvian patriarchs, to the time of Peleg, or Menes, who was contemporary with him, with whom they agree in number. They are called generations, because the ages of those patriarchs were in fact generations, and these fifteen generations, or patriarchs, who with their Pagan contemporaries naturally constituted the greater and minor paternal gods of the ancients, filled up, according to the same theory, the first fifteen imperfect ovals on the stone of Abydos. This view has the merit of perspicuous simplicity, because it leaves a sufficient number of ovals vacant from Menes to the sixteenth dynasty, with which Manetho's real history of human kings begins; for the kings of that dynasty down to Timaus, under whom the great pastoral irruption took place; for the six ovals of the pastoral kings constituting the seventeenth dynasty: leaving the ovals universally admitted by all learned men who have hitherto touched upon the subject to be those of the eighteenth dynasty complete in every part of their location. That is to say, the dynasty begins with the beetle, which Thothmos (whom Josephus, confirming Manetho, asserts to have expelled the shepherds,) appears to have taken for his heraldic device upon his banners, his shield, and his signet-rings: and this beetle, apparently used once only by Timaus, becomes the favourite device and chief component of the titles of four of his descendants in succession. Thus the theory and frame-work of Manetho's history becomes simple and credible. We shall briefly, as before, touch upon the remaining biblical facts and eras, to which, in conjunction with Manetho, it refers, before we recapitulate, with equal brevity, the various proofs which Rossellini and other discoverers have adduced to bear on the testimony of both.

It may be inferred from both, that it was during the time of the shepherds, and during the collateral reign of the Pharaoh Amenoph, one of the expelled native princes and the founder of the obelisk extant on the site of ancient Heliopolis, that Joseph was in Egypt. This would give the date of B. C. 2267 as Peleg's colonisation, cotemporary with that of Menes, and give B. C. 2227 as the date of the foundation of the Egyptian monarchy. It is again to be inferred from both, that the Shepherds being expelled after a dynasty of 260 years by the Pharaoh Thothmos, it was during the splendid reign of his successor Amenoph that the viceroyship of Joseph and the settlement of the Hebrew colony in Egypt took place; and that it was during the course of the reigns of the same dynasty, the 18th, that the departure of the Israelites under Moses, called *Osarsiph*, a priest of Heliopolis, by Manetho, indisputably occurred; under which king does not, as we have said before, appear to be clearly

established. The era of the famous Mœris, the 10th of them, is demonstrably fixed at B. C. 1325. We submit the combined testimony of Manetho and Josephus, because they are corroborated by the pictural narrative of the monuments recently discovered. According to the testimony of Manetho, the shepherd kings, on their expulsion, marched by the way of the Wilderness into Judæa, and there built a city called Jerusalem;—an evident confusion of two eras, and two people of the same pastoral origin! The historian afterwards introduces us to another race of the same people afflicted with leprosy, amounting in number to 800,000, and put to labour in the stone-quarries on the eastern side of the Nile. He then proceeds with the following extraordinary narrative:—Pharaoh being plied with petitions in behalf of these people for some place of safe and easy retreat, they pitched upon Avaris, the seat of the former shepherds. [This is evidently the land of Rameses or Goshen, embraced within the semicircular circuit of the old canal of the Pharaohs from Heliopolis to the Red Sea, and still partly extant.] The prince granted them this boon, and no sooner were they settled in it, than, finding it a commodious spot for rebellion, they listed themselves under Osarsiph, a priest of Heliopolis, and took an oath of fidelity to him.

Here Osarsiph is obviously the Phonetic designation of the word Joseph, the title *Sar*, prince or lord, being embodied with it. The two great Jewish leaders are confounded—and Joseph is called a priest of Heliopolis or On, by a substitution of the function for that of his father-in-law. But Manetho, and this priest, changing his religion, changed his name to Amenophis. The oath above stated was, that they should abstain from any of the meats which the Egyptians accounted holy, and not worship any of the Egyptian gods. Here the corroborative passage in Genesis chapter 43, verse 32, will naturally occur to the reader. Manetho proceeds to state, that this revolting leprosy was called in the aid of the expelled Shepherds from Jerusalem (a tribe of the same nation as themselves.) The allies committed greater ravages than before; so that Amenophis, the king, fled by shipping and fled into Ethiopia. But he returned after a short interval (thirteen years) with his son Rameses—routed the shepherd kings and the shepherd lepers, and drove them with great slaughter into Syria.

We need not insist upon the striking analogies of biblical and profane evidence in the above passage. We shall confine ourselves to the statement of one inference and two facts. 1st. Religious rites and the distinction of food into clean and unclean, which did not exist in the time of Osortasen and Abraham, who both *had cattle*, and apparently worshipped the same god, as evidently existed in the time of Amenoph and Joseph; as appears

from the Scriptural history of the Egyptians and Joseph and his brethren dining at different tables. 2nd. The agreement of both profane and sacred history with the evidences of the monuments, that "every shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians." 3rd. That the profane accounts perfectly concur with the extant Egyptian monuments in showing that the Egyptian rulers, like other rulers of modern times, gave a falsified and favourable gloss to what may be called their pictural bulletins of the real history of the Hebrew Exodus. But the extant monuments fully bear out the authenticity of Manetho. He gave the account of the Exodus just as he found it picturally recorded. The pictural records, from which he copied, are in fact preserved and brought before our eyes. In those records the Jews are evidently described, as he relates, in a state of armed insurrection against a monarch bearing the name of Rameses. They are seen entrenching themselves against his armies by cutting down trees—and finally entering into a contract with him. We have hinted before our exclusive assumption, that it was under the first Pharaoh, named Rameses, that the Exodus took place; inasmuch as before that event the captive Jews are employed in building a treasure-city called by his name; the land they occupied also was called by his name. Josephus, commenting on Manetho, who, for the reason we have above stated, is silent as to the Egyptian humiliation of the Exodus, says that it happened under another Thothmos (namely, the 4th), and very correctly intimated by the 4th titular beetle on the Stone of Abydos. But we should seek him, for the reason we have stated, in the first Rameses of the monuments. This Rameses is also called otherwise Armais—but by the Greeks Danaus; the last oval is the last but one on the Rosetta stone. He follows immediately the tenant of Belzoni's tomb, whom we, for the reasons above stated, assert to be Petamon, defying any of the Phonetic discoveries to give him any other name; and he immediately precedes the last oval attributed at first by Champollion to Rameses the First, but to which we, supported by Champollion's subsequent representation, and the assent of the majority of Egyptologists, assign to Rameses the Second, named Me-Amon, who precedes by three descents the great Rameses-Sesostris, and who, as Sesostris or Sethos, commences the 19th dynasty. And here we may add our belief, that further Phonetic discovery will ascertain that the name Sethos was added on the titular oval to the name Rameses, being in certain *cabalistical* cases interpreted both Phonetically and titularly. Of course this view would accurately fix the era of Armais or Danaus, the last but one of the 18th dynasty, and the last oval but one on the Stone of Abydos,—making it concurrent with the era assigned by the Hebrew chronology to the Exodus. Some additional considerations bear out this view.

Our readers will recollect the ingenious and learned theory of Whiston, with which several splendid names in literature, and among the rest Warburton, have concurred, that the great Rameses-Sesostris himself—the first and only Rameses of any note, according to Tacitus, was the Pharaoh who pursued the Israelites into the Red Sea. It may be further stated, that Champollion hesitated whether he should not give the last titular oval but one on the Stone of Abydos to this great conqueror. There are certainly some points in the known history of Sesostris, especially the inglorious conclusion of his reign, and the allegation that he was struck with blindness, which impart colour to this view: but, these inferences being conjectural, we shall exclude them at once from further consideration. There are, in fact, stronger circumstances in the history of Armais or Danaus, which bear out our inference, that he was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. He was expelled and succeeded, as the Stone of Abydos shows, by a Rameses, (the Rameses Belus of the historians,) who came from an eastern country, like Memnon or Ismenides, the founder of the Memnonium. Me-Amon is evidently the same name, though the mark of the genitive *n* (beloved of Ammon) is dropped, as in the case of Moera or Menophra. He would naturally be liable to the Hebrew allegation, that he knew not Joseph. Now Armais, the Greek Danaus, is stated to be his brother. The whole narrative of his expulsion is accompanied by Arkite symbols (and the narrative extends to his daughter Danae, and to her great redeemer Perseus,*) which record the drowning of some Egyptian prince.

Many striking corroborations of this view might be adduced, but our remaining space warns us to desist, and we leave the prosecution of the suggestion to learned leisure—merely suggesting, that some diluvial action of the Red Sea, under the name of Typhon, who is recorded to have perished by the stroke of a thunderbolt almost at the point where the Israelites entered, is clearly traceable to this period. This is certain, that all the recently discovered Egyptian monuments,—and the Stone of Abydos inferentially among the rest,—point clearly to some important and humiliating event connected with the era to which we refer. Petamon, who immediately preceded Armais, and whose fine and handsome portrait Rossellini gives, had, beyond a doubt, a brother, holding insurgent or divided empire at Karnac; both being called Petamon, but one distinguished by the symbol of his patron-god Osiris, the other of his patron-god Ammon. These are the two kings whom Champollion gratuitously and absurdly calls Mandonci and Osirei. Nothing, in fact, was ever

* Might not his symbolic attributes, the winged horse and “sore and great sword,” (see Isaiah, xxvii. 1,) and the Arkite symbols connected with them, represent the fire and cloud which led and redeemed the Jewish ark?

more clear in the Phonetic language than their name;—subsequently one of the most common names in Egypt. Now the mark of some flagrant disgrace is evidently inflicted on one of these brothers, who appears to have been at war with, or expelled, by the other. A universal decree of the priestly colleges and of the nation seems to have aimed at obliterating the name of the one characterized by the symbol of Osiris from the list of Egyptian Pharaohs. The obliteration of his titular oval is effected with so much pertinacity, wherever it is found, that no one can doubt that he was adjudged either to have suffered some great misfortune, or to have committed some great offence against the Egyptian theocracy and people. Perhaps the obliteration of his patron-saint or god might be intended to convey, by the short-hand of Egyptian record, that his god had deserted him, that god being, also, the symbol of a death by deluge, and that he himself was obliterated from the book of life. We have stated the facts, and shall not pursue the inferences from them any further, that we may have space for more important commentary.

This is chiefly suggested by the illustrations in the most recently published *livraisons* of Rossellini's great work, which constitutes one of the texts of our present article. Besides the portraits of the successive kings of the 18th dynasty, thus brought *into alto relievo* by their striking association with biblical records, and by their demonstrated connection with the greatest events that have occurred in the history of the great family of mankind, an equally complete series of the portraits of the kings of Egypt who succeeded them, whether Pharaohs or Ptolemies, down to the termination of the last line, is given by Rossellini. The series of the kings from Psammetichus onwards is interesting on several accounts, because chronology and contemporary history are no longer at variance during this period, and because it confirms the great mass of which is true, while it corrects the minor details which were either doubtful or fallacious, in their associated evidence. The portraits of the Ptolemies are remarkable for the approach to the *beau-ideal* which they exhibit, though varied in many respects by the varied distinctions of physiognomical expression—in which the physiognomist will be tempted to discern testimonials of the moral and intellectual qualities which history has assigned to them. This portrait gallery of the later Egyptian monarchs is rendered curiously attractive by the introduction, for the first time, of an authentic portrait of the voluptuous and magnificent Cleopatra. But, in the illustrations of later Egyptian history to which we are referring, there are some other corroborations and illustrations of Scriptural history which we shall, *en passant*, consign to notice in a few brief passages. Rossellini's

drawings exhibit in succession the portraits of several Pharaohs mentioned by name in Scripture—Taraka, Zerah, Pharaoh-Necho, the famous Sabbaco—So, (in Hebrew characters Suach)—the Sevecchus of the monuments. The same portrait gallery also gives the portrait of the Pharaoh-Hophra denounced in Scripture,—and the portrait of Amasis, who realised the denunciation against him. Lastly, it exhibits the face of the famous Shishak of Scripture, written Shishank on the monuments, (the expletive *n* being as before its only distinction), and not only of Shishak, his family and dynasty, but some of his cotemporaries. Before commenting on this extraordinary result of recent Egyptian discovery, we shall advert to another extraordinary corroboration of Scripture furnished by Rossellini, in some respects connected with this latter king of the 22nd dynasty, but more especially with the subject of the 18th dynasty, which we have made the starting point of our remarks.

Every person familiar with Egyptian antiquities is aware that the Jews, clearly distinguished as Jews, amidst other physiognomical types of the various cotemporary nations, are exhibited on the Egyptian monuments. Dr. Young drew attention to one exhibited in the tomb of Petamon, erroneously surmising that it was a captive Jew, and that the tomb was that of Pharaoh-Necho. These erroneous surmises have been utterly superseded by later discoveries. The defunct tenant of the tomb was Petamon of the 18th dynasty, the Acen-cheries (*i. e.* son of Acrisius) of the chronologies. The Jew is not a captive, but an Asiatic type, one of the four varieties of the human race, arranged with an anatomical accuracy as Lawrence could have arranged, consisting of the Red race, the Negro or black race, and the two varieties of the white race—the Caucasian and the Mediterranean. The figure is beyond a doubt a Jew; it strikingly resembles the modern Jews, and bears an equal resemblance to all the other Jews on the Egyptian monuments, however located or occupied. The costume of these Jews is always the same. They wear black and bushy hair occasionally bound by a red fillet; sometimes they wear hats not unlike the hats dramatically worn to the Jews of the dark ages. They wear sandals, the short petticoat or *jilhibeg*, a baldric crossing one shoulder, a girdle, which is attached a short sword or dagger, and when engaged in warlike operations, having the upper part of the body covered with a defensive coat, either of leather or of armour, and wearing above the whole a tippet, like the cape of a modern great coat. These latter are the Jews, to whom we have before referred, as in the act of rebelling against or making a contract with the Pharaoh Rameses; but Rossellini's last *galerie* of illustrations brings another race of these people upon the stage. We mean those

who were captives in Egypt under the 18th dynasty and previous to the Exodus. Independently of other evidence drawn from the Phonetic language to prove that they are Jews, no cursory reader, who glances at their lineaments and persons, will for a moment doubt their identity. These Jews are employed, under the dynasty of the very kings cotemporary with Moses, in the specific act of slavery, which he and Manetho both describe—namely, making bricks and working in the quarries. An Egyptian task-master superintends the work; and the bricks, according to their delineation, are precisely those which are found in walls constructed of bricks, the date of which is assignable to the era in question.

We have referred to the portrait of Shishak, his family, his dynasty, and the chiefs of cotemporary nations. The subject we have treated brings us naturally to the consideration of the strong light which Rossellini's illustrations throw upon this later period of Egyptian history, while, at the same time, it brings a final corroboration of the identity we are urging. Among the captive chiefs of the conquered nations represented as held in bonds by the Pharaoh Shishak, in colossal dimensions, on the walls of Karnac, is another of the people to whom we have referred, identified by the same striking similarity of physiognomical lineaments. So striking is it, that it might be readily taken for a portraiture of the upper class of Jews of the present day. We may even add, that we know more than one of whom it would form a more correct *portrait* than *silhouettes* generally are. Now in the whole range of Phonetic interpretation we venture to assert that nothing is so convincingly clear than the reading, by which this individual is identified as a Jew, can be found. The words *Melek Joudah*, ("king of Judah,") are most distinctly expressed, and, as if to fix the identity more completely, the symbol "holy mountain," the *Temple* even of the present time, is subjoined. It will be collected at once by the reader that Shishak was cotemporary with Solomon and Rehoboam, and with another great event—the division of the ten tribes. Here again the authenticated Hebrew *etymology* adequately fixes the cotemporary history of Shishak and his Egyptian monuments. The chief passage in Scripture, in which Shishak is named, is so remarkable, that we shall submit a portion of it to the reader.

"In the fifth year of King Rehoboam, Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, because they had transgressed against the Lord,

"With twelve hundred chariots, and threescore thousand horsemen: and the people were without number that came with him out of Egypt; the Lubims, the Sukkiims, and the Ethiopians.

"And he took the fenced cities which pertained to Judah, and came to Jerusalem.

“ So Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, and took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king’s house: he took all: he carried away, also, the shields of gold which Solomon had made.”—2 Chron. xii.

This passage is illustrated by other passages in Scripture and in Josephus, of which we shall endeavour to give the substance in a few brief sentences. Shishak had two daughters, one married subsequently to Jeroboam, the head of the ten revolted tribes, who established himself as king at Samaria—the other to Solomon. The Jewish commentators lead us to infer that the latter saw the princess first, when he fled to Egypt, during the rebellion of his brother Absalom. But, whether this be so or not, a little comparison of the Scriptural passages with Josephus will throw light upon a somewhat romantic portion of Egyptian and Jewish history. Solomon, as allowed by the Jewish law, had another wife, an Ammonite princess, who was the mother of Rehoboam, and who, of course, had the pre-eminence over the Egyptian wife, as the royal source of the favoured race destined to terminate in the Messiah. It may be safely inferred that unfavourable dispositions towards Solomon were created at the Egyptian court by this circumstance. The Egyptian princess, in “*Solomon’s Song*,” who throughout employs Egyptian illustrations, and compares the princely address of her lover to the furious action of the horses in her father Pharaoh’s chariot—(and they were indeed unmatched in beauty as the monuments of Egypt)—speaks of herself as being dark as all the Egyptian women were, but handsome. She says that “the Sun (Pharaoh) has looked upon her,” and refers mysteriously to some of her “mother’s sons,” either at her love or her marriage. The princess was compelled, as it is clear she would be, to play a subordinate part to the Ammonitish queen in Solomon’s harem, with no chance of the Egyptian line succeeding to the throne; the politicians of Shishak’s court would have had good reason to be dissatisfied, considering the magnificent dowry he bestowed upon his daughter in marriage—the key fortress of Ascalon, and the sea-port of Ezion Geber on the Red Sea, communicating with the wealth of India. Hence a very clear insight is given us into the motives why Shishak and his sons, the “angry brothers” of Solomon’s wife, should encourage the rebellion of Jeroboam against Solomon’s son Rehoboam, and why Shishak should give him the second daughter as his wife, as he had already given his sister to Hadad, another rebel against Solomon. This circumstance explains the motives which prompted Shishak to “come up” against Jerusalem, and render Rehoboam his tributary, as recorded in the preceding passage.

One of the most remarkable events in recent Egyptian dis-

covery is, the striking illustration which it supplies of the above romantic passage in ancient history, and of the splendid *dramatis personæ* thus brought upon the stage. Rossellini, like a magician, evokes from the tomb, after so long an interval, the chief of the very characters referred to, in all the vivid accuracy of physiognomical outline, in the costume they wore when living, and with singular associations of cotemporary details. The portrait of Shishak is brought before us; the portrait of Shishak the younger and of Osorchon, the brothers-in-law of Solomon, and possibly the "angry brothers" referred to; the portrait of his son Rehoboam, and, in all probability, if the analogical inferences of a recent traveller are to be believed, the portrait of the Egyptian princess, Solomon's wife, who evidently, from the structure of the *Sacred Opera* (for so it is), called Solomon's Song—but, in fact, consisting of some forty songs, in every possible variety of mood and measure, including rhyme,*—would appear to have been part contributor

* We subjoin a specimen of these songs written in the unadulterated Hebrew, divested of the later corruption of the masoretic points, adding neither vowel nor consonant to it, but giving to each its primitive Phonetic power. The dullest ear will recognize not only the regularity and accuracy of the metre, but its mellifluous and languishing beauty in conformity with the subject. We have another reason for giving this poetical example from the Song of Solomon on account of the Egyptian association which pervades it. The princess is called "sister bride," according to the exact form of the inscriptions, and she is compared to a "sacred garden" having a sealed fountain in it, which every scholar knows was dedicated to Ammon, and became afterwards the Greek Temenos attached to most of the Greek initiatory temples. The *Pelladi* who guarded these gardens in Egypt were the first order of nuns. The sacred gardens, some of which, according to Lieutenant Beechy, are extant on the northern coast of Africa, the seat of the well known Hesperides (the Greek paradise),—and one, according to Ali Bey, is extant in Cyprus,—were obviously borrowed from the original model of all sacred gardens, the Mosaic Eden.

Gan noul Abathi
 Cale ; gan noul
 Moin huthim, sheleic
Paradis romumin ;
 Om pri megadis
 Camphr m om nardim
 Nardim u karkim
 Cane u Cinamon
 Ol col otze lebne
 Mur u ealeth ;
 Om col rashi basmin,
 Moin eganin ;
 Bar mim eim ;
 Unalim min Lebnon.

A "sacred garden" is my "sister-bride,"
 A sacred garden and a well-spring sealed ;
 A paradise of sweets wherein preside
 The fairest fruits which spiciest blossoms yield
 Such as in youthful Eden were revealed,
 Camphor and spikenard flourish midst its flowers,
 Spikenard and balsam, cane and cinnamon,
 Gem-scattering fountains bathe its fragrant bowers
 Of myrrh and incense, balm and organ,
 While living waters leap from cedary Lebanon.

with Solomon in that production. It is indeed most singular, that not only the *Canticles* are characterized throughout by Egyptian associations, but the chief songs among the Psalms relating to Solomon, of which we may specify the four following,—the 21st, the 45th, the 72nd, and the 110th. The last especially (and we may add that Champollion supported this view by expecting to find antique portions of the Psalms among the Egyptian inscriptions,) is the more remarkable point, inasmuch as, with our present imperfect knowledge of the Phonetic and symbolic languages, it might be with care and accuracy transfused into the form of an hieroglyphical inscription. The other three resemble—(the 72nd strikingly)—the formulary of inscriptions on the obelisks.

If the evidences which tend to identify the above princess, the Egyptian wife of Solomon, with two female portraits, one at Karnac and one in the valley of the Queen's Tombs, prove correct, imagination will have no reason to disappoint itself, as it generally does, on finding its *beau-ideal* of beauty or accomplishment sinking when brought to the test of ocular evidence so much beneath anticipation. She is the same princess in fact, whose full-length portrait, in one of the queen's tombs, startled Champollion, according to his own confession, by its *beauté éclatante*. Nor does the portrait of the same personage now given by Rosellini in any degree belie Champollion's admiring description. It is that of a lady who, by any connoisseurs or artists of any period, would be pronounced of consummate beauty; and it is singular that, in the inscription associated with her name, she is called, like Amense the wife of the first Amenophis, by the chaste affectionate epithet which Solomon confers upon her,—that of "sister-bride,"—which, as well as the situation of the tomb where the portrait is found, indicates that she was one of the *Palladi* or royal nuns dedicated by a temporary vow of virginity to the services of Ammon, and considered as his "virgin wives."

We have left ourselves no space for some commentaries which we proposed on the mythology of ancient Egypt, as set forth in the two Pantheons of Champollion and Wilkinson. We may on some other occasion return to the subject; but in quitting it for the present, we shall briefly say that, notwithstanding the tedious maze of absurdities in which the last unfortunate theory of Champollion,—that of an alphabetic translation of the whole symbolic

The sum of our commentary may be concluded in a single line. In the spirit of Thomas Moore or Lord Byron and the first of our amatory poets, *Solomon compares his mistress to a Paradise*, as the arguent of his *madrigal*. Duets, odes, dithyrambic rhapsodies, anabades, triumphal and anacreontic songs, choruses, and the first model of the pastoral eclogue, may all be found in "*Solomon's Song*."

language,—has involved the subject, two conclusions can be clearly extricated from the labyrinth; firstly, that the geometrical theology of Plato and the Platonists, which approximates by startling analogies to the Christian, may be traced to Egypt; secondly, that the strongest corroborations of all the points embraced by the first ten books of Genesis may be derived from its types, symbols, and anaglyphs.

We have now shown what the subject of Egyptian inquiry has produced, and we have hinted what it is competent and likely to produce. We have shown, in the first place, with such curtailment or deficiency as our space and imperfect knowledge alone permit, the pagan evidences which it brings forward in corroboration and illustration of biblical record. To grapple with this department of the subject, in all its sublime and overwhelming associations, would in fact be scarcely less bold than an attempt to write a pagan bible synchronically and historically corresponding with the dates and facts of the true. We have shown that the subject opens out new and momentous views of early history—that it fills up vast chasms in the invention and progress of the arts and sciences—that it embraces perspicuous and credible views of the foundation, the development, and the progressive tendency of political society—of the formation and progressive tendencies of language—and, finally, that inestimable desideratum to history, a test-worthy, real, and intelligible synchronology, which, if established, ought to create a new era in history, and lead to the introduction of a new rudiment into the ground-work of education.

It is customary, and indeed natural, to assign a speculative character to this study, but Rossellini's great work proves that it is falsely assigned. The most rigid political economist may find matters of fact there, from which, if he knows the elements of his own science, he will derive new and necessary information. The whole progress of the Egyptian arts and manufactures in their minutest details is laid open before him. Nor is that all. He will find undeniable evidences that the progress from servitude to freedom was the same in ancient as in modern times. He will find the evidences of the first division of the land, and of a single tax recommended by Mr. John Mills—a tax of twenty per cent.—that upon the land so divided, being appropriated to all the purposes of government. He will find the Egyptian serfs working under the goad of a driver, like the negroes, in gangs, in the fields. He will find these vassals subsequently substituting the work of foreign and conquered slaves, as at Sparta and at Athens, for their own labours; and he will find the evidences of the *Metayer* system—which Socrates and Plato recommended at Athens, as a means of raising the serfs in the scale of society, and

which Sismondi says was the step by which the bondage of serfdom was broken in modern Europe—adopted near four thousand years ago in the vicinity of Egyptian Thebes.

We shall conclude with a few suggestions as to the practical results which may be expected from future research, and as to the desiderata which still remain to be achieved.

We have shown that Manetho is to be trusted—that he copied some of his statements, at least, from the monuments—that, if he copied fallacies, he at all events copied them correctly, and is not therefore to blame, or to be as a witness impugned.

Now he states two extraordinary points respecting the history which he says he copied from the Hermaic tablets and the obelisks written by Thoth, and placed in subterranean apartments and winding passages, near the sounding statue of Memnon at Thebes. First, he avers that a portion of his history was retrospective, being copied from that written by Thoth before the Deluge; that another portion of it was prospective, being a prophetic history of the future destinies of the world. This otherwise incredible statement becomes credible by his proved veracity in other matters. We have the middle portion of his history, but the antediluvian portion or Egyptian Genesis has not reached us, nor has the latter portion,—the book or books of the Egyptian prophecies of Thoth,—reached us. Are these lost books to be discovered in sculptured inscriptions still extant in the subterraneous structures of Thebes, near the statue of Memnon? That is one *desideratum*. We think their discovery probable. Will it confirm the statement of Genesis when discovered? is a natural and important question even to geologists and naturalists. Thoth, or the first Hermes, throughout the East, at the present day, is identified with Enoch. Have, in fact, some of these last inscriptions been discovered, and made their appearance in the book of Enoch, lately published,—proved to have existed in Ethiopia six centuries before the Christian era? That is another legitimate subject of inquiry. Again, lost species of animals appear in the Egyptian Zoology, now first given by Rosellini, from the Egyptian monuments. Can an accurate description of these lost species be obtained from the accompanying inscriptions? Again, are the animal chimeras represented on the Egyptian monuments meant to describe, or do they really describe, lost species of antediluvian monsters, which geology has lately proved to have existed? That is another worthy subject of inquiry. Lastly, the numerous *artes perditæ*,* to which we have

* With reference to the lost relics of Egyptian science, two unevadable alternatives present themselves to the eye of reason while scrutinizing the first chapter of Genesis. Did the writer, an Egyptian by birth-place, bred by an Egyptian princess, tutored by the Egyptian *sophoi*, derive from them a geological science, the truth of which the earth, when questioned, attests; and which the laborious Cuvier admits?—or from God?

drawn attention in the early part of this paper,—can they be recovered? That is a subject of inquiry which comes within the matter-of-fact province of the most rigid political economist.

We have offered these few suggestions as a guide to future research; others, more speculative, will naturally occur to the scientific men interested in the subject. Who were the numerous contemporary nations, with whom the kings of the eighteenth and successive dynasties are represented on the monuments as being at war? Is the proof that India was among those conquests, or the communication with it a source of Egyptian wealth, made out by the Indian animals and products introduced in the triumphal processions? Was there a double commercial communication with India? 1stly, by the thrice opened canal of the Pharaohs, extending from the neighbourhood of Cairo to the Red Sea; and 2ndly, by an artificial causeway or rail-road, extending across the desert (there are strong local evidences of it) from Karnac to Kosseir? Who are the people with hawberks and horned helmets like the Saxons? Are the people with bushy hair, crowned with the Babylonian mitre, and wearing flowing robes, and who resemble the figures on the Persepolitan monuments,—Bactrians and Medes? Are the bearded people with striped tunics, resembling in their physiognomy the modern Russians, and who are called *Rouou* and *Moskausch* in the inscriptions, the *Rossi* and *Moschici* of the classics, the *Sons of Mosc* in the Scriptures, and the *Muscovites* of the present day? Are the *Pourosata*, as alleged by Champollion, an East Indian people? Are the race of men with blue eyes, fair complexions, and red hair, tattooed, and wearing painted skins, our Celtic or Pictish ancestors? The negroes are easily recognized; but they are not the negroes of the present day, brutalized by ages of oppression and slavery. Is the Chinese type among the captives? We suspect it. Again, are the *red and beardless race* of noble bearing and handsome costume, depicted at Luxore as driven to their ships by Sesostris, the red and beardless race of American Indians depicted on the monuments of New Spain, and wearing the same palm-formed diadem? We refer not to the grotesque *Tultecans* of Palenque who, in costume and receding forehead, resemble the enslaved *Oscans* of the old Etrurian monuments;*

i. e. was he inspired? But a perfect geological science attests an equal knowledge of the whole circuit of sciences. The contest of these *sophoi* with Moses, before Pharaoh, pays singular tribute to their union of "knowledge and power." No supernatural aid is intimated. Three of the miracles of their natural magic (see Sir D. Brewster) the jugglers of the East can and do perform now. In the fourth—an attempt to produce the lowest form of *life*—they fail. From the whole statement, one inference is safe, that the ambition of the priestly chemists and *anatomists* had been led from the triumphs of embalming and chicken-hatching, to the *Frankenstein*-experiment on the *vital fluid*, and on the principle of *life*.

* The cycles used by the Etrurians and the Mexicans (derived from the Tultequas or "*wandering Masons*") agree. Many of their symbols and numerical signs agree.

but to the more classic race of *red and beardless* men who are seen at the palaces of Mitzlan, and at the *Flower-Temple* of Oaxaca.

These are a few of the curious historical questions growing out of a merely limited portion of the whole momentous inquiry. Again, it is well known to every scholar conversant with the Chinese language, that the original form of the elementary hieroglyphics of the Chinese resembled the Egyptian symbols;—a *mouth*, for instance, was depicted as a mouth by *two curved lines* as in Egypt. But a mouth now in China is represented by four straight lines, and all the original imitative symbols of the Chinese are broken up in the same manner and for the same purpose. That purpose was to classify the symbols in the Chinese dictionary; it was the only course left with regard to a symbolic language; while the dictionary of an alphabetic or phonetic language naturally follows the order of the alphabet. The Chinese symbols are arranged in classes, to the number of two hundred and seventeen, according to the number of straight strokes which they contain: that, therefore, which we have taken for our instance, originally consisting of *two curved lines*, now comes under the class of *four strokes*. Much more might be added as to the Chinese mode of classifying in their dictionaries the combined symbols of combined words. But we have said enough for our purpose. The point at which we aim is to exhibit a desideratum. Had the learned colleges of Egypt a similar mode of classifying their symbols in dictionaries to that of China? Might curved as well as straight lines be employed in classification? The confusion arising from such a multitude of symbols as the Egyptian, renders it incredible that they could have been without such a classification. Is a key to that to be discovered among the monuments? That would indeed be a full completion of the instrumentality of our present hieroglyphical knowledge. The interpretation of the inscriptions can only be expected from a full completion of the at present imperfect instrumentality of the symbolic language. The other branch of the hieroglyphical language, the Phonetic, may be pronounced perfect as far as its instrumentality is concerned. The above purpose can only be legitimately accomplished by adding to the number of interpreted symbols collected by Mr. Wilkinson, in his work the title of which precedes this paper; and that addition must be effected chiefly by cautious and pertinacious industry—by an eschewal of all visionary system-building—by fact and research, supporting their slow but certain advances on the unfailing data of corroborating evidence—and on the experimental logic of the deciphering art.

The peculiar Mexican dialect resembles no recorded language but the Oscan; as, for example, these words from a Perugian inscription found in 1822 on a *Cyclopean* monument in Tuscany, Spancxl; Eplt, Thunchultl.

ART. IV.—1. *Briefwechsel zwischen Göthe und Zelter, in den Jahren 1796 bis 1832*; herausgegeben von Dr. Friedrich Wilhelm Riemer, Grossherzog. Sachs. Hofrath und Bibliothekar. 6 vols. 8vo. Berlin, 1833, 1834. Duncker und Humblot.

2. *Göthe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde*. 1ster und 2ter Theil. Berlin, 1835. Dümmler.

THOSE who employ their leisure hours in the study of Göthe's genius and character have at least one consolation—they know that what they strive to know they have full means of knowing. They are not working in the dark, or floating in the air. No poet has left behind him more complete and comprehensive *data* for an analysis of his own mind than Johann Wolfgang von Göthe. Besides his autobiography, and his minute and circumstantial diary (the *Tag- und Jahres Hefte*), the account of his Swiss and Italian travels, and the share he took in the Prussian campaign of 1792—we have the interesting and authentic documents collected by Mrs. Austin, the correspondence with Schiller and with Lavater, many interesting notices in the *Nachlass*—and now, last of all, but perhaps first in point of importance, we have the varied and attractive correspondence with Professor Zelter, and the strange and romantic love-traffic with the sister of Clemens Brentano. With such clear and extensive details before him, let no one delight to deceive himself and others by throwing a mystic veil over the clear and well-defined personality of the great German poet and philosopher. There is nothing of the Richter or of the Beethoven in his genius; we need not mount up into heaven, or descend into hell, in order to catch a glimpse of his semblance; he stands upon *terra firma*, and delights only in those poetical ramblings and flights, of which man, *salvá humanitate*, is capable. Beauty, simplicity, symmetry, grace, ease, cheerfulness—he who understands and feels these things understands and feels the genius of Göthe. It has indeed been said, that mystery and unintelligibility form a distinguishing feature in the character of Göthe's intellect, as they are alleged to do of a certain kind of genius in general and of German genius in particular;—Göthe himself, in the correspondence before us (*Zelter*, vol. ii.), confesses that he had *hingeheimnisst* not a little—smuggled not a few mysteries into the second part of *Faust*;—but they who know Göthe well will be the first to admit that this mystification, so far from being a leading feature of his genius, is, in the worst view of the case, only a whimsical trick of his old age, in-

oculated upon him from the East. Great part of the alleged mystery, however, lies only in the perverse and confused brains of those who allege it—men who can never be made to understand that a nail is driven in only to fasten two boards, and that a joke was never intended for any thing else than a joke. When Goethe is not *clear*, he is not Goethe. With this conviction, let us enter upon the perusal of the interesting correspondence before us, and we shall rise from it with a mingled impression of rational admiration of the writer's genius, and a healthy distrust in the readers' talents, such as falls not to their lot, who never read or write any thing except in a state of intellectual intoxication.

The letters to and from Professor Zelter—we shall speak of them in the first place—form a most lively and entertaining medley of literary gossip. Lord Byron and Beethoven, Victor Hugo and Ludwig Uhland, Berlin play-bills and Sebastian Bach, Graun and Grillparzer, Brandenburg turnips and anti-Newtonian optics, Händel and Hegel, Thomas Carlyle and Ludwig Börne's letters from Paris—things the most different in kind, and the most distant from one another in time, place, and circumstances—are here strung together in one laughing garland, and suffused with a common flush of good-humour and good sense. We consider these six volumes of Zelter's correspondence with Goethe, not only as one of the choicest sections of the *volamina Göthiana* with which our German library is adorned, but as one of the most valuable additions to the history of poetry and of the arts in Germany that have been made for many years.

Professor Zelter, the hero of these volumes, is a most agreeable and a most amusing character. If such men as he, and such women as Bettina Brentano, cross the Channel a little more frequently than our English prejudices have hitherto allowed them to do,—we shall soon see an entire divorce published between our Teutonic neighbours and the epithets “dull and weary,” to which they have so long been wedded. The man of tones is as merry as his art; he comes in upon us like a smack of a whip, or like the explosion of a cracker—confident in his own honest integrity and sound worth, he makes no scraping bow when he introduces himself into the presence of the great, and mouths his racy speech with no learned phrases or scientific pretension—he comes bluntly in, and says, “Here I am, Charles Friedrich Zelter, professor of music in the Singing Academy of Berlin—I think so and so is a fool, and such and such is madness—if you agree with me, well; if you differ from me, why then no matter—perhaps it is only so much the worse for you.” It is this good-humoured honesty that so agreeably neutralizes any Johnsonian dogmatism with which the professor may now and then deal out wholesale his anathema-

tizing opinions. Besides, the professor had* a right to give his opinion, and to speak like one having authority; he was a *working* man, a man who had raised himself from the humble condition of a common stone-mason to the dignity of professor of music in the most musical capital of Europe, and that sheerly by the indefatigable cultivation of a natural talent, during moments few and far between, snatched from the daily cares of a laborious life. It was indeed this staunch persevering stuff of which Zelter was made, that formed the great link between him and the poetic sage of Weimar; a mere *musicante*, quâ *musicante*, could never have drawn out Goethe's most familiar sympathies so fully as Zelter seems to have done. Goethe's early maxim had been, in the words of his own Faust,

"Be thine to seek the honest; gain
No shallow-sounding fools."

He was continually enforcing the artist's great duty of *working* for the solid applause of futurity,—not capering and cutting somersets for the astonishment of the present. Zelter, who was the declared enemy of all sorts of auto-didactic quackery in music, saw and admired the same workmanlike spirit in the poetical productions of Goethe; he had read and humbly sympathized with the concise but comprehensive sentence in Meister's *Lehrbrief*—ART IS LONG—LIFE IS SHORT—JUDGMENT DIFFICULT—OPPORTUNITY FLEETING;—he had in his secret hours composed and sung many healthy tunes to the healthy songs in which Goethe's cheerful spirit delighted to utter itself; these compositions procured him a ready introduction to the person of the poet whose works he had so long admired; and an acquaintance once made between two such kindred spirits, could not but go on *crescendo* in warmth and cordiality from year to year, till at last the formal *Sie* was abandoned for ever for the familiar *Du*—and that, which had been first a casual interchange of indifferent words, became an harmonious and indissoluble intermingling of friendliest thoughts.

We have called Professor Zelter the *hero* of these letters. Let it not be imagined from this that Goethe does nothing more than give his Olympian nod of assent to the humble communications of the awe-struck mortal. Schlegel's satire on the correspondence with Schiller does not at all apply to the present collection.—We used the term *hero*, because the professor, partly from his novelty, partly from his situation, and partly from the briskness and raciness of his manner, is to the general reader, perhaps, the more interesting of the two correspondents. He acts too, through the whole series, as a sort of reporter of Berlin novelties to the calm

* We were going to say *has*—but the worthy Professor died very shortly after Goethe had shown him the way to a better world.

secluded Weimarian sage—or, if we may be allowed (though it is scarcely in good taste) a very humble comparison, Göthe sits as the spider, and Zelter catches the flies. Not less rich, however, is the correspondence in cheering revelations of Göthe's character than in theatrical and musical gossip from Berlin. Göthe is the same Göthe indeed that we knew before—but he appears more at ease, more careless, more familiar. We see more clearly than ever the meaning of those golden words—

“Ich bin zu alt um etwas zu tadeln,
Doch jung genug um etwas zu thun.”

When we consider what a frail and crazy world we live in, the patient cheerful activity of this hale octogenarian is really pleasant for the eyes to behold. We see that the calm resignation, with which Göthe met the many reverse shocks that crowded upon him in his latter years, proceeded not from indifference, as some allege, but from a wise moderation and a principle of duty. Of *duty* we say—let not the student of the *Wahlverwandschaften* shake his head! for though this word, as we had occasion to mention in a late article,* is not of very familiar use in Göthe's philosophy, still he was of too catholic a spirit to reject it altogether, and accordingly we are delighted to find it once and again occurring in these familiar letters. “*Die grosse Idee der Pflicht*”—“the great idea of duty”—must sustain us, says he to Zelter, on the melancholy occasion of the death of his son August;—“*die Idee der Pflicht!*”—what could the most straight-laced Kantian desire more moral than this!—Would that the narrow minds of these autonomic philosophers might allow them to do as great justice to Göthe as Göthe was ready to do, and has done, to them!

Still the unwearied cheerful laboriousness of this old man, in his high artistico-scientific vocation, is the great charm of the correspondence now before us. “*Schritt vor Schritt!*” “*immer vorwärts!*”—“*und so fortan!*” are his favourite and most characteristic phrases, in concluding a friendly and encouraging letter to his no less laborious and sometimes embarrassed friends. “*Schritt vor Schritt*”—“One step after another!” there is a peculiar charm in the words, to those who know the sedulous devotion with which Göthe, from year to year, built up to its perfect height that temple of Ionic beauty which God and nature called upon him to raise. This is the true point of view from which to contemplate his character—if we seek for the man of action and the politician, we shall find the great philosopher and the great artist dwindle into insignificance. Here Menzel and his friends are in the right.

* Wolfgang Menzel on German Literature, No. XXXI. p. 19.

They have done a great deal of good in awakening the torpid activities of their countrymen, and rousing them to the consciousness that men must feel and act, as well as meditate and rhyme; but they have done a reckless injustice to Goethe's genius, by calling on him to be what nature never intended him to be, and thrusting the sword into his hand instead of the lyre. Goethe's much spoken of universality is a universality of activity in his own proper sphere of the beautiful in art and nature; not a universality of rash and misdirected excursions into foreign regions, with whose vulgarest localities he was unacquainted. As such, let us wisely be content to take him; and as such let us view him, in his life, in his works, and in his correspondence.

The volumes before us are so rich in varied matter for instruction and for amusement, that we shall not detain our readers longer with loose and general observations on Goethe's character, which every one may be presumed to have already made, or to be in the course of making, for himself. We hasten to our task, not so much of criticism as of selection. A casket of pearls is before us; it is our pleasant and easy duty to string them together.

Our first series of extracts is interwoven with a common principle, to which we beg the reader's particular attention. It is the principle, that poetry, as well as the sister art of sculpture, is essentially *plastic*. It strives to embody shapeless ideas in some definite and palpable form of beauty; it does not seek to dissipate every thing solid and substantial into clouds and sun-beams, as the perverse practice of the Shelley school of poetry seems to teach. It is not by convulsive starts, and gigantic grasps at something superhuman, something undefined, perhaps impossible, that it must arrest the attention; measure, order, moderation, are the conditions of its action. These principles are familiar to those who are conversant with Goethe's writings; to them the following extracts will be interesting, as confirming them in their reasonable faith; to others they may be instructive, and at the same time possess the charm of novelty.

“TO ZELTER.

Weimar, 30th October, 1808.

“Receive my best thanks, dearest friend, for your good intentions towards my young musician Eberwein. The world of art is at present in too great confusion to allow a young man easily to find out what he is about. They are always ready to think they have found the well-spring every where but where it actually flows, and, even after they have caught a distant glimpse of it, they grope about fruitlessly for the way that leads thither.

“This it is which gives me so much pain, when I contemplate the poetical strivings of some half dozen young men, who, with extraordinary talents, can never learn how to use them. Werner, Oehlenschläger,

Arnim, Brentano, and others, work away indefatigably; but all their works run wild in an utter destitution of form and character. None of them will comprehend the simple truth, that the highest, the only operation of art as of nature, is FORMATION (*Gestaltung*), and in every form SPECIFICATION, to the end that each individual product of art, as of nature, may have a distinct and permanent character of its own. When a man allows his humorous talent to run rampant, as the whim of the moment may dictate, he cannot properly say that ART has had any share in the work; as, from the scattered seed of the heathen gods beautiful new creations sprung up, so, in works of art, we must not merely have a display of power, but something definite created by that power.

"One great evil, moreover, in this wild humoristical genius is that, having no law and no fulcrum within itself, it sooner or later degenerates into melancholy and ill humour, of which unhappy tendency we have lately had some striking examples from Richter and Göttes. Nor need we be afraid that men will ever be wanting to admire and gape at such monstrous productions; for the public is always indebted to an author who can stimulate it into a momentary craze.

"Perhaps you may find leisure, my dear friend, to supply me with some slight traits of the aberrations of your musical youth; I might edify myself by comparing them with the erratic flights of some of our painters: once for all must one endeavour to put these multiplied eccentricities into some sort of order, and with a good conscientious curse leave them to shift for themselves, employing the short space that remains to us in doing something that may have a chance to survive us.

"I find I have been using strong language, and am therefore compelled, like all honest blustersers, to eat my own words. I entreat you, therefore, to continue your attentions to Eberwein; he has, I am glad to observe, already conceived a great respect for your institution, and feels unlimited confidence in you; on this, however, he cannot reckon too much; for, with all their professed respect for true genius, these young men are generally found secretly to believe that great things are to be accomplished only in their own mad and unmethodical fashion. There are many men who have a pretty good notion of the goal they must arrive at, but who dream withal of arriving there by an aimless, lounging, and circuitous promenade.

"Of our late doings you will have been sufficiently informed by the newspapers. I count myself happy in having been present at such an imposing exhibition.* This ominous constellation has not left our hemisphere without showering some of its favourable influence upon me. The emperor of France was peculiarly gracious. Both emperors have honoured me with stars and ribbons, which of course we, in all modesty, most thankfully receive," &c. &c.

We extract a very short passage from Zeller's answer to this letter.

"As to what you say about formation and specification, your observa-

* We presume the meeting of Napoleon and Alexander at Erfurt, before the expedition to Spain.

tions apply perhaps with more force to music than to the plastic arts. To each of your erratic poets I could produce an erratic musician as a counterpart; with wonder and terror do we behold ignes fatui and blood-streaks playing frantically on the horizon of Parnassus. Talents of the most extraordinary kind, as Cherubini, Beethoven, &c., wield the club of Hercules—to kill flies; we must now gape with wonder, and then shrug our shoulders, at such a useless expenditure of talent to make trifles important and mightiest instruments mean. No art can ever exercise a beneficial influence, which ranges so reckless, so shapeless, through infinite space, as our modern music does, exposing its holiest secrets, like an anatomical cabinet, or a collection of love-anecdotes, to satiate the curiosity of the populace, &c. Z."

So much for modern music, and the dangers to which it is exposed, not from lack either of genius or of art, but from its own unpruned luxuriance and unbridled revelry. We subjoin a few words from one of Göthe's letters of a later date (August 20, 1829), in which there is a short comparison drawn between Byron and Milton, evidently proceeding upon the same principles of criticism by which Jean Paul Richter and Beethoven have been here tried.—In vol. i. p. 280, we read—

"My German Englishman has been playing a kindly part to me as missionary of English literature, and we have lately been reading some interesting English poems together. Byron's *Heaven and Hell* gave me great pleasure; he recited and I read. We next came upon Milton's *Samson*; and by this conjunction I first learnt who was the true ancestor of Byron. Vastness and comprehensiveness of genius (*Grandiosität und Umächtigkeit*) are the characteristics of both, though it must be confessed that the modern is too often wild and unchastened, while his predecessor is always simple and stately."

The same regard to measure and moderation, which led Göthe, in 1808, to make these criticisms on Werner, Görres, and Byron, leads Zelter, in 1818, to make some very severe remarks on the destiny-tragedian Grillparzer. On the 24th of March of that year he writes to Göthe thus—

"We have had a new tragedy lately, 'The Ancestress,' by one Grillparzer, (such is the name); misery and moaning from beginning to end—and why? The sainted Ancestress has been caught in a little piece of dilettantism by her husband, who gives her the stiletto; and Destiny is now raised up to revenge this peccadillo upon a whole race of innocents, that are born of this unhappy stock. Though they are pure and spotless as the sun, yet are they all sent without remorse to the devil. Bad as it is, however, the piece is far better than the vile Twenty-fourth of February, where the animal eats its own progeny. Talent there certainly is, though lost to all good purposes; there is an utter want of *light*, and without that the shade is useless."

One other quotation which falls most fitly under the same category, and we have done. It is nothing less than Göthe's octogenarian *dictum* on Victor Hugo and the new literature of *la jeune*

France—the literature of spectres, nightmares, and monsters. The words are golden, and may they not fall profitless from the lips of the wise!

“Of the new French literature of dramas and romances, I will say, in one word—it is a literature of *DESPAIR*, from which, all that is true and beautiful must gradually and necessarily be banished. *Notre Dame de Paris* seduces by the merit of diligent and well-applied study of ancient localities, manners, and events; but in the acting personages there is not a single trait of nature or of life. They are lifeless clay-figures, built up in very scientific proportions, but, excepting the wood and steel framework, mere stuffed dolls, with which the author plays his pranks in a most unmerciful manner, twisting and dislocating them into the strangest postures, stretching them on the rack, whipping them through the scene, bodily and spiritually tearing them to tatters; yet all this he does with a most decided historico-rhetorical talent, assisted by a lively imagination, without which, indeed, it were impossible that he should give birth to such abominations.”

From these extracts the reader will perceive in what spirit he is to set himself to read and criticise such works as Torquato Tasso and Iphigenia. He who is accustomed to use literature as a mere intellectual stimulant—he who seeks only for the excitement of wild passion and hurried action—will pronounce sentence of condemnation on these masterpieces, as cold, dull, and uninteresting. But a taste formed on the models of Greece and Italy—one who prefers the calm dignity of an antique Jupiter to the gigantic writhings of a Michel Angelesque statue—one who can pass his blessed hours on what to many may appear the monotonous beauty of a Raphael or a Claude—such a one will read, and reread, the most insignificant productions of Göthe's genius, with ever-increasing pleasure, and recognise in the author of them a mind most akin of any modern to the perfection of Phidias and of Sophocles.

The next extract which we shall make relates more to persons than to principles. It contains Göthe's ripely formed opinion of the literary merits of two Germans, who are better known out of their own country, than many whose genius is far superior—we mean the brothers Schlegel. The remarks of Göthe may seem somewhat severe, especially as coming from a man whose criticism is distinguished from that of all others by a spirit of mildness and kindness, which has not without reason been blamed for an excess of affected toleration; but the provocation was great, and the retaliation well deserved. In the *Leipzig Almanack* for 1832, A. W. Schlegel had published, among other equally contemptible personal epigrams, a couplet on Göthe's correspondence with Schiller, in which the latter poet was made to appear in a very

ridiculous and humiliating position in reference to Göthe. Göthe, who loved Schiller personally, and venerated his genius as much as Wolfgang Menzel or Gustav Pfitzer could desire, is roused up from his usual state of philosophic indifference to vindicate the memory of his calumniated brother. His letter to this effect, along with that from Zelter which called it forth, are here translated. The couplet which gave rise to it runs thus—

“Viele kratzfüssige Bücklinge macht dem gewaltigen Göthe

Schiller—dem schwächlichen nickt Göthe's olympisches Haupt”—
which, with the example of Coleridge to excuse us, we may turn into an English elegiac, thus—

“Often and lowly scrapes and bows to omnipotent Göthe,
Schiller—Göthe nods calm his Olympian head.”

“To GÖTHE.

15th October, 1831.

“A. W. von Schlegel has disburdened himself lately of a few miserable lampoons against you and Schiller, in the Leipzig Almanack for 1832. Much gall, much water, and little wit. Of course a man may defend himself when attacked; but, after five-and-thirty years, to bring up again the old cud of a forgotten enmity against such a man as Schiller—this certainly is no very favourable specimen of what is to be learned from studying the language of the Hindoos. He has turned the gun upon us, but he has forgotten to put shot in it; and the only good he achieves, is to make us look back upon the *Xenien*, by which hares and oxen were lighted to their long homes. The explosion caused by these insects was terrible enough in its day; but Schlegel, not content with this, comes forward again with his clumsy scythe, to wreak a blind vengeance, amuse the public, and make himself ridiculous. The truth of the matter is, that these learned aristocrats, with their books and their science, do not understand Schiller, who, though a tolerable scholar, knew Euripides, Virgil, and Shakspeare, better than Greek, Latin, and English. For myself, I may say that, when I consider how little has been done in the dramatic line since Schiller's death, I perceive, for the first time, how great a man he was. In his smallest productions, whatever may be wanting, we have always genius, where his successors present us with a *caput mortuum*. I am so much the more offended by this wanton attack on the part of Schlegel, because there was a time when I entertained a high opinion of both the brothers, and never could have supposed them capable of playing the fool so egregiously as they have done.”

Then follows Göthe's answer:

“To ZELTER.

“Though it has always been my maxim to pay little attention to what other people say about me, but rather to direct all my energies to the work that is immediately before me, yet, as you have touched on the subject, I am not averse to give you my opinion of the Schlegels. These brothers, with all their fine natural talents, were and are unhappy men; they attempted to do more than nature had given them capacity to do, and to paint that for which they had no talent; the consequence of this

is, that they have done much harm both to art and literature. From the egotism joined with weakness, which these men preached and trumpeted forth as the true principle of art, our artists and connoisseurs have not yet recovered ; nay, we must be contented to allow them to remain in their error, unless we should choose to see them die in despair before the opening of their own eyes. As to Friedrich Schlegel, he choked himself with chewing the cud of moral and religious absurdities, which, however little satisfaction they gave to himself, he was always very willing to obtrude upon others ; this state of mind led him to seek refuge in Catholicism, in which he was followed by a man of good but falsely excited talents—Adam Müller.

“The Hindoo philosophy, in which they both ended, was, when looked at narrowly, only a *pis-aller*. They were shrewd enough to see that neither German, Latin, nor Greek literature presented any field to them for brilliant achievements ; a crusade to the far East only remained, and here August Wilhelm’s talent has manifested itself in a most honourable way. All this, and more, will appear in due time. Schiller loved them not, or rather he hated them ; and, if I am not mistaken, there is in my correspondence with Schiller sufficient evidence to show the pains I took to keep this dislike from breaking out in a disagreeable shape. In the great revolution which they effected I was fortunate enough to escape with my head upon my shoulders, and this not without the displeasure of Novalis, who wished to put the extinguisher on me altogether. Happily, however, I was always so busy with myself that I had no time to vex myself about what others thought of me.

“Schiller had good reason to be angry with them. They could do much to barricade his path, while he could do nothing to stop their progress. I recollect well when, on one occasion, dissatisfied with my universal toleration, he said, “‘Even Kotzebue, with his fertility, is more respectable than this barren race, who, being always limping themselves in the rear, have nothing better to do than to cry back those whose enthusiasm spurs them onward. That August Schlegel should rake up these ashes of discontent after such a lapse of time, has perhaps its natural reasons. Envy at the sight of so many more productive talents, now rising, while he is in the wane, and vexation at the poor appearance he made as a young * * *, must have left a rankling in the bosom of this worthy man, of which the new anti-Xenien you allude to are the natural products. You and I, however, are old enough to let these forgotten strifes fall asleep, and work at that which cannot die. I have yet many a pretty thread to spin, to reel off, and to wind into a clue, and these threads are of a kind that no man can break.

“All that is good, beautiful, and worthy, be and remain with you,
G.”

The following tribute to the memory of the great Niebuhr is interesting, not only from its connection with the memory of such a man, but from the agreeable view it presents to us of the ease with which Göthe, at the advanced age of eighty, could absorb himself in studies the most remote from those in which he had any poetical or scientific interest.

“From the invaluable Niebuhr I received a few weeks ago a beautiful let-

ter, accompanying the second part of his *Roman History*—a letter written in the full confidence that I knew him, and that I acknowledge his merit. This important book came to me in the most opportune manner, just at the moment when I had made a vow to abstain from all newspapers. I allowed my mind to lose itself with pleasure in those ancient times, and read the work continuously for some days—a procedure, indeed, quite necessary, in order that the mind may feel the reality of times and circumstances so different from the present.

"I cannot say, however, that I have any desire to enter beyond a certain point into the dark regions of history; but, for the sake of the man whose method of study and whose object in studying I knew, I was willing that what interested him should also interest me. It was in truth Niebuhr, not the Roman history, that I studied. The profound criticism and the indefatigable research of such a man interest us more than his work. The *corpus* of the Agrarian Laws is not a subject likely to be of much interest to me; but the manner in which *he* explains them, and makes that which is most complicated most simple, this draws me irresistibly on, and imposes upon me the duty to observe the same conscientious procedure in my own studies.

"Niebuhr is and was a sceptic, but a sceptic of a very peculiar kind. His scepticism is not a mere spirit of contradiction, but a strong natural talent for scenting out whatever is false, as a necessary *Propædæutik* for the knowledge of what is true.

"After this fashion have I lived with Niebuhr for nearly a month. The portentous size of the work did not frighten me, and I have wound myself at last through the long labyrinth of entity and non-entity, of legends and traditions, of tales and testimonies, of laws and revolutions, and a thousand other contrasts and contradictions, and had actually prepared myself to send him a friendly reply to his friendly letter—a reply which, perhaps, from its peculiar nature, would have given him more satisfaction than any communication he might receive from near or distant professional colleagues. I say, from its peculiar nature; for what I wanted in his book was simply what he gave and wished to give. I read it for his sake, and his assertion satisfied me; whereas, historians by profession must needs begin anew to doubt when he had settled the matter finally to his own satisfaction.

"But now comes this unexpected stroke of fate* and leaves me without a kindred soul to whom I may communicate my ideas on this interesting subject. One consolation, however, I have,—a consolation that has nothing to do either with Rome or with Latium, the Sabines, the senate, the populus, or the plebs,—subjects in which I never had, and never can have, any lasting interest—I have appropriated to myself, to my own great edification, a most important element of universal humanity, with which the memory of one of the worthiest of men is most intimately interwoven."

Our next extract has altogether an English interest. It relates to the well-known present sent by fifteen "English friends to the German master," the year before his death. It arrived at Weimar

* Niebuhr's death.

along with some other congratulations of the same kind from Berlin, to which allusion is made in the letter which we translate.—

“Weimar, 20th August, 1831.

“You have sent me a rich gift anticipatory of my approaching birth-day; allow me to tell you of a remarkable present that I have just received from the other side of the Channel. Fifteen English friends (so they subscribe themselves) have sent me a seal prepared by their most celebrated goldsmiths, of a size to be held conveniently in the hand, and in shape like a longish vase. All that the jeweller and the enameller could do is here to be seen. We are reminded of the description given by Cellini of his handiwork, and the intention is evidently to imitate the style of the sixteenth century. The motto—

‘*Ohne Rast doch ohne Hast*’—

seems to have had a peculiar significance to the English, as indeed, it is at bottom most peculiarly expressive of their own national character. These words are inscribed around a star within the well-known serpent-ring, unhappily with old German characters, which are not over-favourable to the clearness of the sense. In more respects than one, I feel grateful for this gift, and I have expressed my gratitude by a few friendly rhymes in return.

“I do not intend on the present occasion to remain in town during the festivities that threaten me on my birth-day. The longer I live, the less inclined I feel to lend my personal presence to these well-meant homages. *To me my life seems to become more fragmentary with my years, while others look upon it as a complete whole, and amuse themselves with contemplating it.*

“I have also got a sketch of German literature from England, written by Mr. Taylor, who studied at Gottingen about forty years ago; and now, after such a lapse of time, he lets loose the mass of doctrines, opinions, and phrases, which gave me so much vexation in my young days. The voices of the learned Doctors Sulzer, Bouterwek, and their colleagues, are now evoked from their graves to plague us like so many ghosts. Friend Carlyle, however, defends himself manfully, and makes important advances, of which more hereafter.*

In these days of pedagogic speculation, the following recorded opinion of Göthe with regard to the influence of mathematics on the mind is important. As to the merits of the *Farbenlehre* here alluded to, we do not presume to offer any opinion; but one

* We have been anxious to give this notice of Taylor's book from the pen of Göthe, not because we fear that the Germanizing youth of this country are in much danger of being misled by such hopeless *Philisterei*; but merely to call the attention of our literary readers to the necessity of doing something to supply that great desideratum in our English German libraries—a good history of German literature. There is really nothing tolerable on this important subject in our language, except Professor Wolfe's hasty sketch in the *Athenæum*—for which, indeed, we are sufficiently thankful, though it is not exactly so complete and systematic in all its parts as we should desire. Might we hint to our cotemporary to publish these most useful and interesting papers in a separate form?

thing we feel assured of, that he who anticipated the most distinguished botanists and osteologists of the present day in some of their most brilliant discoveries is not a man likely to have merely *dreamt* on the subject of optics.

"I take it very kind that you take the trouble to look into my 'Optics;' and the effect will not be the worse that you take it in small doses. I know very well that my way of handling the subject, however natural it appears to me, is very different from the common, and it would be unreasonable in me to expect that every one should at once perceive and appropriate to himself the peculiarities of my system. The mathematicians are a strange set (*narrische Leute*), and, since they evidently have not even the most distant anticipation of the point at issue, we must take their opposition in good part. I wait with great curiosity for the first one of their fraternity who shall be able to use his eyes, and tell me honestly what he thinks of the matter; for I will do them the justice to say that they have not all a board before their eyes, and that they are not all malicious. One remark, however, I feel myself led to make on this occasion—and I have often made it before—that the culture which the mind receives from mathematical science is of a very narrow and one-sided description. Voltaire even goes so far as to say, "*J'ai toujours remarqué que la Geometrie laisse l'esprit où elle le trouve.*" Franklin also has expressed a peculiar aversion to the mathematicians, and finds especially their contradicting and hair-splitting propensities in social intercourse absolutely intolerable.

"As to the genuine Newtonians, I can compare them with nothing more fitly than with the Prussians in 1806. They dreamt of conquering by their *tactics*, when their *strategics* had long ago been conquered. When their eyes are at last opened, they will be astonished to find me in Leipzig, when they are dangling about in search of me at Weimar. Their doctrine has already become obsolete, while they have the conceit to despise their adversary. I ask your pardon for the importance which I assume—I am as little ashamed of it as they are of their insignificance."

To this Zelter replies in great glee,

"What you write about your 'Optics' and the mathematicians has been to me the occasion of as much fun as a kind God could have sent me. I read it over to as many of them as I can bring together, for no other purpose than that I may make them rabidly mad. We have got here one *Weiss*, or *Weisse*, from Leipzig, who, I verily believe, intends to write himself into a professorship, by cutting up your 'Optics.' I do not know him personally, but one of his brethren of the board said to me yesterday—'Weisse goes too far.' I only wish that the whole nest of hornets might be raised against you, and then my happiness were complete."

Then follows a passage upon Spontini's Parisian *debut* in "La

Vestale," which seems to have borrowed its inspiration from the preceding one against the mathematicians.

"I have at last seen and heard the new-crowned Parisian opera *La Vestale*. The gentlemen of the Conservatory we have to thank for a most magnificent jest: not being able to agree which of two candidates they should prefer (and how should they agree, since they are utterly destitute of any criterion to judge by, and the whole art is nothing but bird-whistling? (*Vogelgschreier*)—the Emperor comes in, and, taking the matter into his own hand, adjudges the prize to a young man, who, if he is *above* twenty-five years old, as I hear, can never come to any good. The poem hangs loosely enough together for an opera, and has room for music. This Monsieur Spontini has taken advantage of to such good purpose that he has made himself as like as possible to a boy, who, having got his hands for the first time out of his baby-clothes, flourishes about right and left, with such vengeance that one's ears are not safe from his artillery."

This was written in the year 1811; and as this criticism is as characteristic of Zelter's style as of Spontini's music, we shall make no apology for showing, by another extract, how the matter stood in 1825. On Saturday the 4th June of that year, Zelter writes:

"I have now suffered the infliction of the new magic opera *Alcidor*, for the second time. It is really a most astonishing *work*; no man but a musician can perfectly do justice to its immensity. It is a chaos of the rarest effects, battling and skirmishing with one another. The labour employed on it must have been incalculable. There are ten years' work concentrated in this one piece, and I might tear myself to pieces and not be able to produce such another.

"As to his aim, that is but too clear. He wished to astonish and frighten the people, and this he has done most completely. He is like the gold-king in his own opera, who throws his gold about, and knocks holes in people's heads with it.

"I do not say, however, that every opera composer does *what* who makes great demands on our powers of execution. The lament of the orchestra are nothing to what the ear has to sustain in being forced to remain so long shut up within a very thicket of sounds. I know well that my ears can stand as much as most people's, and I thought to have endured better the second time than the first; but eyes and ears, yea skin and bones, are yet sore from seeing, hearing, and sitting, for four hours.

"In truth, it is not Spontini alone, but Spontini's *age*, that is wrong. Myself too am carried away by its almighty influence. The whole style is so absurdly elevated, that it is more like a travestic or a caricature than a painting. Beethoven, with all his extraordinary genius (a Michael Angelo in his way) is not far from the same fault, and Spontini only follows in the path of Cherubini. But why should I thus philippize? Shall I curse that of which myself am a part? Am I

condemned to suffer that 'which I will not even tolerate? Better follow Wieland's maxim—live and let live.

"Thine,
Z."

This long letter from Zelter has led us at once, by a sudden *saltus*, from mathematics to music. For variety's sake we shall follow out this latter theme, assuring our readers that the correspondence before us is no less attractive in a musical than in a literary point of view. We shall be extremely sorry if the strain of our remarks should have led any one to imagine that Zelter's Briefwechsel is merely one other prosing work, fit only to swell the library of the professed *Goethe-Coar*;* there is much less of Goethe in it than the name bears, and we feel almost convinced that a judicious selection from it in an English dress would meet with a favourable reception from the literary and musical world at large. As it is, we must content ourselves with a very few extracts, in addition to the pittance we have already given on musical subjects. These extracts shall relate to two subjects. Zelter's Singing Academy, and Sebastian Bach.

As to the first, we presume there are few, at least of our musical readers, to whose ears the fame of the Berlin Singing Academy has not come. Charles Fasch, who, like Campbell the poet, was more distinguished for the quality than for the quantity of his compositions, has the merit of founding this celebrated institution. In the hands of his successor—our worthy stone-mason—it grew in strength and in beauty for a long series of years, and at the period of his death was the first institution of the kind, not only in German, but in European, reputation. How it has prospered since Zelter's death we have not had any immediate occasion to know: but, in 1828, a professional traveller speaks of it in terms of the highest commendation.† The indefatigable correspondent of Goethe devoted his whole enthusiasm and energies to the perfecting of his chorus, with a zeal and a self-sacrifice which can only be expected in a country, where, as in Germany, Art is life, and Music is a religion. The following warm letters to Goethe relate to the Singing Academy. They show that Zelter himself was not unconscious of his extraordinary merits in bringing this institution to that state of perfection, in which it has been the admiration of Europe, and that he could on occasion boast wisely—not like fools of what he was going to do—but of what he had actually done.

* We borrow the phrase of a brother in Göthian studies, Dr. Koller, whose "Faust papers" lately published, form an important addition to our British *Faustiana*.

† A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, by a Musical Professor. London: Hunt and Clarke, 1828.

“ March. 1804.

“ I have hoped for your coming all winter, as for the salvation of my soul. My chorus is like an organ, in which every pipe is a rational, spontaneously moving being: I can reach the highest ends with such an instrument, but there wants a mighty spirit to command it. You will find here the choicest youth of a not wholly corrupted capital together, whose ears are yet open to receive every good word, and whose silent purpose is to found a school of wisdom; the means by which they strive to attain this high end are poetry, harmony, and song. I tell you again, you will find here what no one yet found elsewhere: will you then not come?”

And in a subsequent letter, (8th August, 1807,) with what anxious sorrow does the worthy mason-musician contemplate the possible, and at that time probable, dissolution of his “*unendlich geliebte Sing-Akademie!*”

“ Could you but spend the autumn with us, you might hear something worth hearing. If I go to Italy, my Singing Academy is as good as annihilated: for it *cannot* last; this I see with sorrow. It has now 250 members, and there is no one here who is fit to keep this vessel afloat. It is one thing to keep up a paid orchestra, and another thing to save so many uncontrolled individuals from themselves.”

These fears were happily never realized. The stone-mason became a professor of music; the Singing Academy grew and flourished; its members increased, and a handsome locality was (in 1825) provided for it in an honourable situation, beside the university. In 1829, we find the following interesting notice of the manner in which one of Bach's celebrated passion-pieces (music for the passion-week) was performed by the Academy.

“ To GÖTHE.

“ Yesterday (11th March) Bach's music went off successfully. And Felix (so Zelter always styles Mendelsohn) played the part of director with becoming earnestness and composure. The king and the whole court beheld a bumper house before them. I, with my music-book, had set myself quietly down in a corner beside the orchestra, from which I had, in one view, the public and my musical troop under my eye. The work itself is a wondrous mixture; and were we not now and then surprised by touches of melody similar to those of our recent opera-composers, as Gluck and Mozart, one might fancy himself suspended between heaven and earth, and at the same time thirty years older. Would that the worthy old Leipziger himself had heard us! This was my only wish at every successful passage; and insooth I have no reason to be dissatisfied with my scholars, who, especially the solo-singers and the double orchestra, performed their parts in a most masterly manner. The whole might well be compared to an organ, of which every pipe is endowed with reason, power, and will, without constraint and without affectation.”

We have seen that Zelter's taste in music is, like Göthe's in

poetry, severe and simple. He has no mercy on those who confound extravagance and eccentricity with originality of genius, and less still on those whose whole art consists in conjuring up an artificial exhibition of thunders and lightnings to "split the ears" and dazzle the eyes of "the groundlings." We are not to imagine, however, that he had no sympathy with those spirits of a higher order, of whom taste, accuracy, and propriety cannot always be predicated so truly as they can be of Kozeluch. On the contrary, Zelter has all that reverence for what may be called the holy mystery of genius that becomes the countryman of Jean Paul Richter. It is this, as it appears to us, truly German trait in the professor's character that created in his mind the deep reverence which he every where expresses for the genius of John Sebastian Bach.

It is with great pleasure that we make considerable extracts from the correspondence relating to this great and thoroughly German organist and harmonist. If the declining taste for that which is most holy and most sublime in music, and the difficulty which even the most expert performers experience in executing Bach's pieces, have made his name less familiar to British ears than according to the measure of his genius it ought to have been, we may flatter ourselves with the possibility that we are doing a service to the higher branches of musical art in this country, by translating these fleeting excerpts; and we are the more encouraged to cherish this hope, as a doctor of the art, well known in Oxford and London, has lately expressed sentiments with regard to the merits of Sebastian Bach wonderfully in accordance with those which we are now to quote from the Berlin professor.*

• ZELTER TO GÖTHE.

"Well do I recollect the time when Sebastian Bach's music, as well as his son's (Philip Emanuel), was quite unintelligible to me. Both were perfectly new and original; but I had only an indistinct feeling that there was something genuine in them, without being able to receive any clear impression of excellence. Then came Haydn, whose style was blamed, because it was, as it were, a travestie of the deep seriousness of his predecessors. This produced a reaction in their favour. Last of all came Mozart, by means of whom the musical world learned to explain all the three who contributed to make him what he was."

ZELTER TO GÖTHE.

"It is only since the appearance of Mozart, that any considerable inclination has appeared to understand Sebastian Bach; for this great composer is altogether mystical, whereas Mozart is clear, and comes on us from without, terrestrial as well as spiritual, and for this reason

* See Dr. Crotch's *Lectures on Music*. London, 1831, p. 113.

more easily followed. I myself was some time before I could reconcile myself to Mozart, after my long intimacy with Bach; the works of the one are to those of the other as the Dutch paintings to those of the Grecian and Italian artists. Now, however, I have learned to value both, and am contented to receive from each what each has to give. That which is mystical must and will remain what it is, otherwise it were no longer mystical; this is enough to satisfy me—let others raise a hue and cry about an explanation in words; *cui bono* a definition to those who run helter-skelter over a subject, and leave the sense behind them?"

To the same purpose again:—

"Speaking of Shakspeare, I bethink me of Dr. Forkel, who advises us rather to throw aside the youthful essays of such extraordinary geniuses as Bach, than to preserve them to the great danger of good taste. From such a principle of *expurgation*, I thank the gods that they have hitherto kept me free. I know every note from the pen of my hero, *who is one of those that cannot be altogether fathomed*, and have made a considerable collection of his pieces, which I often pick up for a mere trifle. How much has flowed from this fountain into the common streams of modern art may long remain a mystery; certainly there is nothing like it in the present day. With all its mighty effects, it is after all only music—neither German nor Italian music, but always music."

In another letter he calls his style by a peculiar name—
"Bachish,"

"for every thing that he does is only like himself. That he uses the vulgar signs and names—*Toccata, Sonata, Concerto, &c.*—is of no more significance than a man's name being Joseph or Christopher. Bach's original element is solitude; and this you acknowledged yourself, when you told me 'I lay me in my bed, and let my organist play me *Sebastiana*.' This is the true character of the man's genius; you must listen to him.

"To understand him properly you must follow him on the organ. This is the soul into which he breathes the breath of life. His theme is the instinctive feeling born on the moment, which, like a spark from flint, springs forth at the first casual tread of his foot on the pedals. He sinks, as it were, into his subject by degrees, till he entirely isolates himself, and is swallowed up in solitude—then his genius flows like an inexhaustible stream into the boundless ocean."

"To the same purpose spoke his eldest son Friedeman, who died here. 'Compared with him,' said he, 'we are all children.'"

"His organ fugues seem to end rather than end; they roll on for ever.

"Here, however, I must stop, though I have much more to say.

Taking him all in all, this Leipziger Cantor is a revelation of God, giving understanding to all, and yet perfectly understood by no one."*

Is the reader curious to hear one responsive word from Goethe on the same subject? Here it is.

"Well do I recollect our good organist at Berlin, and my first acquaintance with your great master Sebastian Bach. Perfect calmness of mind, and nothing to dissipate me from without, fitted me for receiving an idea of his genius. What I then felt I expressed thus—it was as if the eternal harmony discoursed with itself, in the bosom of God, preparatory to the creation of the world. So strangely did it move within us; and I felt as if I had neither eyes nor ears, but all was swallowed up in one mysterious sense."

We conclude our extracts from Zelter's correspondence with one or two *morceaux* from Goethe, which are too precious to be omitted.

"The culture of a natural capability according to the rules of art is the source of one of our purest enjoyments; and it is so in a greater degree now than in days of yore, when every tyro believed in a school, a rule, and a mastership, and humbly submitted himself to learn the grammar of his profession, from which the youth of these times turn impatiently away.

"The German artists (*bildende Künstler*) have for thirty years back cherished the delusion that natural talents best cultivate themselves; and a host of enthusiastic amateurs, among whom greater profundity is not to be expected, confirm them in this conceit. How often have I not heard an artist say, and boast in the saying—that he owed every thing to himself! To this I usually listen with patience, but at times I am tempted to reply: *And the consequence is what might have been expected.*"

"I cannot conclude without making one other remark on that over-luxuriant music of which we spoke before. Every thing my dearest friend, in this age is *ULTRA*; every thing is transcendent in thought as well as in action. No one knows himself; no one knows the element wherein he floats and works; no one knows the *material* on which he labours. Of pure simplicity we know scarcely the name; simple silliness inundates us.

"Young men are too early excited, and hurried away into the vortex of time. *Exuberance* and *execution* are what the world admires, and what every one aims at. Rail-roads, mail-coaches, and steam-boats, and all possible facilities of communication, are the order of the day; a universality of mediocrity is the result. The Bible Societies and the Lancasterian Schools are only different phases of the same principle.

"Properly speaking, it is the century for good sound heads of the middle order, who are quick in seizing a practical view of things, and have dexterity enough to put their powers so as to raise themselves con-

* We have ventured thus to turn the concise German antithesis *klar und doch unerklärbar*.

siderably above the multitude, without however being able to arrive at any thing great. Let us continue to cling to that order of things under whose influence we grew up; belike that we, with a few companions, may stand forth as the last reliques of an age that will not so soon come back again."

Proceed we now to the second set of Letters that heads our Article—*Bettina's Briefe*. Here we shall have more occasion than even in Zelter's correspondence to bear in mind, that the letters we read are German; for truly, had this book been published in England, and were it consecrated to the memory of an English bard, as it is to that of a German, we should have been forced to believe one of two things—either that the authoress of it was mad, or that the whole was intended as a *hoax* to make the memory of the great Weimarian sage appear ridiculous. We much doubt, however, whether such a work *could* possibly have appeared in England; it is one of the most rank *German* productions that has crossed the Channel since "The Sorrows of Werther" first were moaned over to us through France. We use the word *German*, because we think that epithet conveys more meaning to the generality of our readers than any long-winded critical details could;—an extravagant exuberance of fancy and feeling, wild and irregular shootings of thought, a sort of dreamy intangible floating upon clouds, and a bold disregard of the common conventional rules of social propriety—these are some of the familiar elements of what is called *καὶ ἑξοχὴν* German, and in this sense Bettina's Briefe are certainly *very German*. We have therefore to request of our readers to put off their English spectacles for a moment when they apply their eyes to these curious pages. There is a warm glow of spiritual life beneath that volumed smoke of excited emotion with which the heart of a man will be glad to sympathise, while the mere Englishman passes unheedingly, or heeds merely to sneer.

The scene to which this correspondence introduces us is a very simple one. Bettina Brentano, sister of the well-known poet of that name (an irregular dreamy genius, and one of those whose poetry made them Catholics), and widow of the no less celebrated Achim von Arnim, while yet a girl of seventeen,* forms a Platonic attachment to the great poet of Germany, whom at first she knows only from his works, but soon makes use of a familiarity with the mother to procure a personal interview with

* She calls herself thirteen in one of the Letters (vol. i. p. 20), but in such a manner that we cannot tell whether she is in jest or earnest. We take the seventeen on the faith of the *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*, 21 March, 1835.

the son. She travels to Weimar (in 1807) and sees the *beau-ideal* of her youthful dreamings impersonated in the silver-locked sexagenarian, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. A neat love-scene is enacted in the true German style; and a correspondence, begun before, is now continued from year to year, with increasing intimacy—passionate love on the one side and kind regard on the other. In 1832 Goethe dies. His posthumous works and his correspondence with Zelter are published, and what should hinder Bettina Brentano, in a land where every thing is printed, though now arrived at years of sobriety and discretion, to add her small mite to the cherished memory of Germany's Goethe, of *her* Goethe, by giving to the world all the extravagant effusions of her first extravagant love? Some friends, indeed, might advise her to use some caution, to exercise some discrimination, in thus throwing away the holy secrets of her young heart into the *mare magnum* of the world's gossip;* but Bettina Brentano soon found (what many others have found before her) "that good advice is never to be taken unless when it chimes in with our own inclinations;" and Bettina Brentano being predetermined to publish *all*, publishes all, and we are now called upon to exercise our high vocation of criticism upon what, in our humble opinion, that modesty and delicacy of feeling which is the greatest beauty of female character might have taught Bettina Brentano to keep snugly within those private repositories where it had long lain. We are willing, however, to take the initial words of Bettina's preface along with us: "Dies Buch ist für die Guten, und nicht für die Bösen;"—we are very far indeed from suspecting any thing "*bad*," and we are willing, further, to take another consideration along with us, which, in this country, at least, may prove a more substantial apology for Bettina than any thing that Bettina is likely to say for herself, *viz.* that in Germany the feelings and the jancies of women are *and must be a thing of much more importance than in England*. They are so, and why? because the Germans are not only naturally an enthusiastic and imaginative race, but are moreover prevented by the political constitutions under which they live from applying their minds to the actualities and the utilities of existence. We are not, therefore, to wonder, if the question whether Rahel or Bettina be the more noble specimen of womanhood, is a question as keenly agitated among the philoso-

* In the *Tag- und Jahres- Hefte*, 1797, we find the following notice: "Before my departure for Switzerland I burnt all my letters, from 1772 to this date, from a decided aversion to the possible publication of the secret course of friendly communication." Has Bettina read this?

phers of Berlin, as the question whether Raphael or O'Connell be the greater knave, is among the politicians of London. The journalists and reviewers of England waste their daily and monthly intellects in whitewashing or begriming the reputations of such mountebank religionists as Murtoch O'Sullivan and Captain Gordon; are the *Recensenten* of Germany less profitably occupied, when they write long and erudite volumes upon the concentration of "the divine" in one woman, and the diffusion of it in another, concerning whom the only serious question that can be raised is (vide *King Lear*) whether the one is not possessed by *Flibbertigibbet*, and the other by *Hopdance*? Possibly we may be mistaken in these notions; and we desire to speak with reverence of what we so imperfectly understand. There may be something peculiarly sacred and peculiarly prophetic in the German women, from Velleda down to the *Seherinn* of Prevorst; but our sober English conception of the case is, as we have already stated it, that political constitution, acting in concert with national character, is the sole cause of that strange leaven of mystery and magnetism wherewith German literature is besotted.

Bettina Brentano, however, is no mere German dreamer. To that depth of thinking and warmth of feeling, which so peculiarly characterise her country, she adds a vivacity almost Italian and a frolic almost French. Though she could not say, with Cordelia, "love and be silent;" and though she openly declares in her letters that "she cares not a straw for prudence or propriety;" still, when we recollect that she is a mere girl, we are disposed to be amused with the "childish prattle with which she is so serious;" for it is in truth a prattle of which very few girls are capable. Besides, in these days (and in this land especially) of custom and convention, where, as Sterne expresses it, men are rubbed down into an undistinguishable smoothness like so many old shillings, anything like originality of natural character must, independently of any intrinsic merit, have strong claims upon our attention, we may even allow a young lady to use such hard words as "*Teufel verdammt!*" (vol. ii., pp. 37, 39), if to her bluntness she add honesty and good-humour, and if we feel assured that her love is as sincere as her hatred. Bettina Brentano is an honest girl—and this is the real charm of the book. Göthe, with all his dignity, and propriety, and courtier-like composure, and, what the Germans call *Vornehmheit*, cuts a poor figure before the visionary girl, whose letters are instinct with a Promethean fire of poetry, with the want of which his own productions have been often, and not altogether unjustly, reproached.—We hope, on these grounds, the severe British critic and the strict British moralist will relax

their brows and their bosoms a little when they cast a hasty glance over Bettina Brentano's love-letters. The love is certainly of a kind more common in Germany than in England—but it is honest, warm, and reverential; and, when the matter is good, let us not perform the part of prudes and pedants in quarrelling with the manner. The following account of Bettina's first interview with Goethe, in a letter to his mother, is a very original specimen of what may be termed the "romance of real life."

"We arrived in Weimar at twelve o'clock and dined. I ate nothing. My two companions laid themselves down on the sofa and slept. We had travelled three nights without rest. 'I advise you,' said my brother-in-law, 'to take a sleep along with us. Goethe is not likely to give himself much uneasiness about your arrival, and after all when you do see him you will find him very like his neighbours.' . . . I almost lost heart at this speech. I recollected that Goethe was said to be haughty (*stolz*); I did all that I could to restrain my longing, when suddenly three o'clock struck. I felt as if his voice had called me, and ran down into the street, and waded through mud and mire till I came to—Wieland, not to your son. I had never seen Wieland before, but I spoke to him with the air of an old acquaintance, on which he bethought himself a little, and said—'Yes, a well known angel art thou truly, but when and where I have seen thee I know not.' The jest was now mine. 'You must have seen me in your dreams,' I replied, 'elsewhere you never could have seen me.' I made him give me a note to your son, which ran thus: 'Bettina Brentano, Sophia's sister,* Maximilian's daughter, Sophia La Roche's grand-daughter, wishes to see you; she pretends she is afraid to meet you, and uses my note as a sort of talisman. Although I know pretty well that she is merely seeking her own amusement, yet must I yield to her whims, and I am very much in the wrong if it fares any better with you.—23 April, 1807. W.' . . . With this billet I departed. The house is opposite to the fountain.—The water came with a deafening sound on my ears,—I ascended the simple flight of steps,—marble statues are in the wall—they command silence. I at least could make no noise on this ~~lusty~~ floor. All is friendly and yet solemn. The greatest simplicity reigns in all the rooms. Fear not, said the modest walls to me, he will come, and will condescend to put himself on an equal footing with you.—Anon, the door opened, and there he stood in solemn seriousness, and gazed on me with fixed eyes. I stretched forth my hands to him, and—more I know not,—Goethe pressed me to his heart. 'Poor girl, have I frightened thee?'—these were the first words with which his voice thrilled into my heart; he led me into his study and placed me upon the sofa opposite to himself. We both remained silent; at length he

* Sophia is mentioned in the *Tag-und Jahres Hefte*, 1798, and seems to have had her own share of the eccentricity of the Brentano family. "Frau La Roche visited us this summer," says Goethe, "bringing with her her grand-daughter, Sophia Brentano, a very different person from herself, but not less eccentric (*wunderlich*.)"

spoke; 'Of course you have read in the newspapers the account of the great loss we have recently sustained in the death of the Duchess Amelia.' 'Alas!' said I, 'I never read the newspapers.' 'Strange! I thought that nothing could take place in Weimar without being interesting to you,'—'No, I have no interest in anything but you, and am besides far too impatient to pore over a newspaper.'—'You are a good girl.'—Then a long pause—I all the while sitting upon the unlucky sofa, so uncomfortable. You know, mother, that it is impossible for me to sit like a wax doll, observing all the proprieties.—I started up suddenly from the sofa.—'I can sit no longer,' I exclaimed. 'Well then, said he, 'do as you please;' and with that, I flew upon his neck, and he took me upon his knee, and pressed me to his heart. A deep silence followed. I had not slept for three days—years had passed away in longing after him—I fell asleep on his bosom—and when I awoke, a new life began within me. And more on the present occasion I will not write.

BETTINA."

After this description of the interview, it is but proper that some of the effusions of the love-sick, or rather love-intoxicated, maid, should follow. . . . We can offer no excuse for the publication of the following most extravagant passages, except that which we gave before, that *in Germany everybody publishes everything*.

"All the thoughts with which love inspires me, all my wishes and all my longings, I can compare only to the humble flowers of the field—they lift their golden eyes unconsciously from the green sod, they smile for a few hours before the blue heaven, but anon a thousand stars shine over them and dance round the moon, and night with her torpid slumbers enwraps the trembling tear-laden flowers. So art thou, the Poet, as the moon, danced round by the circling stars of thy own inspirations; but my thoughts lie in the valley, like the flowers of the field, and bow down in night before thee, and my enthusiasm languishes before thee and all my thoughts sleep under thy firmament.

"Thou who knowest that I would willingly lay my neck under thy feet, thou who knowest what love is, and how subtle are our senses, O how beautiful is every thing in thee! How do the streams of life rush so powerfully through thy excited heart, and precipitate themselves into the cold waves of thy age, and foam up,* so that mountains and vales smoke with the glow of life, and the woods stand with glowing stems on thy banks; and all that thou lookest on becomes noble and life-in-stinct. God! what would I give to be now beside thee! were I high uplifted above all time, and hovered above thee, even from that height would I droop my pinion, and yield myself quietly up to the calm all-mightiness of thy eyes.

* This is sheer madness, and wants the redeeming quality of some of Bettina's madness that it has method in it. Göthe's calm genius could never be said to "foam up;" and if his age was cold, he was in this respect the son of his age. There is more truth in the "calm all-mightiness" of Göthe's eye, which is a German way of expressing what we call in English "the harvest of a quiet eye."

——— "I am thine because I see thee in everything. I know that, when the clouds tower themselves up before the sun-god, he soon drives them back with refulgent hand; I know that he suffers no shadow except what he creates for himself amid the offspring of his own glory. The quiet of consciousness will overshadow thee.—I know that when he bends his head down in the evening, the morning comes when he will lift again his golden head.—Thou art eternal; therefore it is good to be with thee.

O Goethe, Goethe! I might speak with thee otherwise than with words. I feel that my soul flameth. As the air is wont to be so terribly calm before a storm, so stand my thoughts cold and silent, and my heart heaves like the sea. Dear, dear Goethe!—Anon, and the thought of thee thaws me again, and the signs of war sink slowly on my horizon and thou art as the moon-beam that streameth in peacefully. Thou art great and glorious and better than all I have yet seen or known.—Thy whole life is so good!!!!!!"

The best criticism upon these transcendental effusions is to be found in a letter from Goethe's mother to the young lady. The epistle is very characteristic of the solid sense and blunt good-humour that became the mother of Goethe.

"Really, child, you are quite mad—what nonsense have you got into your head? Do you think my son has nothing better to do than to wander out by moonlight and think upon you? Silly girl!

"I tell you, once for all, every thing must be done in order—write sensible letters with something in them—send no more shilly-shally to Weimar—write what you see, and what you hear, one thing after another. Write how you like this man, and how you like the other,—and whether the sun shines, or the weather is rainy,—any thing but nonsense.

"My son has written to me again to tell you to write to him. Write then, but write sensible letters, or you will mar the whole sport," &c. &c.

The answer to this friendly advice is just what might have been expected from a mad German girl of sixteen, platonically in love with a poetical German sage of sixty.

"You may comfort yourself with the assurance that I never shall be sensible. What is the use of wisdom and prudence, when a person is in perfect blessedness without them? I must tell you plainly that my heart will be heavy till I see him, and this you may find in order or not as you please."

The following notice of Madame de Stael cannot fail to interest many.

"TO GOETHE'S MOTHER.

————— 1808.

"For once I am not pleased with you, *Frau Rath*; why have you not sent me Goethe's letter.—I have not had a line from him since the 13th of August, and it is now near the end of September. Lady Stael must have made his hours run quickly; he has had no time to think on

me. A clever woman is something curious; she is like spirits, which nobody thinks of comparing with the grain out of which they are made. Spirits bite the tongue, and fly up into the head; a clever woman does the same; but I prefer the natural grain, which is sown by the seedsman, watered by the rain, and warmed by the sun, which covers the fields with green, bears golden ears, and gives a joyful harvest-home! I would rather be a simple grain of corn than a clever woman, and choose rather that he should break me for his daily food, than that I should shoot through his head like a dram. For the present, I have only to say that I supped with the great French lady yesterday in Maintz; as no other person seemed envious of the situation, I was placed beside her at table, and in sooth I had enough to do; the gentlemen crowded round to catch a word from her, and interchange a look, and almost buried me alive. I said, "*Vos adorateurs me suffoquent.*" She laughed. She said that Göthe had spoken to her about me. I remained sitting, curious to hear what Göthe might have said, though, indeed, I rather disliked the idea that he should have spoken to any one about me—neither did he, as I believe—it might be only a *façon de parler*.—At last, however, they came in such crowds about me that I could endure it no longer.—"*Vos lauriers me pesent trop fort sur les épaules,*" said I, and sprang up between her worshippers; then came Sismondi, her companion, and kissed my hand, and said I had a great deal of *esprit*, and the one repeated it to the other, and said it as often as if I had been a prince; for you know well that whatever a prince either says or does is trumpeted over the world as so clever, though it be as cheap as old Almanacks. Shortly afterwards she began to talk of Göthe; she said she had expected to find him a second Werther, but had found herself egregiously in the wrong: his manner and his figure were equally remote from the idea of Werther, and she was sorry that the poet made such a bad impersonation of his own hero. Could I hear such talk, Frau Rath, without getting angry? (There was no need of that, you will say).—I turned round to Schlegel, and said to him in German: 'Frau Stael is doubly wrong; she is wrong in what she expected, and wrong in what she thinks. We Germans expect that Göthe should shake twenty heroes out of his sleeve, each one sufficient to astonish a Frenchman; we think however that he himself is quite a different sort of hero from any of the score*. Schlegel has not done his duty in allowing her to retain such notions in her head.' She threw a laurel leaf, with which she had been playing, on the ground.—I trod upon it, and pushed it aside with my foot—and the comedy with the clever French lady was at an end. You have no occasion to be apprehensive about your French; speak with your fingers, and make the commentary to what you say with your large eyes—that will have an imposing effect. Frau Stael has a whole ant-hill of thoughts in her head—you need not exert yourself much to keep her in conversation. I shall be in Frankfurt presently, and then you may hear the whole story at leisure." *

* This is said in a somewhat girlish fashion; but there is much good sense in it, and some true criticism. Göthe's heroes, however, it must be confessed, are not the most formidable of poetical mortals. They are like their master—they want *vis*.

Not less characteristic is the following animated narration of a neat piece of coquettish trickery which the frolicsome girl played off upon the person of a grave philosopher. Jacobi is the man; and, from the letter itself, as well as from Goethe's answer to it, we learn that the Faith-philosopher's handsome leg was a matter of scarcely less importance to him than a club-foot was to one of our greatest poets. With regard to the philosopher's twin-sisters here introduced, they are honourably mentioned in the *Diary* (*Werke*, vol. xxxi. p. 49.), and seem with their precise and formal criticisms, and their nice and prim moralities, to have kept the poet no less in awe, than they did the lively girls, by their officious attentions to the outward man of the grave philosopher.

"Jacobi is delicate as a Psyche. His noble form seems as if it were ready to break in pieces, and allow the free spirit to escape. A few days ago I went with him, his two sisters, and Graf Westerhold, to the *Starnberger See* (near Munich). We took a rural dinner in a flower-garden; and, as I could contribute little or nothing to the learned conversation that was going on, I busied myself in filling my straw hat with every possible variety of flowers. These, while we were crossing the lake in the evening, I made into a wreath. The sinking sun reddened the white tips of the Tyrolese Alps, and Jacobi seemed in great good humour with himself as well as with nature. He seemed to regain all his youthful graces.—I have often heard you tell how, when he was a student in Leipzig, he was not a little vain of his handsome leg; and on one occasion, going with you into a clothier's, held it up upon the counter, on the pretence of applying it to a pair of new pantaloons there exposed, but really for no other purpose than to show his handsome leg to the handsome lady-shopkeeper.—In such a self-complacent humour did he seem to be as we crossed the lake, for he held out his leg over the side of the boat, looked well pleased at it, stroked it with his hand, and then spoke a few gentle words about the lovely evening; whispered kindly to me as I lay below occupied with my flowers, and interchanged with me a few significant monosyllables with the eyes as well as with the lips, by means of which I gave him to understand that I thought him exceedingly agreeable—when suddenly aunt Helen, with her diabolical system of nursing, interfered and put an end to all this delightful *coquetterie*. I am almost ashamed when I think of it; she came forward with a long netted nightcap which she had drawn out of her apron pocket, and drew it right over Jacobi's ears, to protect him, as she said, from the raw air of the evening; and this she did precisely at the moment that I was complimenting the philosopher upon his beauty, and he was decking my breast with a rose in return. Jacobi defended himself against the nightcap, but aunt Helen came off victorious. I could scarce look up for shame. 'You are a true coquette,' said Graf Westerhold. I plaited away at my wreath and heeded not, till aunt Helen and Lotte took it upon them to read me a duet of a lecture, and then I started up and began to shake the boat violently from side to side. 'For God's sake, sit down, or we shall all be drowned!' was the cry. The sooner the better,

said I, 'if you persevere in speaking about things you don't understand.' I continued shaking. 'Sit down, child, I grow giddy,' was the cry again. Graf Westerhold would fain have pulled me down, but I made such a splash, that he was obliged to keep his place for fear of upsetting the boat; and the boatman, who seemed to relish the joke, did every thing to second my endeavours. I had placed myself before Jacobi, that my eyes might not encounter the fatal nightcap; now, however, that I had them all in my power, I turned round, took the cap by the tip, and flung it right out into the lake. 'Now,' said I, 'the wind has carried the cap where it ought to be, and your head shall have the wreath that it deserves.' Helen endeavoured to prevent me; she said the cold leaves might hurt his temples, but I carried my point. 'Let her alone,' said Jacobi, and the wreath sate triumphant upon his brow. I then said to Jacobi, 'Your fine features shine in the broken light of these beautiful leaves, like the features of a glorified Plato. You are beautiful, and you want nothing but a wreath to make you appear worthy of immortality.' I was inspired with indignation, and Jacobi seemed well-pleased. I sate myself down beside him, and held his hand which he allowed to remain in mine; none of the rest spoke a word—they turned round to enjoy the fine view, and I gave the philosopher a most bewitching smile. When we landed, I took off the wreath, and gave him his hat to put on. This is my little love-story of a lovely day; without which, in sooth, the day had not been lovely. The wreath now hangs faded on my mirror, and since that time I have not gone to Jacobi's lodgings, for I am afraid of Helen, who was dumb from a sense of offended dignity, and refused to give me a farewell. At all events, if I should never see Jacobi again, I have at least the satisfaction to think that I leave him with a pleasant remembrance of personality in his mind. And now adieu. Assurances of my love I give you no longer; you may see them in my every thought, and in the continual necessity I am under of laying open my whole heart to you.—BETTINA.

We pass from a personal to a patriotic theme—from the peculiarities of Jacobi and his sisters to the heroic struggles of the Tyrolese warriors against the French and Bavarian power in 1809. By the peace of Presburg, a few years before, that loyal, but at the same time independent, race of mountaineers had been delivered over (of course without having been consulted in the matter) from their old connection with the house of Austria to the foreign and therefore hated yoke of Bavaria. When the war between Austria and France broke out again in 1809, the Tyrolese revolted; and the extraordinary efforts which these untrained soldiers made against the combined force of France and Bavaria, filled not only Germany but Europe with their fame. Bettina was in Munich at the time, a Christian among the Pharisees,—and felt it her only consolation to pour out her heart to Göthe, and wail over the incurable evils of the times. The following letter, full of patriotic passion, contains

also what to us appears' the germ of some very good criticism on Wilhelm Meister. The trifling character of many parts of that work, when contrasted with the deep moral seriousness of the age to which it was addressed, is really pitiful, and Bettina seems to have felt this as much as Wolfgang Menzel or the patriots of 1813.

" March 20, 1809.

" I like much to hear people speak about love, and God knows there is enough spoken about it in the world and in romances, but little to my satisfaction. To tell you the plain truth, I have the same feeling when I read your Meister; I feel as uncomfortable among your heroes as if I had a bad conscience. There is Wilhelm himself, loitering away amongst a pack of ragged comedians, I always feel inclined to say to him,—Come along with me beyond the Alps,—there we will whet our swords for the Tyrolese,—and leave your play actresses and your countesses to their own high pretensions, and high feelings, to starve with them if they please. When we come back again the *rouge* will have become pale upon their cheeks, and their gauzes and laces will retreat ashamed before the might of thy sun-burnt Mars countenance. Yes! if any good is ever to come out of you, you must apply your enthusiasm to the wars; believe me, in this case, your Mignon had never left this beautiful world, but would have accompanied you to the Alps, and shared with you all the danger of a patriotic war—the fire of freedom would have glowed in her bosom, and new healthy blood would have flowed through her veins. Alas! what hinders you to follow this affectionate creature, and leave your motley troop of players to shift for themselves.—You are melancholy—and why? because you have lost yourself in a world in which you cannot act. If you are not afraid of the sight of blood—here among the Tyrolese warriors, mayst thou fight for the cause of right, that has its origin as deep in human nature as Mignon's love. Thou, Meister, art the man that chokest the tender life-bud of this child, in allowing it to be overgrown with the wild rubbish of weeds that surround thee. What trash then are all theatrical trumperies compared with the earnestness of the times, wherein truth rises up in her original form, and bids defiance to that corruption whose father is a lie? O! such a revolution is a heavenly gift of God, whereon we may heal all our ills; the soul of freedom is new-born again, and yet again, in the history of his Providence.

" Alas, Göthe! I must weep—I am as helpless, as little understood, here as thy Mignon was among the players. They are making a noise in the streets to day that means nothing—they have only got hold of a few poor Tyrolese labourers that had hidden themselves in the woods, and there they rave over the wretchedness of their fellow creatures like madmen. I have shut my windows, to exclude the little light that remains of this day—I seem the only being in this populous city that has the feelings of humanity in his bosom. These honest hardy peasants, who have drawn in truth and freedom with the pure air of their

mountains, must now be dragged through the dirty streets of Munich by a beer-besotted multitude, and no one wills, or willing dares, to speak a word of mercy in their behalf; they sin against the noblest feelings of humanity—Devil!—if I were king here, I should teach them that they are slaves, and that no one in my presence should lay hand on the images of the Eternal

. Only think of my situation. Here I am in this accursed (*verdammt*) Munich alone, with not a soul in whom I can confide. This morning, however, I achieved a small triumph. Winter* had a rehearsal of a march intended for the campaign against the Tyrolese. I told him flatly that the march was bad, that the Bavarians would get the worst of it, and the blame would fall upon his bad march. Winter tore the composition in pieces, and was so wroth that his long silver hair waved to and fro like a field of corn struck by a hail-storm. Would to God that I could annihilate the whole Expedition as I have annihilated this march!

"I have not seen Jacobi for three weeks. As little have I seen Schelling; he has something about him that I don't like, and that is his wife, who makes me jealous by telling me of a certain Pauline G. of Jena, with whom she says you carry on a most loving correspondence. I listen till I grow sick, and then go away with a most honest hatred of Lady Schelling.—Alas! why should I fret? I have no right to demand your whole affections, but no one shall presume to vie with me in the affection that I bear to you.

BETTINA."

To pass from these warm effusions of girlish, but not the less noble, feeling,—here follows a short sketch, (*drawn con amore*) of Speckbacher, one of the heroes of that heroic war—a great man, perhaps in stratagem and enterprise greater than Hofer, whose honest worth has attained a more general European reputation.

"Speckbacher is a *unique* hero—wit, intellect, presence of mind, earnestness, unbounded benevolence, a clear unembarrassed character.—Danger is to him like the rising of the sun; with that his day begins, and he sees at once what he has to do. Not more by his enthusiasm than by commanding his enthusiasm, does he execute his deeds of valour; a sense of honour and responsibility makes him do every thing himself. His own plans as well as the plans of his commanders, and what may be necessary to meet the emergency of the moment, are carried through with equal success; never, where the danger is expected, does he trust any expedition to a friend. He burnt the town of Kufstein in the midst of the enemy; their bridge of boats he sent floating down the river. He, with two comrades, stood up to the middle in water during a whole stormy night, and in the morning he loosened the last two boats amid a hail-storm of grape-shot. Cunning is his divinest quality; he cuts off the wild bushy beard which almost covers his face, disguises himself in garb and character, desires to

* The celebrated *Capellmeister* and composer for the opera at Munich, now dead—*ein wunderlicher Kautz*, as Bettina elsewhere calls him, but a great artist.

He speaks with the commander of the fortress, wriggles himself in, tells a plausible story about treason and traitors, fishes out all the information that can be of any use to him, never for a moment shows himself in the least discomposed, allows them to interrogate and to search, drinks a hearty glass to Maximilian Joseph, and at last, accompanied by the governor, is led forth by the same gate at which he entered, and takes a cheerful farewell.

But all these sufferings and sacrifices are likely to go for nothing, Austria is not to be depended upon. She behaves all the while as if she were afraid of the consequences of her own victories, and the upshot of it is clear—she will yet have to beg pardon of the great Napoleon, that she took the liberty to oppose an heroic people to his imperial conquests—But I break off—too well I know that nothing truly great finds a due recompence upon earth.”——

And with this prophetic letter, every word in the latter part of which was almost literally fulfilled, we must, though unwillingly, bring our Tyrolese extracts to a close. We shall, however, gratify the curiosity of our readers in showing them how the great Goethe conducted himself in answer to these most patriotic effusions. He had, as he tells us in his diary for the year 1809, drawn himself back, with his usual cautious timidity, into his artistical shell. While Bettina was pouring herself out in warm sympathy with the heroic deeds of a patriotic people, Goethe was brooding over that mysterious subject—elective affinities,—and spinning out in the shape of a novel, (which Jacobi's sisters certainly would not consider more decorous than *Meister*,) a subtle theory of their mysterious connection with human moralities. To him, in his quiet secluded life on the banks of the Ilm, a Berlin play-bill was more precious than the page that recorded the heroism of Hofer and Speckbacher; and the fall of an old juniper tree, that had long shaded his classic villa, occupied a more important place in his diary than the fall of the holy Roman Empire. At first, he seems inclined to shy the subject altogether, and, from motives of state policy, feels himself prevented from disclosing to his patriotic friend the true state of his feelings on the subject of the Tyrolese revolt. On the 17th May 1809, his letter begins,

“There is a peculiar pleasure, dearest Bettina, in approaching thee, whether with words or with thoughts; but these warlike times, that exercise such an influence on our reading, put a gag no less on our writing, and we are compelled, however unwillingly, to deny ourselves the pleasure of expressing sympathy with thy most romantic and most characteristic narrations.”

He then tells her that he had spun himself into a romance (the abovementioned *Wahlverwandschaften*), in order to withdraw his attention as much as possible from the events of those evil times, which otherwise might act too violently upon his weak nerves; and,

without condescending to say a single word more on Bettina's favourite theme, he turns a few pretty sentences, and concludes. In about ten months afterwards, however, when the war had ended in the heroic death of Hofer, he finds it safe to say a few words to satisfy his little Mignon that his cosmopolitan breast is not entirely destitute of the noble feeling of German patriotism. In March 1810, he writes thus:—

“ TO BETTINA.

“ Dear Bettina,—I find myself irresistibly constrained to drop a word of sympathy with thy patriotic sorrow, and to declare to you how much I am moved by the same feelings. You must beware however, how you allow the capricious tricks of life to affect your peace so severely. It is a difficult thing to fight one's-self through such events, especially with a character whose claims to an ideal existence are so great as yours. Your last letter is already added to my highly-valued collection from your pen, and with it another interesting epoch is concluded. Through a lovely winding garden, full of philosophical, historical, and musical views, you have led me at last to the temple of Mars; and from beginning to end I find the same healthy energy which characterises you—My warmest thanks for this – and may you still continue to make me the initiated of your internal world, and rest assured that the love and the constancy that I owe thee for such a gift is ever paid to thee in secret.

GÖTHE.”

This letter, though a little stiff and senatorian at the outset, warms into gracious condescension with the concluding sentence. Short as it is, it is sufficient to set the lively girl in raptures—“ Dear Göthe,” she replies, “ many thousand thanks for thy ten lines, in which thou noddest comfort and consolation to me.” At other times, she was not so well pleased; the easy *Geheim-Rath* once or twice ventured to write to his Platonic love by the hands of a secretary; but never did he so without receiving the severest castigation, and being formally obliged to chant a penitent psalm. She charges him with being in love with the heroine of his new Romance, from whose rivalry, if she be not better than the ladies in *Meister*, she does not see why she should have any thing to fear; she reproaches him with being more occupied with his catacomb-speculations about the intermaxillary bone, than about the living love of her who only lives for him: she weeps, she prays, she satirizes—and how should the *Geheim-Rath* resist such an appeal?

There is a passage, but it is a long one, in the second volume of Bettina's letters, narrating her interview with Beethoven at Vienna, which it grieves us much that we cannot on the present occasion present to the English public. We merely mention it to whet the curiosity of our musical readers. We have already discoursed—or rather allowed Göthe, Zelter, and Bettina Bren-

tano to discourse—too long *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. Our readers will perhaps be disposed to pardon our prolixity; our task has been of a much more pleasant kind than often falls to our share. We have rambled carelessly over hill and dale, through a rich country of new and various prospect. As to Göthe, the letters before us have placed him, to our view at least, alternately in a dignified and in a ludicrous position; we have allowed ourselves to be moved quietly by the character of every succeeding picture, hovering at ease between the sublime and the ridiculous. On the whole, the publication of Zelter's correspondence will do much to strengthen the solid base on which the great poet's fame is founded: the publication of Bettina's can do nothing to shake it. Perhaps there is no character in literary history that lies so open as that of Göthe to fanatical admiration on the one hand, and unqualified reprobation on the other: to one party he is the impersonation of calm and dignified poetic wisdom; to the other the public symbol of all that is weak and trifling, cold and indifferent, in human character. Great men are seldom judged with impartiality, because their mighty influence metamorphoses all their pretended judges into interested parties. This is precisely the case with Göthe; and the time is perhaps not yet come when men's minds will be clear and calm enough, to think moderately, and at the same time worthily, of this extraordinary man. Meanwhile, those who are anxious for a hasty decision on the point may adopt the good old plan of compounding a character of Göthe and Göthe's genius from the representations of both parties, modified respectively by rules which sound common sense alone can dictate; to us, and to many in this land, there is a criterion of judgment, more sure than the opposing *dicta* of the Aristarchi and the Schlegels of either party can supply. That criterion is the health and gladness of soul which we daily drink in from the well of spiritual beauty which Göthe has opened up to us,—the pure enjoyment which a sympathy with the fair creations of his mind daily affords us; and, in lieu of all ostentatious criticism applied to such a mind, we rather choose to offer up the prayer:

“ O degli altri poeti onore e lume,
Vergliami il lungo studio e il grand' amore
Che mi hanno fatto reaver lo tuo volume ! ”

ART. V.—1. *Das Griechische Volk, in öffentlicher, kirchlicher, und privatrechtlicher Beziehung.* Von Georg Ludwig von Maurer. (The Greek People, in its Political, Ecclesiastical, and Social Relations, before and after the Struggle for Independence, up to the 1st of June, 1835. By M. von Maurer, Member of the Royal Regency of Greece, &c. &c. &c.) Heidelberg. 1835. 2 vols.

2. *State Papers on Greek Affairs, laid before Parliament, 1830—1832.*

NOT one of the least remarkable phenomena of the present day has been the change in Europe from excitement to indifference, from enthusiasm to apathy, which a few years have produced with respect to that unfortunate country named Greece. Was it the sympathy of our nature that took part in the sufferings of the unfortunate, but which is indifferent to the prosperity of calm, unmolested existence? Was it that we then believed her to be in danger and distress, and now suppose her to be contented and happy? Was it that the toy was then new, and that now, in childish waywardness, we have thrown it aside? or is it not rather that our enthusiasm then was associated with the generous hope that we did foresee and would create for Greece a happier destiny, and that our apathy now is associated with the saddening conviction that those philanthropic hopes have been deceived; that the very confidence which she placed in us has been turned into bitterest disappointment; that our own benevolent but ignorant efforts have, in fact, been the means by which the energies of this interesting people have been crushed, and the decrepitude of premature senility has been cast over the youth of a state which has lost the hopes, yet preserved the weakness, of infancy?

The light which has recently been thrown on our relations with the various states of the East, and the connexion which has been traced and followed out in all its minutest ramifications between the political projects of Russia* and the causes of demoralization, degradation, and convulsion, in all the states that belong or formerly belonged to the Ottoman Empire, fortunately relieve us now from entering into the means of Russian supremacy and success, of Mussulman administration and policy; with which it is absolutely necessary to be in some degree at least acquainted, before it is possible to comprehend the posi-

* A most singular periodical, entitled the "Portfolio," has just appeared, in which a series of secret Russian and Prussian despatches are to be published. This is a startling announcement indeed; almost too bold to be unfounded. The first Number contains a despatch of Count Bernstorff to the king of Prussia, which, though somewhat abstruse, is more than curious or interesting, and, what is more important, as stamping the character of the extraordinary publication, it bears the strongest internal evidence of authenticity.

tion which Greece really occupies, the designs of which she may be the object, the combinations of which she may form a part,—before, in short, the experience of the last events can be useful or instructive.

To reduce the question to its simplest expression—What was the treaty of July? A convention to pacify the Levant. What were the disturbing causes in the Levant? Russian policy and Russian intrigue. The object, therefore, of the treaty of the 6th of July was to strike a blow at Russian influence; and we hesitate not in asserting, that it was the general conviction that such was the object, and that such would be the result of that treaty, which conciliated for it at the time the support and admiration of the public, and especially of the liberals of Europe.

The object was to exclude Russian intrigue—and, if Russian influence is at the present moment more ascendant in Greece than ever; if even it can be proved that the designs of Russia are more easily realizable now, in consequence of the increased distraction of that country; if, in consequence of these distractions, the Greeks turn their eyes still more fixedly towards Russia than on the Fatherland of their hopes and historical recollections; how can we say that the treaty of July has been hitherto executed? Instead of Greece being the pacifier of the Levant, she is in a continual state of turbulence herself; and, instead of shutting out Russian intrigues, she presents to Russia the best fulcrum by which she can convulse Eastern society to its centre. To see how much we have to thank the ignorance of our diplomatists for this state of things, we have only to cast a hasty glance on the history of Greece ever since this boasted treaty was signed.

The first wise action we did—for the fatal effects of the battle of Navarino, which led to the treaty of Adrianople, have been sufficiently insisted on—was to recognize the nomination to the Presidency of Greece of a man who could be no other than the creature of Russia, and whose whole policy was directed to the strengthening of the Russian party. On his arrival in Greece, the first administrative act of Capodistrias was to destroy the municipal institutions of Greece; for he foresaw the impossibility of carrying into effect any of his designs so long as such a bulwark of the national liberties remained. For the present argument, it is unnecessary to insist more fully on the system which had been implanted by the Turks, excepting in as far as it gave the people a power of organizing and combining public opinion in such a manner as to prevent him from pursuing a system of anti-national policy as long as it existed. That he came to Greece having his mind made up to destroy these institutions is now well known. *

As soon as they were subverted, there remained no power in Greece that could counterbalance the executive; all his thoughts were turned to duping Europe; and, as we find him wishing either to conciliate the liberal or anti-liberal party there, we observe him conforming to the letter of his oath and calling a national assembly, preparing a constitution, or giving the legitimate cabinets of Europe to understand that he administered the country on the purest principles of despotism.

The Greeks, who had experience in electing their municipal chiefs and primates, were little acquainted with all the complications of popular representation; and, as soon as their *demogerontes* were no longer their natural advisers, they were exposed to all the effects of corruption and intimidation, and to all the frauds lurking in the *loi organique* respecting elective franchise, which prevented them from electing men of their free choice to serve in the National Assembly of Argos; consequently that assembly was composed principally of the creatures and nominees of Capodistrias, and into his hands was consigned, by that assembly, uncontrollable power, which he used effectively for those ends for which Russia had placed him in Greece. All the official documents relating to Prince Leopold have been laid before the public; but of course these documents can expose but a small portion of the villany and deception connected with those events. Fortunately, an exposure of the general system of his administration has been made with sufficient accuracy and detail by Professor Thiersch.

The Greeks bore with Capodistrias as long as possible out of respect to the high contracting powers. At last, national endurance could go no further. A revolution broke out, the object of which was to expel him from the country; but its leaders desired to deprive him of his office of President without an appeal to arms, and they would have succeeded in doing so, had it not been for the unwarrantable interference of Russian cannon, and the still more extraordinary moral influence exercised by the Representatives of England and France, enlisted in support of this foreign interference. But when they found remonstrance ineffectual, constitutional resistance opposed by the guns of the Allied Powers, and an alliance framed to save the independence of Greece perverted to its destruction; they sought their last refuge in an act which, however unjustifiable in itself, was prompted, we sincerely believe, by a feeling of patriotism, and was, in fact, the only means of ridding Greece of a man, who, fixed upon that little spot by the finger of the Northern Autocrat, supported by England and France, relied on by the liberals of Europe, respected from the devotion of the Greeks towards their foreign protectors, served by the vices and corruption, which he found or could

create, and who, thus armed and surrounded by a power and consideration against which neither the means nor the intelligence of Greece could compete, was permitted to assert the right of an unlimited despotic inheritance, and to exercise, for the furtherance of anti-national, of anti-social ends, the power of a foreign conqueror.

The dagger of Mavromichaeli frustrated for a time the intrigues of Russia; and, had there been one spark of intelligence in the English and French Cabinets, we have such confidence in the docility of the Greek nation, and are so well aware of their intense desire of repose after such long dissensions, that we assert that it would have been a matter of the utmost facility to have framed a government sufficiently strong and popular to satisfy the expectation of the Greeks, and fully to realise the most benevolent views of Europe. But this third opportunity of settling Greece was lost by the diplomatic agents acknowledging immediately in the Senate, who were all nominees of Capodistrias, a right to exercise functions which had never been granted to them even by Capodistrias himself. Being a purely consultative body, foreign interference invested them with a constituent authority, which was the origin of all the subsequent confusion and convulsion in Greece. The Russian system was perpetuated by the nomination of a Commission of Provisional Government, two members of which were notoriously of that party; one, the brother of the late President, a man who had rendered his name a by-word by setting at defiance the common decencies of society; the second, the notorious Colocotroni. The name of Coletti was added, in homage to the national feeling, in order to implicate him with the Capodistrian party. That his opposition might be rendered null; it was expressly enacted that the decision of the majority was to have the sanction of the whole.

About this time, Sir Stratford Canning, passing through Greece on his way to the Porte, and witnessing in person the errors that had been committed, endeavoured to stanch the wounds of Greece, and recommended for this purpose that the prisoners accused on political grounds should immediately be released from the dungeons; that an amnesty should be proclaimed; a temporary government established by a fusion of parties; and, finally, that a National Assembly should be convened, and new elections instituted, in order to ascertain as much as possible the unbiassed wishes of the nation.

How these benevolent intentions were frustrated by the residents of the allied powers appears in the correspondence of Professor Thiersch (appended to his first volume), who upbraids them with supporting, in an unwarrantable manner, "the violent and

horrible system" of the Capodistrian faction, though the account of its atrocities was already on its way to England. It is needless to describe the premeditated massacre at Argos of the Roumeliote deputies, who came thither under a safe-conduct from the three powers. It is needless to recount the infatuation which seemed to actuate Count Augustin's government. We wish not to open up the reasons why he refused an amnesty to those whom he looked upon as his victims, or why, rather in the true spirit of Russian diplomacy, he published a *general* amnesty, which was intended "for Europe, whilst Siberia was for them;" we wish not to enter into all the misrepresentations that went abroad on this subject. We pass over hastily this entangled history, and bring our readers down to the time when the proscribed and outlawed deputies marched upon Napoli, with the applause of the whole nation, and took possession of the seat of government, which a few hours before the pusillanimous "*conqueror of Roumelia*" had abandoned, leaving ten dollars in the public chest. Here, again, was an opportunity of establishing order in Greece. The eyes of all were turned to Coletti. At this moment arrived a protocol from England, drawn up in such a manner as showed that the Conference of London conceived that the representatives in Greece had already acted up to the recommendation of Sir Stratford Canning, and desiring them to persevere in upholding a government based upon a "*fusion of parties.*"

Had this been actually the case, had the ministers of the three powers insisted, *at the time when these recommendations were made*, on the formation of a "*gouvernement mixte*," we have no hesitation in asserting that the result would have been beneficial. Parties were nearly balanced. The Russian party had the executive power in its own hands, and the constitutional party was not aware of its own preponderating power. But now circumstances were changed. They had come into collision, and the Russian party, which before refused all concession, was made to feel its own inherent weakness, as far as the opinion of the nation was concerned. To desire, then, the triumphant leaders of the constitutional party to share their power with what they had shown to be an impotent and anti-national faction, was what any man in his senses, who judges of human actions by human motives, could only attribute to an intention of replunging the country into that discord from which it had been snatched, or of restoring the influence of Russia, which had been overthrown. Though the foreign residents did not insist on a *fusion* of parties when that was possible, they did insist upon it when it was calculated to disorganize the country. We are well aware that they acted up

to the letter of their instructions, but the change of circumstances must have proved, at least to the English and French residents, that a departure from the letter of their instructions would have been the only way to act up to the spirit of them. But how did they fulfil even the letter? The senate, whose very name is passed over in silence both by the protocol and the memorandum, is again clothed with unconstitutional power by the residents, and commissioned by them to form a government. The first government proposed was of five, in which the now triumphant—the constitutional—party were to be in the minority! But when Coletti would not endure this, it was changed to a council of seven, in which again the majority was of the Russian party. This again was broken up in consequence of the remonstrances of Coletti, and finally a council was formed of seven, four of whom were constitutionalists, and three of the Russian party. But mark, the proviso was added, that no act could be legal without a majority of five. The three Russians always held together. What could be expected, save the state of complete anarchy in which the young monarch found the country on his arrival?

Before the signing and ratification of the Greek treaty, the country had been divided into three parties, English, French, and Russian, in which enrolled themselves such influential persons as placed greater confidence in one or the other of these powers with regard to *the establishment of Greek independence*. We consider this division as extremely unfortunate for the welfare of Greece, even from the commencement; but certainly since the ratification of that treaty it has proved nothing but a source of continual distraction in that country, and consequently has promoted the designs of Russia. It was then clear that there could be only two parties in the state, the friends of Capodistrias and the favourers of Russian designs, and those who desired order, tranquillity, and good government; and that, consequently, no matter what judge any individual bore, provided he was animated by patriotic intentions, and had sufficient good sense to see through the machinations of the friends of anarchy, he must be a friend of England and of English policy. Colocotroni was one of the leaders of the Russian faction. His interest was anarchy—his life had been spent as a robber. Andrea Metaxa, a Cephaloniot by birth, was hostile to that power which had misgoverned Corfu, and was connected by personal ties with Capodistrias; and, being a man of an intriguing disposition, and having little influence in Greece excepting what had been acquired by intrigues, he saw clearly that he could only maintain himself by Russian influence.

The first person whom we shall notice of the so-called English

party was Zaïmi. He had been formerly leader of the primates of the Peloponnesus. During the lifetime of Capodistrias, he had generally opposed him. But the wily president had so contrived to spread dissension among the primates of the Morea, that Zaïmi's influence in that province was materially weakened; and, consequently, seeing that he could not hold his ground, he was frequently disposed to come to terms with the president, and to recover his lost influence by throwing himself into the hands of Russia. Each time he was prevented from doing this by divers minute circumstances, which it is needless to relate.

At the period of the assassination of Capodistrias, he was at Hydra, and he, with the present Greek plenipotentiary in London, was induced to accept the amnesty from which he had not been excluded, and deserted his political friends, because he saw that they were browbeaten by those two powers whose interests they were defending. From that time forward he became a Russian partisan, and in the Council of Seven he held together with his new party.

But the man whose talents guided the English party was Prince Mavrocordato, a Fanariote by birth, who had no personal connexions in Greece, but who, from having joined early in the revolution, and, having behaved in a manner creditable to himself on many critical and trying occasions, had gained considerable reputation for his skill in managing affairs, although certainly a general mistrust had, to a certain degree, obscured his popularity and diminished his usefulness. With his characteristic sagacity, he immediately perceived that, if England conducted her policy with intelligence, the influence of England in Greece must be supreme on account of her maritime ascendancy; and, never calculating that we should still go on perversely mismanaging our interests, he placed himself at the head of the English party, which he naturally expected would not only be supreme in Greece, but universal; and that, consequently, although he held by no district or province, he could be at the head of the nation. But, when he had met with frequent disappointments, and he and his friends had been ruined in their fortunes and character; when a price had been set on their heads, and they were attainted of high treason by Capodistrias and his successor, with the support and approbation of the English resident, not having a support to fall back on in the country itself, he naturally found that it was impossible to support the interests of England, which she did not seem to understand herself, and consequently, although he has never renounced the name of leader of the English party, his subsequent efforts have been to avert from his head the vengeance of Russia. This is a key to the part he

played at the National Assembly of Pronia, although we are perfectly aware that other motives were supplied him.

We pass over the conduct of his brother-in-law, because we should be sorry to violate the sacred laws of hospitality, which we have learned to respect in the East, and we hasten to contrast with the conduct of the prince that of those who have never deserted the constitutional party. Coletti is the first name that we shall mention. His political consistency is not to be traced to his having espoused and put himself at the head of the French party, for France has equally with England mismanaged and frittered away the influence she might have acquired in Greece; but it is to be referred to the influence he possesses in Roumelia, and his being backed by such powerful advocates as the military Roumeliote chieftains. As a proof of this, we further affirm that Condourioti's political consistency is traceable to a similar cause. He is of the English party, but he is backed by the influence of the islands. The Bey of Maina furnishes us with another instance. We must not suppose that men become partisans of England from an abstract love of this remote island, or that they will connect themselves with our policy, however advantageous it may be to them, if we not only neglect to support those who trust in us, but, rejecting the influence that is offered us, the power which is conferred upon us, betray the material interests that we have at stake. Every man of reputation in the East will, one by one, sink into dependence on Russia, be compromised against us, and, after becoming a treacherous ally, will end by being a rancorous foe.

In the East, those who are not for us are against us. In the East, a struggle is going on, though noiseless, yet so deep and absorbing as to leave no neutral ground, to admit of no indifferent spectator. England cannot suddenly arrive at a comprehension of those mysteries of diplomacy which have been hitherto a science exclusively Russian, but, in the mean time, in as far as it goes, she may take this as a certain rule, that only those who are strong by their positive position, who stand as the representatives of local interests, can be at present her allies, even although they affect contrary predilections; while, on the other hand, men, whose influence and position have been brought about by fictitious means, and who are not intimately and necessarily connected with the interests they represent, must be in the interest of Russia, and more useful instruments if they can succeed in representing themselves as friends of England.

A strong instance of this is actually furnished us at Constantinople. The Serasker Pasha calls himself of the English party. The odious financial measures that he has introduced have been the cause of most of the late disquietudes in the Ottoman empire.

His treasonable practices were the sole causes of the successes of Mohammed Ali, as is proved by that able pamphlet, "Sultan Mahmoud and Mohammed Ali."

The national assembly was convened, and, though the protocol had desired the residents to act up to all the recommendations of Sir Stratford Canning, every impediment was thrown by them in the way of its convocation. It was argued by them, that, since a prince was named, such a national assembly could not deliberate unless with his participation, and yet the principal reason for which they were convened was to ratify the nomination of the prince; and now that the constitutional members have the ascendancy, the congress pass an act of amnesty in favour of those who had refused to make any concessions to them. In spite of the letter of the residents, and the tergiversation of Mavrocordato and his party, who now, for the first time, showed direct indications of deserting the constitutional cause, the assembly held its deliberations, until, by some machinations that we are unwilling to tear open, a band of ruffians dispersed them by force.

Meanwhile the senate, whose existence legally expired on the meeting of the assembly, was revived by the residents, and formed a new government of seven of the military leaders of Greece, after having attempted and failed to elect the Russian admiral as their president. How this was to restore tranquillity in Greece, we cannot imagine. Their first attempts were to cut off the French troops in the mountains, who were marching to save the different fortresses; but, being foiled in their attempts, their troops were cut in pieces at Argos, and a momentary pause ensued, during which the young king and the regency arrived.

We need not dwell upon the distracted state of the country on their arrival. This will be sufficiently known by referring to the journals of the day, and it may be easily conceived how difficult was the task which the regency had taken upon itself, when we add to this confusion further complications which proceeded from another quarter.

In the treaty of May 7th, 1832, and the accompanying protocols, it had been expressly stipulated that the regency were to be "the permanent and definitive government of Greece," until the majority of the young king, which was fixed for the 1st of June, 1835; and that they were "to exercise the sovereignty in all its plenitude," uninterfered with by any foreign power, whether English, French, Russian, or Bavarian; for, stated the protocol, if there be any thing like a union between the two crowns of Bavaria and Greece, the balance of Europe is destroyed!

We consider this as a somewhat overstated assertion, but

still, if it be so, we must say that any interference on the part of Bavaria in the council of the regency was at least likely to endanger that balance. Now we find that the senate, which had been resuscitated by the residents, had been desired by the king of Bavaria himself "to surround the regency with its counsels;" and, consequently, we have Bavaria working in the interest of Russia. We do not suppose that the king of Bavaria wanted to subvert the monarchy of his son, to bring about which he had been toiling for so many years; but we bring forward the point merely to show how Russia avails herself of liberal and anti-liberal, despotic and constitutional, monarchical and republican, conservative and revolutionary—parties, interests, doctrines, and antipathies, to make them all work for her own ends.

However, the regency did not recognize this body, and it fell of itself, thereby proving incontestably that it had not the national support. A government was then organized, consisting of Mavrocordato, as minister of the finance; Tricoupi, of foreign affairs; Praïdes, of justice; Psyllas, of the interior; Smalz, a Bavarian, of war; and Coletti, of the marine; and it was the known principle of the regency to give every man of capacity an opportunity of attaching himself to the royal government, without distinction of parties. Strangers in Greece, the regency were, of course, cautious at their first arrival. However, they were not long in perceiving the necessity of disarming the Palicari, who were, indeed, abandoned by their chiefs, and were roaming about the country at large. In this measure was involved the future destiny of Greece. In the carrying of this question, we are bold to say, lay the whole of the difficulties that presented themselves to the perfect and final establishment of the Greek state.

The success of this measure declared loudly the state of the question, proved the fallacy of the alarm which had been so industriously spread, announced the success of the royal government, and showed how easy Greece was to govern.

The country was divided into nomarchies, with the governors of which were associated councils chosen by the districts. Though this was not going far enough, it was still an approximation to the principle of Eastern governments, and similar to the ayans of Turkey.

Their next measure strikingly illustrates the errors that Europeans, imbibing notions from the centralized administrations of Europe, are liable to fall into when they legislate for oriental populations. The country was distracted; lawless bands were strolling throughout the provinces; robberies and excesses were committed, and the best way that they could conceive to restore order and tranquillity was to establish a gendarmerie. This system

of police was contrary to oriental practice, and, consequently, afforded grounds of complaint, of which the partisans of Colocotroni availed themselves to spread discontent among the people. An important passage in Capodistrias's history should have shown General Heydeck that there were other means of tranquillizing the country more congenial to Greek habits. At the period we allude to, Greece was overrun with robbers, and the peasantry of the disturbed districts came forward and offered to Capodistrias, of their own accord, to put down these bandits, if he would allow them. This was after the municipalities had been destroyed, but still the practice of responsibility for the peace of the district remained, as a familiar idea, in the minds of the people, in the same way as the responsibility of counties in England for the destruction of property survived, after the appointment of the sheriffs had been taken out of the hands of the people and vested in the crown. It did not suit Capodistrias at that moment that robberies should cease, for the affair of Prince Leopold was pending; but, as soon as that prince had renounced all pretensions to the crown, robberies were put an end to exactly in the manner we have described, viz., by the peasantry arming themselves, and each defending the tranquillity of his own district. The organization of this gendarmerie we merely mean to point out as defective in principle, and affording a handle to Russian intrigue. The body, we believe, were well conducted, and gave no grounds for complaint as individuals, and, as troops, in the subsequent affair of Colocotroni, they distinguished themselves by zeal for the royal government.

The financial measures of Mavrocordato next pass under our review, than which measures could not have been devised more detrimental to the tranquillity of Greece. Under the Turks, the taxes were levied by the municipal chiefs at their village diets, and handed over to the farmers of the revenue. Capodistrias destroyed the municipalities, but, continuing the farmers of the revenue, these levied the taxes directly, which proved a fertile source of misery and convulsion. But Mavrocordato, not looking to the principle, but merely to temporary expediency with regard to filling the coffers of the state, devised a plan which he said would, and, perhaps, it might, save the state thirty per cent.; by abolishing the revenue farmers, and instituting in their stead tax-collectors, dependent solely upon the minister of finance. When we remember that these were to collect direct taxes, we may well conceive that this was no transition for the better, in favour of the peasant. On the contrary, the tax-collector being only responsible to the minister of finance, it would be a long time before his peculations and extortions would reach an ear so

distant, especially in the disorganized state of the country, and, even if complaints did reach his ear, they would find it pre-occupied. He also produced a great deal of dissatisfaction by asserting the right of the state over commons, which had been held from time immemorial as pasturage, requiring the holders to show title for what they had only prescriptive right to. These were mountains, woods, and uncultivated lands, rights that had always been respected by the Turks, according to a maxim of the Turkish law, that "custom acted upon is above law." These measures excited great discontent in the country, which was increased by the previous measure of the disbanding of the palicari. The simple-minded peasantry, who at first rejoiced at the latter, felt common cause, and had their affections so far alienated from the regency.

In August, 1833, a most formidable conspiracy broke out against the power of the regency, which divides itself into two branches: one was headed by Colocotroni, the object of which was an address to the Emperor of Russia to remove the whole Regency, proclaim the majority of the king, and place the Russian faction at the head of affairs; the other being conducted by Count Roma, a Zantiote, whose Russian predilections are well known, as well as his being connected by marriage with Prince Gustavus Wrede, formerly a zealous partisan of Capodistrias', and ties of intimacy have subsisted all along between the count and Colocotroni. With this latter conspiracy was connected Count J. Armansperg's secretary, Dr. Franz; its object was, to pray the King of Bavaria to dismiss M. von Maurer and General Heydeck, and to constitute Count Armansperg sole regent. If neither one nor the other of these conspiracies succeeded, Colocotroni was to take the law into his own hands, and eject the regency by force.

The perplexity of the regency on this discovery was great. Count Roma fled to Zante; Colocotroni and his party, and Dr. Franz, were arrested; the latter was sent back to Bavaria, after a slight examination before the council of the regency. The matter was not probed to the bottom. His papers were returned to him unread; the majority of the regency were contented with proving his guilt, being unwilling to go further, from motives of delicacy and political expediency; for, had any charge been brought home to Count Armansperg, it would have been impossible to try Colocotroni, and in a word it would have compromised the very existence of the monarchy.

There was a long delay before the trial of Colocotroni came on, owing to the difficulty of getting the peasantry to come forward to give evidence against a man whose name was connected with terror. The trial at last took place: the prosecution

was conducted by Mr. Masson, who, although a countryman of our own, possesses such fluency in the Greek language as to plead causes in the Greek courts extempore. He had formerly distinguished himself by his intrepid and splendid defence of Mavromichaeli, abandoned by the European powers, surrounded by Russian bayonets, and in the face of a packed and military tribunal. In the course of this trial transpired some curious facts, which showed the intimate connection prevailing between Colocotroni and the court of St. Petersburg. The accused were convicted of a capital crime, and sentenced to death, which was afterwards transmuted to imprisonment for twenty years; and the result, such as it is, was chiefly attributable to Mr. Masson's integrity, intrepidity, and eloquence.

Before the explosion of the conspiracy, arrived an envoy from St. Petersburg, who had previously visited Munich on a special mission, for the purpose of exciting the king of Bavaria against the members constituting the majority of the regency. The protocols had expressly declared that the will of the majority of the regency was to be supreme, and here we have two courts acting against this provision, and, whilst this regency could not be removed until a stated period by any power, we find every engine of intrigue at work to subvert them. So little contented were the regency with the conduct of M. Catacazy, the Russian resident, that it was decided in their council to request the court of St. Petersburg to recall him; and when this was intimated to M. Catacazy himself, he produced a letter, written by Count Arman-
sparg to Count Nesselrode, in which the former said that M. Catacazy had given every satisfaction. It must be observed, that Count Arman-
sparg had been entrusted, as president of the council of regency, with the task of communicating verbally with the foreign residents on all matters which had been settled beforehand in the council; but how Count Arman-
sparg found himself authorized to communicate with foreign courts, not only independently of his colleagues, but in express contradiction to what the majority had decided on, we are at a loss to imagine: certain it is, that the embarrassments of the regency were extremely augmented by discovering that there was a division in the cabinet.

The most powerful lever, which had been placed in the hands of Russia, and which was perhaps one of the original determining causes of her gigantic designs, was the identity of her religious creed with so large a portion of the population of Turkey. The first political agents that penetrated into the southern provinces of Turkey were apostles of a faith, not partisans of a government. The political influence of Russia spread from the altar, and the present degradation and future anarchy and subjection of Greece

may be traced back, through heroic devotion and patriotic aspirations, to religious sympathies at the disposal of the wily cabinet in the far North, in whose hand the symbol of self-denial and of faith, the cross, has been converted into a dagger. The labarum of that faith had been erected in the city of Constantine; it was now to be transferred to the marshes of Peter.* The patriarch of Constantinople, weltering in his pontificals on the threshold of the sanctuary, a splendid triumph of her diplomacy, had desecrated the ancient shrine; and, while this awoke an implacable hatred between the Crescent and the Cross, led the adherents of the Eastern church to regard with a new feeling of respect that Northern, that inviolable, sanctuary of their faith. In Greece a new blow was struck at their ancient predilections by Capodistrias, who, severing the religious and hitherto inviolate dependence of Greece on the œcumenic patriarch, became himself the lay vicar of the national Greek establishment, as representative of a master, whose predecessor had equally replaced the pontiff of Russia in his supreme functions.*

The next step was of course the positive recognition of the emperor of Russia as chief of the national church of Greece. Nesselrode, in a letter to Colocotroni, had impressed upon him the necessity of preserving the unity of their fathers' faith, which was "*altogether the condition and guarantee of their national prosperity.*" The Russian resident had twelve ecclesiastical *attachés* of different grades, imposing by their appearance and costume. A man of war, especially despatched from Odessa *through the Dardanelles*, had conveyed to Nauplia all the paraphernalia of ecclesiastical representation,—ornaments, pictures, music, choristers. Beside the mansion of the Russian mission, in front of King Otho's palace, arose a chapel of equal dimensions, where alone, the Russian proclaimed, the orthodox could worship, and by which alone Greece could be connected with the unity of the faith. But these well-laid schemes were frustrated by the determination of M. von Maurer. He was not sufficiently informed on Eastern politics to conceive the re-annexation religiously of Greece with the patriarch of Constantinople, and even if he had, the project would at that period have been impracticable; he therefore adopted the middle course of an independent Greek synod, and instantly the Russian minister and the Russian party

* * In Montenegro, on the death of the celebrated priest and governor of that singular country, his nephew, a lad of twenty, was called to St. Petersburg; and the civil authority in his native land was there, as it were, conferred upon him through his consecration as archbishop by the Russian Patriarch! Russia has attempted, but not yet succeeded, in rendering the Armenian Church of Constantinople dependent on the Armenian Patriarch within her territories at Erivan. The late removal of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople is another illustration.

proclaimed the apostacy of Greece from the faith of her ancestors : while Metaxa prompted the revolutionary spirit of Maina, by telling the simple peasantry that the Panagia of Tinos had been seen to shed tears of blood on hearing of the infidelity of the King of Greece.*

But to return. In the course of the examination of the conspirators, several important facts came to light. We have before mentioned that it was the intention of the regency to establish a government which would avail itself of the capacity of every individual without regard to his previous history. Andrea Metaxa was the first who was nominated to be councillor of state. He was also made nomarch of the important province of Maina. His intrigues in that province, and his connection with Colocotroni, came out in the course of the investigation. He was consequently dismissed from his nomarchy, and sent as consul-general to Cairo. He did not repair to his post, pretending that he was obliged to go to Cephalonia to take leave of his friends ; and there he lingered until he had got up another conspiracy, which broke out about the time of M. von Maurer's recall. As Coletti was then at the head of affairs, he was advised to retire to Marseilles. Zographo, who had been nomarch of Arcadia, where the conspiracy broke out, for having culpably neglected giving information to the government of their danger, was deprived of his province, and sent into honourable exile as minister to Constantinople, where he immediately hoisted Russian colours, as is proved by his attempts to disturb the march of the Turkish government, but which it is unnecessary to enlarge on here. Praïdes, Psyllas, and Tricoupi, were removed from the ministry for similar reasons, the latter being sent as envoy to England. The ministry was then remodelled. Mavrocordato was taken away from the finances, for which he had shown himself unqualified, and made secretary for foreign affairs and of the marine. Coletti was made minister of the interior, to search out the affair. Schinas and Theocaris, devoted friends of Coletti's, were made ministers of justice and of finance. The former was a cousin of Catacazy's, but that did not render him less hostile to Russian policy, as is proved by his being M. von Maurer's principal assistant in the institution of the national synod, and in his strenuous exertions at the trial of Colocotroni.

Count Armansperg, in his efforts to save Colocotroni and his associates, was supported by Mavrocordato, as well as by the pre-

* The chapel did not come out till two months after the deed of separation, but this is only an additional illustration of the whole scheme, because M. von Maurer's promptitude had anticipated by a sudden and unexpected decision the long discussions which Russia of course expected on so knotty a question.

sident of the tribunal and another out of the five judges. Count Armansperg's colleagues were now placed under the necessity of taking decided measures. M. Polizoides and M. Terzetti (the judges) were suspended from their functions by the new minister of justice, and Mavrocordato was sent into exile to the court of Bavaria, whilst the regency transmitted to the different courts of Europe an account of this remarkable process.

It may excite surprise in Europe, that the regency should have invested with diplomatic functions in foreign courts men who were disgraced at home, but this surprise will disappear when we take into account the difficulties which the regency laboured under. They could not allow influential men to remain in the country, with the means of intriguing against them and combining their efforts, although the conduct of P. Soutzo at Paris, who had been transferred as minister to St. Petersburg, for the express purpose of preventing his collusion with Pozzo di Borgo, gave them little to expect from their new agents.

The regency now threw themselves entirely into the hands of the constitutional and national party, and determined no longer to delay the promulgation of their municipal bill, which the distractions of Greece had prevented them from enacting before. We conceive their having delayed this bill to have been their grand error. All other means for tranquillizing the country did and must have failed, for, from the time of their arrival, Greece had been without any recognized municipalities whatever: of course, the regency could not recognize the Demogerontes as established by Capodistrias, and consequently the villagers were without any local organization, to which they were so much attached.

Had the municipal bill been their first measure, the power of Colocotroni and his faction would have been instantly paralyzed, for we do not know a people more easily directed than the Greeks: indeed, the convulsion of that country can only be attributed to the handle thus given to the intelligence of Russia. If such had been the case, we are equally sure that the centralized police of the gendarmerie would have been uncalled for; since that system of guaranteeship, which is so intimately connected with the principles of municipalities when the elections are uninterfered with by law, would have made every peasant arm himself to protect the interests of his community. Besides, we may hope that then the regency had seen the value of the system of municipalities farther than they appear to have understood it; viz. as it connects itself with the levying of the taxes, that the change effected by them would not have been from farmers of the revenue to ephori or tax-collectors, but that the municipal chiefs would have transmitted the revenue directly to the central government. The difficulties,

however, that the regency had to struggle against were great. They feared that, if they promulgated that law, the power thus handed over to the villagers would have been taken possession of by the Russian faction. But there were other distracting circumstances, as events have shown. It seems, notwithstanding all the protocols, that the regency were not really independent of the king of Bavaria, and that he would be alarmed by a measure, against which, as *republican* or *revolutionary*, Russia could so easily excite all his antipathies.* He, therefore, would feel disposed to lend a ready ear to the insinuations thrown out by Russian diplomatists and by his secretary for foreign affairs, Baron Gise, whose leaning to Russia is well known. And, indeed, all the governments of Germany are so prostrate before the ascendancy of Russia, that the king of Bavaria dare not move in a manner that would excite the jealousy of that power.

This measure, although it satisfied the people, we are inclined to find fault with, as it trammelled, by innumerable complications, the habits of the people. It was intended to be as liberal as possible, but still the regency were misguided by European ideas and by not understanding perfectly the spirit of Eastern habits and institutions. This is a mistake that Europeans always fall into whenever they undertake to administer Eastern countries, which even Eastern legislators commit when they get infected with ideas transplanted from Europe; and *we* surely can-

* We cannot help here inserting a note from "Turkey and its Resources," on the bearing of which we need not dilute.

"The following incident might give colour to the suspicion that he (Count Capodistrias) went to Greece with a perfect acquaintance with the municipal organization, and a pre-determination to destroy it. Being questioned by Prince C —, ex-minister of Russia, as to the causes to which I attributed the failure of Capodistrias in Greece, I was proceeding to detail some of the reasons given in the text, placing in the first rank of errors the destruction of the existing municipalities, and, as the most fatal of his omissions, the non-creation of municipalities, which would have prevented all his own faults and all the national opposition. 'That was precisely,' observed the Prince, 'the policy he ought to have pursued; and I recollect perfectly a conversation I had with him on this very subject, one or two years before his nomination as president. I remarked to him, that the municipalities of Turkey afforded the ready, the cheap, the easy, and efficient means of organizing Greece. Capodistrias made me one of the long answers in which he was so expert, with the view of effacing this conviction from my mind. I do not recollect now what it was he did say; but the impression made upon me at the time was, *qu'il battoit la campagne*."

"Does not this throw light on the diplomacy of Russia? My informant could not know any thing of the municipalities of Turkey, or of the means of organizing Greece, except through the information possessed by the foreign bureau at St. Petersburg. Nothing, indeed, save this high intellectuality of her diplomacy could preserve the connection and combine the functions of so inert and heterogeneous a mass. Had her object been to organize Greece, how straightly would she have marched towards it! If the contrary, how efficacious is her opposition; and how easily could she detect Capodistrias, had he aimed at consolidating there his own power!"—p. 241.

not be very severe upon them when we have committed graver errors than these ourselves in India.

It was in consequence of this measure, that M. von Maurer and "Mr. d'Abel received their recall, for they expressly contravened the instructions which they had received from Munich through the Bavarian *chargé-d'affaires*, M. de Gasser, to follow in the wake of M. Catacazy. General Heydeck was left, although he had tendered his resignation; but in M. Maurer's stead was sent M. Kobell, whose predilections may be understood by the simple circumstance that he was bearer of despatches to the Russian envoy, at whose residence he alighted. Thus General Heydeck was in a minority, and was attempted to be placed in the same position in which Coletti was placed after the assassination of Capodistrias. However, he refused to attach his name to a law abolishing the liberty of the press, and, as soon as king Otho attained his majority, he instantly left the country and returned to Bavaria.

On the recall of M. von Maurer and M. d'Abel, every effort was directed by Count Armandsparg and the court of Bavaria to wean the young king from men to whom he had been not only personally but politically attached. Count Jenison, late envoy in England, was sent to support Count Armandsparg. Aide-de-camps, physicians, artists, came to surround the young king, and so well did they work that, before he arrived at his majority, he was induced to sign a paper promising to constitute Count Armandsparg arch-chancellor of the kingdom the moment he was seated on the throne.

We shall not notice this introduction of feudal titles into a country that has never known the distracting influence of feudalism. The count has thus extorted an authority, which must overshadow the young monarch, and deprive royalty of its prerogatives. This was attempted by Capodistrias, but for the consequences he stood responsible and suffered. Armandsparg, sheltered under the royal name, has the power of issuing decrees without the king's sanction, though the prince himself can sign no papers without the previous signature of Count Armandsparg; and the odium of every measure must fall in popular opinion upon the king, or else upon the minister nominated by the arch-chancellor, whilst, if there be any measure that gains the general approbation, we have reason for asserting that he takes the credit of it to himself.

There is one measure of Count Armandsparg's to which we would particularly call the attention of the capitalists of England. The Greek loans, raised at several times, were guaranteed by the

national lands, and the ambassadors of the three powers, in their conferences at Poros, expressly declared that no financial measure could be entered into that could at all invade the imprescriptible rights of these capitalists. It was always a desirable object to distribute these national lands amongst the people, in order to convert the lawless palicari into peaceful agriculturists; yet the rights of the capitalists were always respected by the Greeks themselves, as long as these claims could not be compensated out of the public treasury, and consequently the measure was always deferred until these claims could be indemnified by the state.

Count Armand-Sperdy has cut the Gordian knot. The national lands and property have been put up to sale, bonds having been previously issued of 2000 drachmas to each family to enable them to purchase. Thus we do not know what guarantee is left, or what security the capitalists have now for the repayment of the debt. The measure was intended to court popularity in Greece, to destroy every interest for Greece in England, to ruin the character and credit of Greece in Europe, and finally to promote convulsion by the introduction of an impracticable measure, and corruption by the sanctioning of public dishonesty.

The results correspond with the means that have been employed, and recent advices give us reason to believe, that never was Greece, even in her times of greatest apparent danger, in so deplorable, hopeless, and helpless a condition as at the present moment.

In sketching this lamentable picture of the state of a country so interesting by its soil, its associations, its efforts, its sufferings, and its abused confidence in this our own country; in tracing this afflicting history of intrigue, of ignorance, and of error, there is one point alone on which we can rest with satisfaction—one consideration alone which permits us to hope for any thing less afflicting for the future than a continuation of such scenes as these; and that is, the fact of the picture which we are now tracing being made public by the English press. It is our ignorance alone that has caused the fortunes of Russia to brighten; and this exposure of her policy in this detached country, marvellously coinciding with similar exposures elsewhere, will be a powerful contribution towards the revulsion of opinion now taking place throughout Europe, which cannot fail to arrest, at no distant period, her hitherto prosperous course.

A residence of several years in Greece has made us acquainted, and intimately acquainted, with the policy and views of that country, with the character of individuals, and with the motives that could actuate them; but we confess that, since the

establishment of the monarchy of Greece, having only the means of judging from a distance, and with little more than the scanty and erroneous information furnished by the public press, Greece appeared like a chaos on which we could have ventured no opinion; and, while our mind was filled with all species of apprehension, we could have suggested no remedy. The work of Professor Thiersch threw, indeed, some light upon the subject; but it was uncertain, and the truth of his details was rendered suspicious by the errors of his general inferences. For the picture which we are now enabled to present to our readers, we are indebted principally to another and a most extraordinary source.

We have already stated, that by the constitution of the Regency the governing power was vested in the *majority* of the Regency, and that majority was invested with "sovereign independent power in all its plenitude." That Regency is broken up by the individual act of the King of Bavaria; the *majority* of that Regency is treated as Russian, and, on the strength of that word, the whole influence of England and of France is directed successfully to its overthrow. *Against that decision it has appealed through the press to the public of Europe.* Supposing that the chain of evidence here adduced were not wholly conclusive, still it cannot admit of a shadow of doubt that an appeal to the public of Europe cannot proceed from an agent of Russia, and it is therefore evident that that Regency was recalled for opposing the views of Russia.

There are brought forward in M. von Maurer's work accusations of the gravest nature, which excite our astonishment and almost our disbelief; but still we see sufficient evidence in the work to assert that it must produce inquiry, and that the matter must be probed to the bottom. M. von Maurer challenges inquiry: he publishes his work under all the disadvantages of a shackled press, and of a position of hostility with his own government. We care not whether Count Armandsparg flatters English travellers—whether he professes great zeal for the antiquities of Greece—whether he makes a show of great attachment to English interests; the practical question with us is, whether or not he favours Russian designs.

In the division of labour adopted by the Regency, we find that Count Armandsparg stands responsible for the financial measures, whilst M. von Maurer and M. d'Abel seem to have been the originators of all measures connected with the interior and the church: we have shown that it was not the first that gave the Russians such dissatisfaction.

Again, looking at the arbitrary system that Count Armandsparg has adopted since the removal of his former colleagues, the dis-

missal of Coletti, who has been exiled^a as ambassador to Paris, and the subsequent return to Greece of Andrea Metaxa; looking over the names which constitute the present ministry of Count Armanberg, among which we find that of Michael Soutzo as minister of the interior—a man whose letter to Capodistrias, which fell into the hands of the constitutional party, proved that he was entirely Russian; seeing that he has since let loose Colocotroni and his associates from prison, no doubt can remain on our minds as to the count's views. We are aware that Russian diplomatists in England abuse him; but is the recent exposure of Klaproth not to be a warning to us? We should say, if even we had not this strong evidence, that the mere fact of Count Armanberg being supported by the Court of Bavaria, and of the others having been recalled, would be sufficient in itself to justify our suspicions of his being Russian.*

When we look at the state of Greece, which must be again a prey to dissensions; when we consider that Greece is in the hands of the man whom we have just disposed of; when we consider the way that her resources have been mismanaged, and the temper of her people trifled with by foreign intrigue; what shall we say of the future prospects of this unfortunate country? Her population is daily emigrating to Turkey; her commerce is dead; her shipping rotting in the docks. We see no resource for her but in her restoration to Turkey. Greece must soon learn to contrast the rapid progress she made during the last thirty years of her subjection to Turkey, with the decay and the distraction that have accompanied those European institutions to which she so warmly aspired. The marine of Greece must contrast its freedom under Turkey with its degradation now. The peasantry must contrast their taxes to the free Greek State with the amount paid by their brethren under the Turkish rule.

Samos had been exposed to all the misrule and intrigue of Capodistrias. It is quiet and contented now, governed by a Christian hospodar nominated by the Porte.† Servia is the same; and we are sure that the course which affairs are taking will lead the Greeks in the same way to throw themselves into the arms of Turkey, if Turkey herself can be preserved. This will be a difficult struggle for Greek vanity, that aspired to erecting a Byzantine empire; but still we are sure that the Roumeliote captains, the islanders, the peasantry in general, and the patriotic party

* "L'Angleterre et la France empressées de terminer les affaires de la Grèce selon la satisfaction de l'Empereur."—*Dispatch of Count Pozzo de Borgo, quoted in the British and Foreign Review, No. 2.*

† There are accounts of recent disturbances: of course Russia is not tranquil, and she is at no loss for instruments, with Greece in the state it is, with Mehemet Ali, and above all, with the supineness of England.

under Coletti, each on separate grounds, must have approached this conviction, or will instantly adopt it, if any one have the courage to propose it.

Turkey by this will receive new accession of strength ; and the only way of staving the inroads of Russian aggression is by strengthening and consolidating that power. If Greece is led of its own accord to this conclusion, it will be a consummation that we had no right to expect.

The reader will be surprised to learn that the passage which he is now going to peruse was printed and published in the early part of 1833 :—

“ The power of the chiefs can only be broken, the affection of the people only conciliated, the errors of Capodistrias only obliterated, by the restoration of the municipalities. The only system approved by practice and experience, that is sufficiently economical for the finances of Greece, that is sufficiently simple for her inexperienced administration, that is sufficiently acceptable to the nation, for the weakness of that administration to enforce ;—the only system that can allow her commercial capabilities to develop themselves, that can reconcile and excite without confounding the local and parcelled affections and interests of the Greeks ; *and, in fine, the only system which, by simplifying the central government and strengthening the local interests, can arrest the demoralizing progress of NORTHERN INTRIGUE*, is that which is summed up in municipalities, direct taxation, and freedom of commerce.”—*Turkey and its Resources*, p. 252.

“ The monarchy of Greece must rest on these three principles ; and yet these are not three, but one principle, under a three-fold character ; each as a principle leading to the other two as consequences, and indivisible in their utility and their operation.

“ If the revenue of Greece is to be raised indirectly, a custom-house system and a preventive service must be organized. I need hardly enter into detail, to show the utter impracticability of barricading the coasts of such a country—serrated with gulfs, bays, and creeks, intersected with mountain ranges ; frequent calms at sea, when the light mysticos, with their sweeps, will defy pursuit—with the neighbourhood of Candia, the Ionian Islands, and Turkey, the example of her free trade, and the convenient vicinity of islands, which have been piratical, and now would become smuggling stations. There are other considerations which must be urged against the custom-house plan, namely, the utility to herself of leaving her commerce and navigation entirely unshackled ; the necessity of doing so, if she wishes to realize the high commercial destinies that the habits of her population and her admirable position point out as hers. But I must confess that I trust more to the practical impossibility of enforcing the injurious system, than to the arguments that might be adduced in favour of the other. But supposing that, by overwhelming military power, and at an enormous expense, she could establish custom-house cordons, what would be the consequence ? 1st, the increase of expenditure ; 2d, the decrease of her commerce ; 3d, the resistance to

government which indirect taxation must produce, but in tenfold force in Greece, where they have been for centuries accustomed to buy the produce of all parts of the world at the lowest price. The indirect system will then not disguise taxation, while it misplaces the burdens and doubles the necessities of the state, and will cause universal irritation, without obtaining the support of interests and prejudices grown up under its influence. 4th. Law will cease to be respected. Opinion has hitherto stood in place of law; and law, to be enforced and respected, must now coincide with opinion. Prostitute the law to financial purposes—create new crimes, and visit them with the penalties scarcely awarded to the worst injuries inflicted on society—and law and opinion will be brought into direct collision. This is a momentous consideration for a prince who goes to govern a people, as it is supposed in Europe, of pirates and bandits, with four thousand German bayonets. In practice and in principle, so numerous are the objections to the European commercial system, so great are the temptations to interference, for men carrying thither European notions of administration, who will be at first environed with respect and kneeled to with submission, that I cannot see how they can escape falling into serious errors; and so difficult is it for the self-love of such a government to retrace any false step, that, without great faith in prophecy, *I will only give Greece five years to find its way back to the Turkish dominion, if the indirect system of taxation is attempted.*—*Ibid.* p. 251.

Now, after reproducing, at a distance of three years, passages which appear to be an examination of events *after* they have occurred, instead of being a prediction of what was likely to occur—what shall we say of the responsibility incurred by the government of this country, or of the capacity of the individuals more immediately superintending our relations in the East? The question was not unintelligible, but it required further study than it has hitherto suited the convenience of our diplomatists to give to it. However, with the proximity of danger, the repetition of failure, the promulgation of light, new necessities—necessities that cannot long be endured—are accumulating on the shoulders of the government. Every party in politics, every influential organ of the press, has loudly, unequivocally, declared, one common, one national, conviction of shame and apprehension at the position of haughty contemptuousness and of hostile aggression which Russia has been permitted to assume.*

* Since this article was prepared for the press, we have learned that Mr. Urquhart, the author of "Turkey and its Resources," and, as it is generally supposed, of "England, France, Russia and Turkey," although holding previously no government appointment, has been nominated Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople. This fact speaks volumes. It shows that the government share also in the conviction we have alluded to. With no less anxiety than before, but with hope rather than alarm, shall we now watch the working out of the consequences of that conviction.

Postscript, January 1st, 1836.

Extracts from Correspondence from Greece, from the "Times," Dec. 29.

"The Russians are trying very hard to strengthen their party by bribing priests, dinners to the King's aides-de-camp, and different other ways; they place all their hopes on the arrival of the King of Bavaria, whom they expect daily; they give out that, as France has changed her politics and joined the Powers of the North, England can no longer keep her influence in the Levant, therefore Greece must become a Russian province, as intended by Capodistrias. What is most extraordinary is, *that Tricoupi's and Mavrocordato's friends are become great, or rather violent, Russians.* Are those their instructions from London and Munich, I wonder?"

"Count Armandsparg has immortalized himself, as, notwithstanding the immense difficulties he had to overcome, in the short space of time since he got rid of Coletti and the other intriguers, he has brought about the Council of State."

The reader unacquainted with the state of Greece might be led by these two facts to infer that Count Armandsparg was anti-Russian, and that the Greek national spirit was Russian; and we feel ourselves called upon to make some further observations, for the purpose of preventing these two facts—the strongest confirmation of the views which we have exposed, nay, the realization of the objects of Russia—from being taken by those not informed of the question, or from being used by her, as the means of further doubt, bewilderment, and error.

We have shown in the preceding article that Count Armandsparg was the devoted partizan of Russia. We trust that the question is settled, and does not require under any circumstances to be re-argued. If our readers have followed us to our conclusions, they will naturally ask what is the Russian object for the formation of a Council composed of the independent and patriotic party in Greece?

It has been the character of Russian policy all along to obtain confidence in its immediate acts, even while its past policy has ceased to wear the mask of disguise. In the present case it was to be apprehended that, as heretofore, we should endeavour to gain confidence in immediate appearances because we did not appreciate the new objects which she had in view. We trust, however, that we have sufficiently exposed the means by which she acts and the character of her instruments, to lead people to inquire what the object is of this new deception. The fact is that Russia has arrived at all her ends. She has arrived at the exclusion of Foreign Influence in Greece. Her object now is to

render the national party her party. The point had been gained when struggle and contention ceased, when the timid became harassed and the bold desponding. It remained for her then in profiting by the results, by the arts which had pushed them to despair, to step in with consolations which were not expected, and to cast on others the obloquy which their supineness admitted, but which their intentions had not merited.

Time will too soon and too truly show that this is the actual character of the repose and contentment produced by this, to us, apparent departure of Count Armansperg from Russian policy to Greece, this Hellenic nationalization of the policy and the influence of Russia. We shall soon see that the honest support of Church, Mavromichaeli, . . . will be a more efficient and stable prop of Russian preponderance in that country than the intrigues of Metaxa and the yataghan of Colocotroni. This formation of the new senate is in anticipation of the new order of things that is to commence when a second King is to set his foot on this tortured land,—when King Louis, dependent in his Bavarian policy on Russian influence, appears in Greece the representative of the Emperor of Russian,—the representative of the Greek nation, as recognized by the Alliance,—the father of the King of Greece, and the liege lord of the Bavarian troops in the service of the Greek state. This second and greater sovereign, combining in his person the domestic, civil, burgher, and diplomatic characters of father, monarch, delegate, and ambassador, is to embark at Ancona under the flag of England, is to arrive in Greece in the same vehicle and with the same accompaniment as Capodistrias. He will land attended by a high-minded British naval officer, the English representative by his own choice. He will embrace a son, the monarch of Greece, still possessing the rights of succession to the throne of Bavaria, and he will be introduced, by a German arch-chancellor of the Southern Rumaic provinces of Turkey, to a senate composed of the heroes of the Greek revolution, while prayers will be offered up by an archimandrite from St. Petersburg, and arms presented by German dragoons!

The same Russian envoy who watched the battle of Navarin from outside the harbour will look upon this not less strange and interesting scene with a placid and patronizing smile.

ART. VI.—1. *Galfridi de Monumeta Vita Merlini*, conjuncto labore edebant Franciscus Michel et Thomas Wright. 8vo. Paris, Silvestre. 1836.

2. *Delectus Poeseos Medii Ævi hactenus aut ineditæ aut male editæ*. Fasciculus I. Satyrica Poemata Johannis Hauvil, Niggelli Wireker, et aliorum Poet. Anglorum, complectens. 8vo. Paris. *In the press*.

IN fixing a period for the general revival of learning, we are apt to forget or neglect what preceded it. Many talk, and not a few write, of dark ages,—of ages which, as they think, produced nothing worth calling a literature, while, when we examine their productions, in' as yet their only repository—the contemporary manuscripts that are preserved in our public, and in some of our private, libraries—we discover that those very ages were brilliant eras in the history of science and letters. Few who read in our own native history the troublous reigns of the last half of the twelfth century, are aware that in England it was an age of literature, that it produced innumerable works on theology and on science; history, and poetry, and romance; and many a reader of modern Latin verse will be startled when we tell him that it produced Englishmen who in writing that language approached in some degree the purer models of the classic age.

As the Christian faith was introduced among the western nations of Europe, the Latin tongue became every where the language of theology, and consequently, since the clergy became the great cultivators of science and letters, the language of the learned. It is true that they studied this language generally in barbarous models—in the works of the theologians and philosophers of a late period, which were brought from Italy by the missionaries, or by the richer and more pious of the converts who had been induced by their zeal to visit the seat of the Romish pontiff, a journey very often undertaken by our Saxon forefathers. Yet, along with such books, some of the best of the classic writers were not unfrequently imported, and it is no uncommon thing to find among our collections of manuscripts copies of even such writers as Horace, and Virgil, and Plautus, in early Saxon hand-writing. To the influence of such works, without doubt, we must attribute the comparative degree of excellence possessed by some of the Anglo-Saxon writers of Latin.

It is a curious circumstance, that on every side, as the northern and Teutonic colonies obtained firm and quiet settlements, a high taste for civilization and literature immediately developed itself amongst them. The extensive cultivation of literature

among the Anglo-Saxons is proved by the vast remains in the vernacular tongue which, after the shocks of so many centuries, are still preserved. Of any purely vernacular literature which the Normans may have once possessed, we know nothing, because they had long adopted the corrupt form of the Latin, which was peculiar to them as Anglo-Normans, at the date of the earliest specimens of their literature which are known. It is certain that, at the period when William entered England, Normandy reckoned among its clergy a host of elegant and profound scholars. That the works of the ancients were very commonly read during the two following centuries, the multitude of subjects which were transferred from them to the vernacular middle-age romance leaves us no room to doubt.* That those romances were but barbarous travesties of the original stories—that the writers of them had evidently no ideas of other feelings or manners than those of their own age—says nothing, because, when the learned clergy, who were those who studied the Latin authors, treated in Latin verse the same subjects, they show an extensive and just knowledge of the mythologies and manners of ancient Greece and Rome. We must not forget that the Trojan war of our own Joseph of Exeter was first printed as a classic poem.

The school of Anglo-Latin poets who wrote in the twelfth century was certainly founded by the Norman clergy, who had been introduced by the Conqueror to the English sees and abbeys. Leland mentions much elegant poetry which was written during his reign, and some of that of Godfrey, prior of Winchester, who died in 1107, is still preserved in a manuscript at Oxford. Godfrey was peculiarly distinguished for his epigrams; and the following, which is given by Warton from the Oxford manuscript, possesses the terseness and elegance of Martial, whose works its author had evidently studied with success.

“ *Pauca Titus pretiosa dabat, sed vilia plura:
Ut meliora habeam, pauca det, oro, Titus.*”

* In the very curious *Romance of Flamenca*, of the thirteenth century, analysed by the profound Raynouard in the thirteenth volume of the *Notices des Manuscrits*, is a very long and interesting list of the subjects of the romances of the Trouvères. Of forty-five such romances, four are formed on Scriptural subjects; 21 are pure middle-age productions, that is, they comprize *Chansons de Geste*, romances of the Round Table, more recent histories, &c.; and no less than 20 are subjects taken from the mythologies of Greece and Rome. Among these latter were the stories of the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and the *Æneid*—

“ *L'autre contava d'Ulixes, r r
L'autre d'Hector e d'Achilles;
L'autre contava d'Eneus
E de Dido, com si remas
Per lui dolenta e mesquina.*”

Which we may venture to imitate thus:

"Simon showers worthless gifts on all his friends,
Few precious favours he bestows, 't is true:
 In faith, whene'er his gifts to me he sends,
 Believe me, John, I hope he'll send me *few*."

Camden, in his *Remains*, has printed several of Godfrey's epigrams. In the following the idea is gracefully expressed—Drusus, as it appears, had devoured meat which his olfactory nerves should have taught him to reject—

"Druse, comedisti quem misit Silvius hircum,
 Vel tibi non nasus, vel tibi nasus olet."

Which may thus be turned into the vulgar tongue—

"Tom, hast thou eaten Jenkin's meat? methinketh
 Thou'st lost thy nose, or else in sooth it stinketh."

An abbot who, as Camden observes, "would defend his monks from others, but worry them himself," had provoked the anger of the epigrammatist—the reproof is neatly conceived—

"Tollit ovem de fauce lupi persæpe molossus,
 Ereptamque lupo ventre recondit ovem:
 Tu quoque, Scæva, tuos prædone tueris ab omni,
 Unus prædo tamen perdis ubique tuos."

Godfrey was by no means the only epigrammatist of his time, though, as far as we can judge by what remains, he excelled all his cotemporaries in grace and elegance, and his style merits the eulogy which Leland has bestowed upon it for its sweetness—"familiari illo et dulci stylo." In a late number of *Frazer's Magazine*, it has been suggested that the subjects of the French fabliaux of the thirteenth century had existed in Latin at an early period, and an epigram containing one of those subjects was given from an early manuscript preserved at Cambridge. To this instance we will now add another. A fabliau in the collection first published by Barbazan tells us how, whilst a merchant was trafficking in a distant land, his spouse at home had increased her family by one more than she ought lawfully to have done. The merchant, on his return, was naturally enough surprized at the phenomenon—she however was quick at finding an excuse—it was the age of miracles, and she declared that one day a flake of snow having fallen into her mouth, like the shower of gold which Jupiter rained upon Danaë, it had fructified into the boy she then bore in her arms. The merchant seemed satisfied, the lad grew bigger, the father took him with him on one of his voyages, sold him into slavery, and when, on his return home, the anxious mother expressed her astonishment at the absence of her

child, she was informed that the boy, who had originated from snow, had melted under the rays of a warmer sun into water. The story is thus told, though without either elegance or skill, by a poet of the reign of John, whose epigram, with two others on the same subject, has been printed by Camden.

“ Rebus in augendis longe remorante marito,
Uxor mæcha parit puerum; post multa reverso,
De nive conceptum fingit: fraus mutua, caute
Sustulit, asportat, vendit, matrique reportans
Ridiculum simile, liquefactum sole refingit.”

The twelfth century was an age of licentiousness, of violence, and of oppression, equally among the clergy and among the laity—but, as it afforded objects of satire, it also produced those who were clever enough and honest enough to satirize them. One of the most remarkable satires of the twelfth century was written by Nigellus Wireker, who was precentor of the cathedral church of Canterbury, and flourished during the reigns of the second Henry and his successor Richard. The poem to which we allude is entitled *Speculum Stultorum*, and many copies are preserved—three, which we have examined, are in the British Museum (MSS. Harl. No. 2422, Cotton, Titus A. xx. and Arund. No. 23.) It has been more than once printed, but from very imperfect copies, and the editions are by no means common. The hero of the poem is a jack-ass, who goes by the name of Burnellus, and who is sent out into the world to seek his fortune. One of his earlier adventures is his arrival at Salerno, where he is cheated by a London merchant. He afterwards goes to Paris, and Nigellus takes this opportunity of laughing at the jovial and licentious habits of his countrymen, which were conspicuous even amongst the scholars at the Parisian university.

“ Burnellusque sibi minuit crinesque totondit,
Induit et tunica se meliore gua.
Pexus et ablutus, tandem progressus in urbem,
Intrat in ecclesiam, vota precesque facit.
Inde scholas adiens, secum deliberat, utrum
Expeditant potius illa vel ista sibi:
Et quia subtiles sensu considerat Anglos,
Pluribus ex causis se sociavit eis.
Moribus egregii, verbo vultuque venusti,
Ingenio pollent, consilioque vigent:
Dona pluunt populis, et detestantur avaris:
Fercula multiplicant, et sine lege bibunt
Wessail et *Dringail*, nec non persona secunda,
Hæc tria sunt vitia quæ comitantur eos;
His tribus exceptis, nichil est quod in his reprehendas,
Hæc tria si tollas, cætera cuncta placent.”

Which we may thus turn into jingling rhymes.—

And when arrived, and safely hived in famous town of Paris,
In barber's shop, his hair to crop, a full half-hour he tarries :
Thence forth he goes in Sunday clothes, his head with unguent
reeking,

Midst gallants rare, that gather there, a pleasant harbour seeking.
And first in search of parish church his anxious eyes directed,
Where prayers being said, and service read, and offerings meet
accepted,

Through street and lane in haste again his weary footsteps turning,
On holier ground the schools he found, the ancient seat of learning ;
There sage Burnell considered well, with due deliberation,
What faculty his choice should be, what sect, or class, or nation :
But chiefly then the Englishmen were praised for art and cunning,
For pregnant parts, and generous hearts, all mean behaviour shunning.
Much he approved the rule they loved, whose prudent care had striven
To cheer with wine the discipline that drier souls had given.
Three sins alone these gallants own—though these are black and
heinous—

They seek relief in good roast beef from Scotus and Aquinas ;
With merry souls, they drain their bowls ; and then when each is
mellow,

With lighter head he seeks his bed, to play with his bed-fellow.
And pity 'tis they sin in these, for sages wise declare to us,
From sins but three had they been free, their lives had been more
virtuous.

This sarcasm upon the three trespasses of the English student—three of the most crying sins of the monkish “penitentiaries”—reminds us of the wit which has rendered celebrated the *Madam Blaize of Goldsmith*, and which has again, as we see in the newspapers, been lately perpetrated, though unwittingly, by one of “Warren’s blacking” poets—a batch of poets who, by the same token, have, like all mundane things, degenerated. In the present instance our poet is describing the solitude of the arctic regions, in “warm poetic strain” as was meet in treating of so cold a subject, and he assures us with much *naïveté* that

“ Solemn and still, dull silence reigned around,
Unless ’twas interrupted by some sound—”

an idea which he might have expressed in the simplicity of prose, by saying that all was very quiet except when there was a noise.

John Hauvill, a satirist of the end of this century and of the earlier part of the next, in a poem whose hero, named *Architre-nius*, bears some analogy to the Burnell of *Nigellus Wireker*, has given us a description of the jovialities of an English drinking party of the twelfth century. In the third book of the *Architre-nius*, he introduces to us his countrymen emulating each other

in their drinking with as much zeal as Ajax and Ulysses contended for the armour of Achilles—

“ Consedere duces, et, Bacchi stante corona,
Surgit ad hos pateræ dominus septemplicis Ajax
Anglicus, et calice similis contendit Ulixes.”

It is quite unnecessary to point out the parody. The feats of the two leaders are followed by a shout, and then comes a general drinking bout.

“ Ergo vagante scypho distincto guttore—*Weshail!*—
Ingeminant—*Weshail!*—labor est plus perdere vini
Quam sitis, exhaurire merum studiosius ardent
Quam sedare sitim, commendativa Lyæi
Est sitis, et candens calices venire palatum
Imperiosa jubet, ad Bacchi munera dextas
Blandius invitat.

Which in our manner we will translate,

Weshail! they shout—the jovial rout—as round the bumper passes;
Nor care they take their thirst to slake, so long as there’s wine in their
glasses.

And well I trow there’s nothing below the moon, so happy and
glorious,

As a *thirsty* soul set beside his bowl, midst a troop of lads uproarious.

The Saxon exclamation *weshail*, i. e. mayst thou be in health, is the origin of the wassail-bowl of the north of England, and is famous in English history as being the expression of the beautiful Rowena, when she administered the cup to king Vortigern, and made way for the downfall of the British dynasty before that of our own ancestors, the Saxons—“*Wæs heil, blaford cyning!*”—health to thee, my lord king.*

Camden and others have been followed by Warton in calling the author of the *Architrenius*, John Hanville—the latinized name, Johannes de Alvilla, as it is given in the early manuscript which we have before us, shows that it should be Hauville, and a later note in the same manuscript tells us that he was also called John of Hingham, of which name the other two are, perhaps, but translations. His Latin is infinitely purer than that of Wikeket;

* The most curious list of the drinking words of the English of the twelfth century, is given by Wace in the *Roman de Rou*, where he thus describes the drinking-bout in the English camp during the night which preceded the battle of Hastings—

“ Tote nuit mangierent e burent,
Unkes la nuit el lit ne jurent.
Mult les véissiez demengr,
Treper e sailler e chanter ?
Lublie crient, e *weissel*,
E *latigome*, e *drincheheil*,
Drinc hindrewart, e *drintome*,
Drinc helf, e *dringtome*.”

but the style he aims at is gaudy and meretricious, though he often rises above mediocrity. It would be difficult to find among the writings of any of his contemporaries as many lines so elegant and so unaffected as the following passage from his introductory book, wherein he invokes the aid of his muse to the undertaking—

“ Tu Cýrrhæ latices nostræ, Deus, implue menti,
 Eloquii rorem siccis infunde labellis,
 Distillaque favos, quos nec dum Tagus arenis
 Palleat, aut sitiât admotis Tantalus undis
 Horreat insipidos ætas, vel livor amaros.
 Dirige quod tímida præsumpsit dextera, dextram
 Audacem pavidamque juva. Tu mentis habenas
 Fervoremque rege; quicquid dictaverit ori
 Spiritus aridior, oleum suffunde favoris.

But to return to our worthy ass Burnell.—After he had passed his allotted time among the jovialities of the English scholars at Paris, he began seriously to repent of his follies, and resolved to become pious. Here the poet has a noble opportunity of satirizing the various orders of monks. It is a knotty point, by no means easy of solution in the mind of our hero, which of these orders he shall choose, and he descants somewhat fully on the advantages of each. Neither Templars, Hospitaliers, nor Black Monks suit his taste—the latter in particular were by far too much given to singing; and a little reflexion brings to his mind his own true character, and the melancholy fact that his voice was not over good. To the White Monks he had a still greater objection, for they went without breeches. Similar defects were found in the other orders,—those of Grandmont, the Carthusians, the Black Canons, the Monstratensians, and the Secular Canons. The latter he owns were a jolly set; but they were *too* lax in their discipline, for he assures us they

Observe in full the good old rule, that man must needs live double,
 And rather than be *sans* mate should be, they'd let him have a couple.

This world of ours—its fading flowers—like garden-plot they cherish,
 With liquors quaff they water it oft, for fear the flowers should perish.

Or, as it stands in the original, where its author has mixed leonines with his elegiacs:

“ Lex vetus ut suasit ne quilibet absque sua sit,
 Et quod quisque suas possit habere duas.
 Hi sunt qui mundum cum flore cadente tenentes,
 Ne cito marcescat sæpe rigare student.”

Finally, neither the rules and manners of the regular nuns nor

of those of the new order of Sempringham were agreeable to his taste. Of the former, indeed, he gives a very unfavourable account.

“ All short their hair the sisters wear, as strictest rule provideth
Nor ever lack wide veil of black that every feature hideth,
Their dainty skin concealed within dark robe of folds capacious.
If true I'm told, the rule they hold hath judged, with care sagacious,
That tight'ned zone nor pantaloons their gentle limbs shall fetter—
And still, they say, the dames obey its precept to the letter.
A tranquil life, devoid of strife, this peaceful order leadeth,
Unless, I ween, some cause be seen, or place that striving breedeth:
And barrenness is not their vice, so long as youth endureth,
Though maidenly their converse be, as downcast mien assureth.

Or, as it is in the original,—

Omnibus auretenus licet his nutrire capillos,
Sed non ulterius, regula namque vetat :
Utuntur niveis agni de corpore sumptis
Pellibus intonsis, pallia nigra gerunt.
Hæ caput abscondunt omnes sub tegmine nigro,
Sub tunicis nigris candida membra latent.
Cingula nulla ferunt, sed nec femoralibus uti
Consuedo fuit, nescio si modo sit.
Nunquam rixantur, nisi cum locus exigit aut res,
Sed neque percutiunt, sit nisi causa gravis.
Harum sunt quædam steriles, quædam parturientes ;
Virgineoque tamen nomine cuncta tegunt :
Quæ pastoralis baculi dotatur honore,
Illa quidem melius fertilisq; pareat.
Vix etiam quævis sterilis reperitur in illis,
Donec eis ætas talia posse negat.*

* The following unpublished epigram of this period seems to cast a general reflection upon the loose manners of the nuns. Perhaps the rigid virtue of the *clerics*, which it seems to presume, existed only in the mind of its writer, who may have been one of that order :—

“ *Versus de Clerico et Monacha.*

[*Monacha.*] Cum sit par nobis genus, ætas, forma duobus,
Uret et igne pari pectora nostra Venus.
Me tibi teque mihi genus, ætas, et decor æquat,
Cur non ergo sumus sic in amore pares?
Clericus. ¶ Non mihi veste places : aliis nigra vestis ametur ;
Quæ nigra sunt fugio, candida semper amo.
Monacha. ¶ Sum sub veste nigra, niveam tamen aspice carnem ;
Si vestem fugias, candida crura pete.
Clericus. ¶ Nupsisti Christo quem non offendere fas est ;
Hoc velum sponsam te probat esse Dei.
Monacha. ¶ Deponam velum, deponam cætera cuncta,
Ibit et in lectum nuda puella tuum.

Burnell, thus dissatisfied with all the different orders of monks, resolves to form a sect for himself, and the satire is wound up in describing an imaginary order, in which are brought together all the vices of the others, an idea which was often imitated by satirists of later times.

Whatever be the defects of Wireker's style, he was a bold and honest satirist, and feared not to attack openly the proud and overbearing chancellor, William, Bishop of Ely. Among the Cottonian manuscripts, Cleopatra, B. III., we have two pieces by our author, both addressed to the bishop of Ely: one of them in Latin elegiacs, satirizing the manners of the courtiers; the other in prose, *contra curiales et officiales clericos*.

Cotemporary historians are loud in their declamations against the pride and presumption of the bishop. Descended from amongst the lowest order of the people, his father having in his native district of Beauvais in Picardy driven the plough, a serf to the lords of the soil, he had raised himself by his intrigues to the episcopal dignity, and he was appointed by the first Richard, on his departure for the East, chancellor and regent of England during his absence. In addition to his supreme power in civil affairs, he had craftily obtained from the pope the authority of legate, and he alternately supported his tyranny in his one capacity by his authority in the other. The clergy who dared to express their dissatisfaction at his oppression of their order, were put down by the strong hand of secular power, while those of the laity who murmured against his secular tyranny were placed immediately under the ban of the Church. The king had delivered into his hands what William of Newbury calls *the bones* of his kingdom, the royal fortresses, with which he so held the nobles in awe, that none except John, the king's brother and heir-apparent, dared for a moment to dispute his orders. Their sons are described as serving him in his palace, vying with each other in submissive humility, and not even daring to look on their lordly master without his express command, under pain of stripes; and his cousins and nieces, born in hovels, were sought in marriage by earls and barons. When he appeared in public he was seldom attended by less than a thousand retainers; seizing every occasion of

Clericus. ¶ Si velo careas, tamen altera non potes esse,
Et mea culpa gravis non foret inde minus.

Monacha. ¶ Culpa quidem, sed culpa levis; tamen ista fatemur:
Hoc digne peccatum, sed veniale tamen.

Clericus. ¶ Uxorem violare viri grave crimen habetur:
Est gravius sponsam me violare Dei."

MS. Cotton. Cleop. B. ix. fol. 15, r^o.

showing his contempt for Englishmen, he was surrounded by bands of greedy foreign mercenaries, Frenchmen and Flemings; and so eager was he of popular fame, that he imported from France poets and jongleurs, whom he employed in writing songs in his praise, and in singing them about the streets and at festivals.* The writer who gives us this piece of information, when he would picture to us the avarice of the chancellor and his satellites, declares that their extortions had left neither a girdle to a man, nor a necklace to a woman; not a ring to a noble, and nothing of value even to a Jew. (*Nec viro balteum nec feminae monile remanserat, nec annulus nobili, nec quodlibet preciosum alicui etiam Judæo.*)

Well had it been for the chancellor had he listened to the admonitions of such men as Nigellus Wireker. The chronicles of those times exult over the degradations which fell upon him. The only opponent to his secular usurpations whom he feared was John: he anticipated, however, in his clerical capacity, the opposition of the newly elected archbishop of York, who was also the king's brother, and who had not yet arrived from the continent to take possession of his see, and he resolved to crush him before that opposition should become serious. As soon as he learnt that the new archbishop was on his way to England, he sent a party of his mercenaries to Dover, who laid wait for him, plundered and dispersed his attendants, and tore the prelate from the altar to carry him to a prison. So unprecedented an outrage provoked the indignation of the nobles; a consultation was held, at which were present John, the archbishops of York (who had now been liberated in the hope of averting the storm) and Rouen (who had been sent by the king from Sicily to be associated with the bishop of Ely in the regency), and the bishops of London, Bath, Winchester, Norwich, Rochester, Lincoln, Hereford, St. David's, and Coventry, where it was resolved to depose the tyrant. The chancellor, who had at first prepared to try his strength with his opponents, on their approach sought refuge in the Tower. Hampered here by the number of his own retainers, crowded into so small compass, he was soon obliged to capitulate; and, after the delivery of all the royal castles and hostages for himself, he was allowed to retire to Dover, where he sought shelter with his brother-in-law, the governor of the castle. After having remained here some days he resolved to fly into France; and, fearing to be arrested in his attempt, he disguised himself in the

† "Hic ad augmentum et famam nominis sui, mendicata carmina et rithmos adulatorios comparabat, de regno Francorum cantatores et joculatores allexerat, ut de eo canerent in plateis et jam dicebatur ubique quod non erat talis in orbe." MS. *Arund.* No. 14.

garb of a woman. "Proh pudor!" exclaims the writer whom we have already quoted from the Arundel Manuscript, who has written the history of his fall, and who delights in designating him by the grammatical sign of the epicene gender, *ille vel illa*—"proh pudor! vir factus est femina, cancellarius cancellaria, sacerdos meretrix, episcopus scurra." Clothed in a long hyacinth-coloured gown, with a cape of the same colour, and a veil thrown over his head, carrying in his left hand, in place of a maniple, a piece of linen, as though he would offer it for sale, and in his right a yard measure instead of the pastoral staff; he descended from the castle to the shore, where he seated himself upon a piece of rock on the beach, having placed a few of his most faithful attendants at a short distance to keep watch. He had not been there long before a fisherman, who, half-naked, had just drawn his nets from the sea, and spread them out to dry in the sun, approached, and mistaking the chancellor for a strumpet, placed his left arm around his neck, and, with the other was proceeding to touch him much more rudely, when he discovered that beneath his gown he bore the dress of a man. The astonished fisherman was silenced by the interference of some of the bishop's attendants, and the latter continued to expect anxiously the arrival of a vessel which might bear him away, when a woman of the place coming down to the water-side, was led by curiosity to examine the liuen which he held in his hand, and demanded the price at which he would sell it. The chancellor, entirely ignorant of the English tongue, was silent. The woman became more urgent for a reply, and, being joined by another woman, their curiosity was raised to such a degree, that they seized his veil, lifted it from his head, and discovered beneath it the dark face of a man. The two women possessed less discretion than the fisherman; a crowd was quickly brought together, who, in spite of the repeated attempts of his attendants to rescue him, dragged the chancellor ignominiously from the beach through the town, and finally threw him into a dark cellar. He was thence carried before the magistrates, was recognised and imprisoned, and, only at the intercession of the English bishops, was at last allowed to seek refuge in exile.

Although at this period it was the fashion to satirize and ridicule the monks, yet there were not wanting those who, either having formed an imaginary standard of the excellence of their profession, or perhaps forming their idea of the monkish life on the example of the few, were émulous of writing in their praise. The classic and accomplished Neckham, who died abbot of Cirencestre in 1217, in his poem in praise of the monkish life, gives us his definition of the character of a monk in these elegant lines:—

“ Non tonsura facit monachum, nec horrida vestis,
Sed virtus animi, perpetuusque rigor :
Mens humilis, mundi contemptus, vita pudica,
Sanctaque sobrietas, hæc faciunt monachum.”

Neckham seems to have ever dwelt with pleasure on the remembrance of the happiness of his earlier days, which he had spent in monastic retirement among the monks of St. Albans. A passage quoted by Leland from his poem on the praise of Divine Wisdom, after speaking of the “tuta quies” which that monastery afforded, adds :—

“ Hic locus ætatis nostræ primordia novit,
Annos felices lætitiæque dies.
Hic locus ingenuis pueriles imbuat annos
Artibus, et nostræ laudis origo fuit.
Hic locus insignes magnosque creavit alumnos,
Felix eximio martyre, gente, situ.
Militat hic Christo, noctuque dieque labori
Indulget sancto religiosa cohors.”

The poems of Alexander Neckham are valuable for their allusions to cotemporary usages. In the above-mentioned poem on the Monastic Life, of which a copy is preserved among the Royal MSS. (S A. XXI.) he indulges in satire against the corrupt manners of the laity. He is particularly zealous in declaiming against the coquetry of his countrywomen, and he gives us some curious information on the toilet of a dame of the twelfth century. He blames them for painting their faces, for thinning their eyebrows, for unnaturally pressing their breasts into a small compass, for dyeing their black hair to render it yellow :—

“ Hæc quoque diversis sua sordibus inficit ora,
Sed quare melior quæritur arte color ?
Arte supercilium rarescit, rursus et arte
In minimum mammas colligit ipsa suas ;
Arte quidem videas nigros flavescere crines ;
Nititur ipsa suo membra movere loco.
Sic fragili pingit totas in corpore partes,
Ut quicquid nota est displicuisse putes.”

Further on he gives us a strong picture of the luxurious life of a baron of the same period—of his state and magnificence. Though the whole passage is somewhat long, we think that its curiosity will excuse our giving a part of it. Our readers will see allusions to several elegancies of life which they would hardly expect to have found in the twelfth century.

“ Ille voluptatum varia dulcedine gaudet,
Et desideriiis servit ubique suis ;
Suntque summa putat meretrix, cocus, histrio ; nullum
His præfert, aut par estimat esse bonum.

Quicquid et ad victum mare nutrit vel tenet aer,
 Quæret habetque viri luxuriosa fames ;
 Et modico ventri vastus vix sufficit orbis.
 Ergo ministrorum vocibus aula fremit,
 Argentaque dapes ponuntur, Bacchus in auro,
 Et gemma infusum plurima nectar habet,
 Vestibus et facie longus nitet ordo clientum,
 Ad domini nutum turba parata levis.
 Sexus uterque canit, resonant citharæque liræque,
 Et reddunt illic organa dulce melos.
 Tandem epulis largis et pleno ventre beatus,
 Cum scortis porcus gaudia noctis habet ;
 O præclari viri virtus ! O vita beata !
 Deliciis pastus cum meretrice cubat.
 Quid vestes referam, lectos, et divitis ædes ?
 Nescit habere modum prodiga luxuries.
 Hinc per longa meant nitidi canalialia fontes,
 Herba columbarum marmore clausa viret ;
 Fructiferumque genus tot arborum educat ortus,
 Mixtaque sanguineis alba ligustra rosis ;
 Nec violæ desunt ; sed et illis floris et herbæ
 Et quicquid specie et quicquid odore viget.
 Nunc phaleratorum tergo vectatur equorum,
 Nunc saturum lento remige cymba vehit,
 Nunc illum effeminat sub papilionibus, et nunc
 Grata sub arboreis quæritur umbra comis.
 Nunc delectatur turbis et plausibus urbis,
 Et modo privatus degere rure cupit."

That the satirists did not overpaint the luxurious and effeminate manners of the higher ranks during the latter part of the twelfth century is sufficiently proved by the evidence of cotemporary historians. John of Salisbury laments much over the profligate lives of the barons of his days. While the knights, he says, were passing their times in licentiousness, while they were haunting the houses of the nobles to eat and drink at their tables, their only military exploits were those which they created there in their boasting ; the wild Welshman left his mountains, constantly invaded the Marches, and made tributary the barons who dwelt on the borders. " Oh ! " cries he, " that our ladies were like those of the ancient Persians, that they would reproach the cowardice of their husbands and children as they did, and would drive them to the field, that the invaders might be chased from our borders ! "

John of Salisbury laments in his Polycraticon the evils of Stephen's days, which he had just passed, when, to use the strong language of the Saxon annalist of the time,
 " every rich man made his castles, and held them against the king,

and the land was filled with castles. Grievously they oppressed the miserable people of the land with their castle-works. When the castles were made they filled them with devils and evil men; and then they seized every one who was supposed to have any property—man and woman—both by night and by day, and put them in prison for their gold and silver, and punished them with such inexpressible torments as none of the martyrs ever suffered. They hung them by the feet, and smoked them with foul smoke; and they hung them by the thumbs, or by the head, and hung fire to their feet. They put knotted cords about their heads, and twisted them till they pierced to the brains. They put some in dungeons, where were adders, and snakes, and toads, and so tormented them. Others they placed in a *crucet-house*, that is, in a chest which was short and narrow and shallow, and they put in sharp stones, and pressed people in them till all their limbs were broken. In many of the castles were things very horrible and hateful—these were ‘*sachenteges*,’ that were as much as two or three men could lift; and they were so contrived that the man was fastened to a beam, with sharp iron about his throat or neck, that he could neither sit, nor lie down, nor sleep, but was compelled always to support that weight. Many they tormented with hunger: I cannot tell all the sufferings and all the torments which the wretched people bore during the nineteen years of Stephen’s reign. They laid tributes upon the towns, and when the wretched people had no more to give, they ravaged and burnt all the towns, so that you might go a long day’s journey and not find a man dwelling in a town, or the land tilled. Then was corn and flesh and cheese and butter dear.”—(*Chron. Sax.* A. D. 1137.)

An isolated anecdote often pictures to us the manners and feelings of the time more vividly than the more general and consequently, in such cases, less definite descriptions of the chronicler. Such an anecdote is given in the curious manuscript *Life and Miracles of St. Oswin*, which we believe the *Surtees Club* has at present in the press (MS. Cotton. Jul. A. X. fol. 26). Whilst Germanus was prior of Tynemouth, that is, in the reign of Stephen, the fisherman of the monastery was a boy named Leofric. Once, at the time of the herring-fishery, he had gone with the fishing-boat to Scarborough. Suddenly came Raulf, the famous Earl of Chester, with his men, and, after ravaging the town, carried away captive many of the people he found there, and among the rest the fisherman Leofric. They were all carried in chains to Malton on the eve of St. Simon and Jude. On their arrival the earl and his men immediately placed themselves at table, and prepared for a plentiful repast. Leofric and his companions, more pious than their persecutors, refused to eat meat on the eve of a fast-day. Their persecutor, enraged at their obstinacy, ordered fish to be placed before them. “Eat, wretches,” said he, “and fill yourselves, for I swear by heaven

and all the Gods thereof, that not one of you shall eat again until the full sum of his ransom has been payed." And they had no sooner finished than he ordered them all to be stripped, gave their clothes to the guard, and caused them to be bound naked to a stake. Thus they were kept fasting for a week, and were made to suffer an infinity of torments. Sometimes they were hung up by the hands to the rafter: then they were let down and cruelly beaten with rods, and at last each again bound to his stake. Amidst his torments, Leofric continued to invoke incessantly the aid of his patron saint, "Saint Oswin, help me!" The tyrant was warming himself at the fire, for it was severe weather: tired of hearing the repetition of the name of St. Oswin, he suddenly turned about, threw a stick which he had in his hand at Leofric, and ordered him to be silent. "Wretch!" said he, "what is it that thou cryest? and why dost thou tease us with the name of this Oswin? who is he whom thou askest to liberate thee from me without the intervention of money? Hold thy tongue, and let us have no more of thy chattering, and, above all, have a care that thou dost not disturb our sleep this night by thy vain clamours." The night following, however, Leofric contrived to loose himself from his bonds, and, seizing the stick which had been thrown at him, and taking the cloak of the stable-boy, who happened to be sleeping at the door, to cover his nakedness,* he escaped from the hands of his tormentors, and made all haste to reach the monastery of Tynemouth, where he declared to the brethren that the saint had appeared to him in his sleep, and had loosened him from his bonds. The monks offered due thanks to their patron, and entered the story in the book of his miracles.

By far the best Latin poet of the twelfth century was Joseph of Exeter (Josephus Iscanus), whom Leland characterizes as "*tam splendidum Britanniae sidus*," and whose long and elegant epic on the Trojan war was first printed as a work of Cornelius Nepos. His patron was Baldwin, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the zealous advocate of the crusade; to him he dedicated his six books of the Trojan War, and in another poem,

* The writer of this book, who appears to have been prior or abbot of St. Albans, on which Tynemouth was dependent, thought it necessary to make an apology for this very excusable theft. "*Evigilans itaque Leouricus, et de visione latior affectus, manus suas solutis vinculis liberas invenit. * * * Et pedes a cippo facillime extrahens, baculum in se jactum manu sumpsit, et ad quoddam ostium ex cujus transverso puer quidem equorum custos jacebat pervenit, a cujus ostio seram leviter excussit. Sed quia nudus erat, et frigoris asperitas abire nudum non permisit, non amor rapine, sed necessitas instantis fugæ quæ a nudo exequi non potuit, dormienti puero cucullam nauticam eripuit, qua Leouricus indutus iter arripuit ignotum, et redit celerius in nobile solum.*"

now supposed to be lost, entitled *Antiocheis*, he celebrated the war in which the archbishop was an actor.* The printed editions of the Trojan War are common enough, and it has been well criticised by Warton, who observes:—"The diction of this poem is generally pure, the periods round, and the numbers harmonious; and, on the whole, the structure of the versification approaches nearly to that of polished Latin poetry." It commences thus—

"Iliadum lachrymas, concessaque Pergama fatis,
Prælia bina ducum, bis adactam cladibus artem
In cineras, quærimur: flemusque quod Herculis ira,
Hesiones raptus, Helenæ fuga, fregerit arcem,
Impulerit Phrygios, Danaas exciverit urbes."

The three last lines contain a specimen of that fantastic phraseology which was so fashionable in this age, wherein the several agents are first enumerated, their verbs afterwards given in the same order, then the subjects, and so on. The following curious example is found in a MS. of Trinity College, Cambridge (O, 2, 45, fol. 10), where this fancy is carried to an extreme which we have not often seen, and where the first, second, &c. words of each line, taken together, make a new series of hexameters, much more natural in their construction than the others.

"Miles, venator, mercator, navita, princeps,
Debellat, sequitur, redimit, percurrit, egestat,
Prædones, lepores, merces, spumantia, mentem,
Cuspide, fervore, numismate, flamine, rebus,
Ferri, latrantis, tensus, venti, miserorum."

The style of Joseph is not, however, frequently disfigured by such fancies—it shows a deep and extensive knowledge of the classical writers. In the following address to Venus, we might almost suppose he had before his eyes Lucretius:

"Diva potens hominum, divûm imperiosa voluptas,
Vera deûm soboles, nostri Tritonis alumna,
Alma Venus, seu te convivam Tethyos urna
Poscit, seu nectar superûm, seu forte papaver
Elysium, flecte hæc teneros ad dona jugales,
Hos dignare favos."—(lib. iii. v. 24.)

In the fifth book (v. 514), adverting to the uncertainty of

* Warton says, "Mr. Wise, the late Radcliffe librarian, told me that a manuscript of the *ANTIOCHEIS* was in the library of the Duke of Chandos at Canons." This library has, we believe, been dispersed, but where is the book here alluded to? We think it by no means unlikely that a copy of the *Antiocheis* will one day be found.

human happiness, he thus elegantly compares the disappointments which trouble our brightest dreams to the cloud which from time to time shadows the clearest sky—to the poison which is sometimes concealed under the sweetest honey:

————— “Sub sole sereno
Nubem, sub risu lachrymas, sub melle venenum.”

The fragment which Leland has preserved from the *Antiocheis* of Joseph, makes us mourn over the loss of a poem which would have been a noble monument of the classical taste of an Englishman of the twelfth century. After speaking of the glory of Britain in having given birth to such men as Constantine, Brennus, &c., whose names had then been made famous by Geoffrey of Monmouth's History, he launches into the praise of his prime hero, Arthur, in these elegant and vigorous lines:

————— “Pellæum commendat fama tyrannum;
Pagina Cæsareos loquitur Romana triumphos;
Alciden domitis attollit gloria monstros;
Sed nec pinetum coryli, nec sydera solem
Æquant. Annales Graios Latiosque revolve,
Prisca parem nescit, æqualem postera nullum
Exhibitura dies. Reges supereminet omnes:
Solutus præteritis melior, majorque futuris.”

How different is the easy simplicity of this passage from the laboured heaviness with which Hauvil has alluded to the same subject in one of the books of his *Architrenius*. After speaking of the wanderings of ancient Brute, and of his arrival at our shores, he proceeds to describe the people he found there. The true poet sees the forms which his imagination has raised up distinctly and completely—he at once seizes those bolder characteristics which are necessary and sufficient to transfer what he sees in his own mind to the minds of his readers:—to the poetaster, on the contrary, every object is dim and indefinite, and, in his attempt to transfer to others what he really does not see himself, he loads his picture with useless minutiae, neglects the necessary points, and creates but a daub. A few strokes are sufficient to delineate a savage—give him a raw hide for his covering, the wild wood for his domain, a cave for his den, and we know all; whereas it cost John Hauvil, in the passage to which we allude, some six lines of tiresome antitheses to tell us how the raw hide of a wild beast yielded him a coat, blood his drink, the cavern a home, the heath a bed, and rapine food; violence administered to his lust, slaughter was his spectacle, strength gave him empire, fury was his only courage, the spur of the moment administered arms, his death was the result of strife, and the bramble gave him

a sepulchre; all which ideas are contained and included in the three to which we have first alluded. We must imagine Brute's first arrival at the long-hoped shore:

" Promissumque soli gremium monstrante Diana,
Incolumi census loculus ferit Albion alno.
Hæc eadem Bruto regnante Britannia nomen
Traxit in hoc tempus; solis Titanibus illa,
Sed paucis famulosa domus, quibus uda ferarum
Teiga dabant vestes, cruor haustus, pocula trunci,
Antra lares, dumeta thoros, cænacula rupes,
Præda cibos, raptus venerem, spectacula cædes,
Imperium vires, animos furor, impetus arma,
Mortem pugna, sepulchra rubus; monstrixque gemit
Monticulis tellus; sed eorum plurima tractus
Pars erat occidui terror, majorque premebat
Te furor extremum zephyri, Cornubia, limen."

The lines which follow will show to our Cantabrigian friends the quantity of the name of the Cornish giant.

" Hos avidum belli Corinæi robur Averno
Præcípites misit; cubitis ter quatuor altum
Gogmagog Herculeæ suspendit in æra lucta,
Anthæumque suum scopulo demisit in æquor."

The picture of Thetis, drunk with the blood of the monster whom her waves had received, is somewhat fantastical.

" Potavitque dato Thetis ebria sanguine fluctus."

He might have intoxicated his goddess with anything rather than with the blood of an overgrown giant. The idea presented to us is too much that of the drunkenness of a pig, after a plentiful repast on the fresh blood of a bullock.

The history which had been published by Geoffry of Monmouth opened a rich storehouse of fiction for the poets who followed; yet, among the Anglo-Latin poets of the twelfth century, whose works have been handed down to us, Geoffry himself is the only one who is represented as having employed his muse upon a subject taken from British history. We say *represented*, because we have great scruples against the claim of Geoffry of Monmouth to the metrical Latin Life of Merlin, which has been published under his name. It contains fuller allusions to the conquest of Ireland, and the comparatively prosperous reign of Henry II., than the prose Latin Life by Geoffry, and than we could well expect from a person who is said to have died in 1154 (see Tanner), who certainly did not live much later, and who therefore had only seen that reign in its commencement, and only knew the project of the conquest of Ireland in its embryo. The poem is dedicated to Robert Bishop of Lincoln, who, if Geoffry was its

author, could only have been Robert de Cheineto or Querceto, the successor of Alexander, and who died, according to his contemporary, William of Newbury, in 1167. The writer of the poem represents the Robert whom he addresses as the very pink of learning, the glory of bishops, unequalled in the diversity of his attainments—

“ tu corrige carmen,
Gloria pontificum, calamos moderando, Roberte !
Scimus enim quia te perfudit nectare sacro
Philosophia suo, fecitque per omnia doctum,
Ut documenta dares, dux et præceptor in orbe.”

It is his learning, indeed, which distinguishes him above all other prelates; and yet the only thing for which Robert de Cheineto is set down as remarkable, in the tract of Giraldus, *De Vitis Episcoporum*, which is printed in Warton's *Anglia Sacra*, is his giving away some of the church-lands in dower to marry his grand-daughters (neptibus suis), not without considerable scandal (cum scandali nota). It is true that, though he wasted the property of his church, he bought for the place some good markets and fairs.

Alexander, the predecessor of Robert, was a man who lived in a style of princely magnificence, and who built for himself, at a great expense, three strong castles—buildings, saith Giraldus, very necessary in those tumultuous times. He and his uncle, Roger of Salisbury, are described as the two noblest and most powerful of the English bishops; but their riches provoked the cupidity of Stephen—they were treacherously seized, imprisoned, stripped of their castles and treasures, and treated with ignominy. Alexander was the patron, at least the friend, of Geoffry of Monmouth. In the short prologue to the fourth book of his History, which consists of the Life and Prophecies of Merlin, Geoffry, stating the reasons which led him to translate those prophecies from the British tongue, and speaking of Alexander as of a person then dead, says—“ but above all, it was done at the earnest desire of Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, a man highly distinguished for his devotion and prudence: there was not another among the clergy, or among the laity, who numbered in his attendance so many nobles, whom his gentle piety and benign generosity had drawn to his service.”* And yet if the poem of Merlin be the work of Geoffry, we find him there speaking slightly of Alexander, and asking of Robert better patronage than he had been able to obtain from his predecessor.

* “ Maxime autem Alexander Lincolniensis episcopus, vir summæ religionis et prudentiæ; non erat alter in clero sive in populo cui tot famularentur nobiles, quos ipsius mansueta pietas et benigna largitas in obsequium ejus alliciebat.”

" Ergo meis cæptis faveas, vatemque tueri
 Auspicio meliore velis, quam fecerit alter
 Cui modo succedis, merito promotus honori.
 Sic etenim mores, sic vita probata, genusque,
 Utilitasque loci, clerus populusque petebant;
 Unde modo felix Lincolnia fertur ad Astra."

To us it seems nearly impossible that these two passages can have been written by the same person. The writer of the latter speaks of himself as a poet (*vates*), and a little further on, after having declared that the powers of Orpheus, and Horace, and Virgil, would have been insufficient to celebrate duly the fame of Bishop Robert, he invokes the muses, who had been in the habit of attending to his former calls,

" At vos consuetæ mecum cantare camenæ."

It is probable that the sole authority for attributing the poem to Geoffry of Monmouth is the six paltry lines which some later scribbler has added to the end, and that Leland, who mentions it, had seen this same manuscript (at Glastonbury), and had spoken upon the same authority. William of Newbury, who in the preface to his History complains bitterly that Geoffry of Monmouth had made Arthur's little finger greater than the back of Alexander the Great, and that he had exalted Merlin above Isaiah, seems to have known no other Life of Merlin by Geoffry than that contained in the fourth book of his History, which is in fact a separate tract. The same may be said of Giraldus, who never quotes Merlin's prophecies from the metrical Life of the seer.

For our own part, we are inclined to think that the Bishop Robert of the poem of Merlin, is no other than Robert Grostest, to whom all its eulogies will apply, and consequently that the poem itself is a work of the earlier half of the thirteenth century. It is certain, which would have been a singular circumstance had the poem been a genuine work of so famous a man as Geoffry, that the only perfect manuscript of this poem was written, as appears by internal evidence, after the year 1285, the other exemplars being merely copies of the mutilated one inserted in some copies of the Polychronicon, which was written in the reign of Edward III., and which gives it as an anonymous production.

Of the metrical Life of Merlin attributed to Geoffry, a very indifferent edition was printed by the Roxburgh Club. We welcome the appearance of an edition that will be accessible to every reader, because it is in many respects a curious and interesting poem; and though it is certainly very unequal, yet its style often rises much above mediocrity. It is, as might be expected, full of

historical allusions, many of them by no means uninteresting. After describing the prosperous entrance of the Normans, and the great power they attained by their establishment in England—

“Indeque Neustrenses ligno trans æquora vecti,
Vultus ante suos et vultus retro ferentes,
Fœdatis tunicis et acutis ensibus Anglos
Acriter invadent, periment, campoque fruentur;
Plurima regna sibi submittent, atque domabunt
Externas gentes per tempora donec erinus
Circumquaque volans virus diffundet in ipsos”—

it gives us a short but vigorous picture of the troubles which agitated the reigns of most of the Norman kings of the twelfth century.

“Tum pax atque fides et virtus omnis abibit :
Undique per patrias committent prælia cives ;
Virque virum prodet : non invenietur amicus ;
Conjuge despecta, meretrices sponsus adibit ;
Sponsaque cui cupiet, despecto conjuge, nubet.
Non honor ecclesiis servabitur ; ordo peribit ;
Pontifices tunc arma ferent, tunc castra sequentur,
In telluro sacra turre et mœnia ponent
Militibusque dabunt quod deberetur egenis.”

These latter lines will call to the memory of the reader of our older chronicles, amongst other stories, that of Wilmund, who, from an obscure peasant, became, first, Monk of Furness, and afterwards Bishop of Man, and then, not content with his episcopal dignity and power, made himself the chieftain of a band of robbers and pirates. With these he long overran and devastated with impunity the south-western parts of Scotland, until at last, falling by treachery into the hands of his enemies, he paid for his offences by the loss of his eyes and of his manhood. His spirit still unsubdued by misfortunes, he was heard in after-days to boast, that had he even but the eye of a sparrow, his enemies should have small cause of exultation.

The good epoch of our early Latin writers was almost included in the twelfth century; yet their influence was felt far into the century following, though the leonines and the rhyming verses soon began to take the place of the more classic hexameters and pentameters, and the pure classic idioms and phrases were rejected for the fantastic constructions of monkish invention. During the twelfth century we meet with constant allusions to the very best of the ancient Roman writers, but, after that period, we have every reason to think that their works were, with a few exceptions, entirely, or almost entirely, neglected. One of the most remarkable examples we have seen of the barbarisms of monkish

Latin of, perhaps, the thirteenth century, is a poem in elegiacs on the battle of Ronçevaux, contained in a later manuscript (Cotton. Titus, A. XIX.), which M. Francisque Michel is at present printing in his edition of that fine Norman poem, the *Chanson* of Roland.

The Anglo-Latin poets of the twelfth century were long popular in England, and we continually find them in the manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Chaucer has left us many proofs in his writings that their works were read very commonly in his time: he quotes, in one instance, Nigellus Wireker—

“ I have wel red in Dan Burnel the asse,
Among his vers, how that ther was a cok,
That, for a preestes sone, gave him a knok
Upon his leg, while he was yonge and nice,
He made him for to lese his benefice”—

and a little after, he justly ridicules Geoffry de Vinesauf, the author of the *Nova Poetria*, for his affected attempt at the pathetic.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Cours d'Histoire Moderne.* Par M. Guizot. *Histoire de la Civilization en Europe.* 1 vol.
2. *Histoire de la Civilization en France.* 5 vols. Pichon and Didier. 1828—1830.

Few aphorisms are so frequently quoted as “History is philosophy teaching by example,” but nothing is more certain than the lamentable fact that much of the pretended philosophy deduced from history is vague and illusive, the lessons founded upon it sometimes uncertain, often pernicious in their tendency, and the examples distorted and misapplied. In Germany, where antiquity is studied with most zeal and perseverance, the results have only served, as Coleridge finely expresses it, “like the stern-lights of a ship to illuminate the past;” the French, weary of the vague and dreamy speculations which the followers of Voltaire nick-named philosophy, have gone back to the racy and picturesque old chronicles, and while the imagination is delighted by striking incident and vivid description, the interruptions of reflection and comment are regarded as an impertinent intrusion. In England pure historical literature can scarcely be said to exist at the present moment; it has yielded for a season to the superior attractions of the historical novel, and “truth severe” has scarcely a chance of finding an admirer within the seas of Britain, unless “in fairy fiction drest.” Exceptions prove a rule; historical novels are produced on the

continent; disciples of the German school of criticism may be found in France and England; Sharon Turner and Lingard have added new charms as well as new lights to our national annals from the old chronicles, and Millar has combined the ages from the overthrow of the Roman Empire to the battle of Waterloo in a system that deserves to be called philosophical. Still the characteristics of the German, French, and English schools of history are too strongly marked for their distinctions to escape the notice of the most careless. Many critics lament over this state of things, bewailing especially what they deem the neglect of history in England; we see no great cause for sorrow: on the contrary, we think it almost demonstrable that these three courses of investigation, apparently so remote, are really convergent, and that they will ere long unite in the formation of a school of history, more perfect than any the world has yet witnessed; and we look to the historical novel as the source from which, at no distant period, will be derived the union of accuracy with liveliness, the blending of interesting narrative with practical instruction, the gratification at once of the imagination and the judgment.

Nor is this expectation founded on desires seducing the mind to hope; it is, we think, fairly deducible from the nature of history, or rather from human nature, whose successive developments it is the province of history to record. The lives of kings and princes,—the blood spilled in battles and the ink spilled in treaties,—the growth, decline, and fall of empires—form the most striking series of facts recorded in history; but they are not the most important, because they are demonstrably the result of another and a different series. They are the consequences of political and religious institutions, of the state of industry and of the arts, of the social and intellectual condition of the multitude in any given age and nation. But there is a cause of these causes: institutions are not self-generated, neither are they immortal; they are habits of action derived from habits of thought; they are of very variable duration; we can trace the progress of many from the cradle to the grave. Institutions are the result of intellectual progress; when opinion outgrows them, their fate is sealed, and, could we accurately trace the progress of opinion or the succession of ideas in mankind, we should possess the complete explanation of the history of the past.

There are in fact but three historical problems: 1. The outward form or condition of humanity in any given time and place, or through any given period; 2. The state and progress of human intelligence under the same circumstances; and 3. The cor-

respondence and connection between these two developments, or the mode in which the popular mind has operated in fixing and determining public action. The classical and romantic historians have almost exclusively confined themselves to the first problem; the second has been usually regarded as the philosophy of history; but the principal, perhaps we may say, the only, attempts hitherto made to solve the third and most important problem have been made by the historical novelists.

Sir Walter Scott was the founder of a new school of literature; before his day the historical novel was not to be distinguished from the ordinary trash of the circulating library; he was the first to embody the spirit of past times, to bring before us the costume, the habits of life, and in some degree the motives of action, in ages to which, in these essential particulars, we were utter strangers. Before the publication of *Ivanhoe*, it was scarcely suspected by any but professed antiquarians, that, in the reign of the Plantagenets, England contained a race of Helots, strangers in the land of their nativity, enslaved to foreign lords, who scourged them by their cruelty, plundered them by their rapacity, and slandered them by their malice. *Ivanhoe* threw a new light on the national history; it showed the causes of Jack Straw's and Wat Tyler's insurrections, and at once dissipated a host of prejudices that had distorted and perverted a most important era of our annals. Far would it be from us to take one leaf from the imperishable wreath that crowns the monument of "the great northern enchanter," but we must not disguise our opinion that Sir Walter stopped short in the great revolution that he had the glory of commencing; nearly perfect in his descriptions of institutions and manners, he was timid in tracing their effects, and scarcely ever investigated their causes. Deeply imbued with a respect for chivalry, that historic dream which the Dukes of Burgundy attempted to realise, he viewed the feudal ages through this glittering but delusive medium, and pardoned the horrors of vassalage for the fancied graces of knighthood. It is an old complaint that most of his historic characters are gross misrepresentations. "Richard" of the lion heart and tiger disposition, a rebel to his father, a tyrant to his subjects, perfidious in peace, merciless in war, becomes an amiable monarch, whose worst error is his preference of perilous adventure to the honours of royalty. That pedantic despot, James I., is represented as a good-natured sovereign, with a few harmless eccentricities; and apologies are found even for that moral monster Louis XI. Some critics have gravely ascribed these erroneous descriptions to political partialities; we are persuaded that Scott, in writing them, never thought of politics; in

his mind the subordination of feudalism was blended with the beauties of chivalry; he shrunk from too closely investigating the object of his admiration; he sought not for the source of the manners he has so vividly depicted in the condition of intelligence at the period, and though so far philosophical as to describe the struggles between institution and institution, he scarcely arrives at the more important contest between opinion and opinion.

Three living writers, James, Grattan, and Bulwer, have entered the field left vacant by the death of Sir Walter Scott, but each, following the bent of his inclinations, has struck out a path for himself. The most recent works of these writers are before us, and in connection with our subject require a few words of notice. Mr. James is scrupulously faithful in depicting costume and manners; his historic verity is scarcely ever impeachable, but his researches never go beyond secondary causes; he tries not to investigate the secret springs of action; the moral anatomy of motive has altogether escaped his attention. Hence, we think, arises the want of vitality in all his portraitures; the likenesses, the colouring, the drapery, are all excellent, but they are still only pictures; "soul is wanting there," and this very meritorious author must add to the study of forms the study of the mind that originated these forms, before he will arrive at the summit of his fame, and earn a place in distant memory, by advancing the progress of that branch of literature to which he has devoted much industry and much mental power.

Grattan excels in the development of individual rather than national mind; one of his plots would furnish enough of intrigue for three ordinary novels, and he sometimes treads closely on the confines of improbability. But he excels in showing the nature of the inner mind by a few significant traits, that at once lay bare the latent workings both of reason and passion; there is more of the genuine character of Elizabeth in a few pages of *Agnes de Mansfelt* than in the whole of *Kenilworth*.

Bulwer's *Rienzi*, we fondly believe, must be regarded, like Scott's *Waverley*, as the first of a new class of publications; it is the first historical novel in which the intellectual problem of history is fairly worked out. It is a genuine development of the great philosophic truth, "Mind generates forms and institutions, and these again produce events;" the formula has only to be generalized, and the means are supplied for correctly tracing the progress of mankind. A prodigious advance has been made by one brave bound; an untrodden field of analysis is opened to the philosophic historian. With the merits of the work as a novel we shall not meddle; to others, belongs the task of pointing out

faults of detail, imperfections of style and perhaps a lurking feeling of vanity; we view it as a philosophic whole, and shall glance only at its intellectual mechanism. A man in the midst of a corrupt state, by the mere force of his mind raises himself to rank and station, and attempts a reform, in which he makes the natural but fatal error of mistaking memory for hope: he has to work upon a tyrannical nobility and a degraded populace; the political intellect of the period is blind selfishness, the religious creed servile superstition. Such are the conditions of the problem; let us see how they are worked out. Wrapped in blind security, the ruling party leave the reformer to mature his plans unheeded; they are for the time eliminated; the populace gains the mastery and at once proves its unfitness for freedom by clamouring for an individual instead of an institution. The death-knell of Roman liberty was rung when every man cried "Long live Rienzi!" and no man "Long live the Republic!" The individual mind, however upright and pure, must work upon a corrupt people by corrupt means; it is necessarily sullied by the contact, and is sure to adopt the great popular error of depending on self, rather than on the gradual working of institutions. The best revolution that this world ever saw never effected the tithe of the benefits that its authors expected; disappointment prepares the way for suspicion; a new change is demanded to supply what the last had failed to effect; some new demagogue outbids the popular favourite; he is hurled to the dust by the hands that raised him, and his fate serves "to point a moral or adorn a tale." This is the history of some hundred revolutions, because the result is necessarily involved in the very conditions of the question; actions are the result of motives; the direction of motive is determined by the extent of intelligence, and when this has been ascertained, there can be no more doubt of the consequences that will ensue from any given movement, than of daylight's following the rising of the sun.

The history of the world, but especially the history of European civilization from the fifth to the nineteenth centuries, presents such a multitude of historical parallels, that it was impossible for any person who took a general view of the subject to avoid coming to the conclusion, that there are some causes operating on the course of human actions, as fixed and invariable as those by which the motions of the planets are regulated. Herder considered that he had found them in the external circumstances of nations, but, as these were infinitely varied, he denied that there was any general result or combination of parts, and maintained that each form of society arose naturally and necessarily from its own circumstances. The optimism of Leibnitz, and the perfecti-

bility of Turgot and Condorcet, were both maintained as explanations of this apparent destiny by eminent writers in Germany and France. Priestley in our own country strenuously maintained the doctrine of the necessity of actions, and Victor Cousin demonstrated that the progress of social improvement is, and has ever been, a consequence of the progress of knowledge. It is unnecessary to enter upon any examination of these several theories, but there are two of more recent date which demand a more lengthened scrutiny,—those of Dr. Millar, and M. Guizot. Both theories were originally propounded in lectures, both are produced by men who have taken an active part in political life, and both advocate principles not very consistent with those maintained by the authors outside the walls of their respective universities.

Dr. Millar, unfortunately for himself, has been mixed up with the calamitous and embarrassing politics of Ireland. His first act in public life, was the scornful rejection of a disgraceful offer made him by Provost Hutchinson. Millar, who was a candidate for fellowship, was offered by the provost the perusal of the questions that would be asked in a very difficult course at the approaching examinations, on the condition of his voting for the provost's son, the late Lord Donoughmore; he spurned the bribe and won the fellowship. After having been for some time regarded as whiggishly inclined, he adopted Mr. Burke's views of the French Revolution, and became what he has since continued, a warm, and at times, perhaps an intemperate supporter of the Ascendancy. We mention these particulars, because they illustrate the nature of the Doctor's theory, which is based on a liberal and generous foundation, but is sometimes pressed to support "foregone conclusions." It is Dr. Millar's object to prove that, in the history of Europe, from the fifth century to the present time, there can be distinctly traced the moral government of Providence ordering and directing the actions of men, and the revolutions of nations, for a high and definite purpose. "These events," he says, "appear to constitute one great drama of the divine government, all the parts of which are, with a strict unity of action, subordinate and conducive to the result." One beneficial consequence has resulted from his adoption of this theory; his work possesses a unity of subject, harmony of proportions, and connection of parts, that render it, not merely the best *Modern History* in our language, but the only one from which a student can obtain a systematic view of the progress of civilization. Another merit of Dr. Millar's work is, that it necessarily leads to the consideration of the important historical problem to which we have more than once referred,—the operation of opinion

upon action. It has, however, the great and obvious defect of presuming that the scheme of Providence, even when confessedly incomplete, is cognizable by human reason; and, when the author draws near the politics of the present day, we find a warping of his judgment by his sympathies, leading him to make the Deity the patron of the opinions of one party, and the enemy of another. It is only justice to add, that Dr. Millar has struggled hard against the tendencies of his own theory, and that he does not "deal damnation round the land" with the same extravagance that too frequently characterizes Providential Historians.

It can scarcely be called a theory to assert that action is under the control of mind; it is a fact consistent with every day's, nay, every moment's, experience; the tracing therefore of the progress of mind, as Cousin and Guizot have well observed, is not merely a philosophy of history, but is the very essence of history itself. Nor is this view of the course of events repugnant in any wise to the principle on which the providential historians have based their theories; they, in fact, place a fourth question beyond those which we stated as the problems that history has to solve. The moot points in our view are, 1st, the events: 2d, the institutions that produced the events; and 3d, the opinion or state of intellectual knowledge that generated the institution. They superadd, why did God allow such an opinion to prevail at such a period? It is an *ultima questio*, and our answer is a confession of utter ignorance,—the Finite cannot comprehend the Infinite. It is remarkable that most of the providential historians jump over the third term of our series,—the progress of intelligence; it is with Millar a merely incidental cause, and Schlegel banishes it altogether. Guizot, on the contrary, makes the succession of popular combined with individual opinions the basis of all true history. Now a very simple, and fortunately a very notorious fact demonstrates the truth of Guizot's* theory: where there is no intellectual progress of the many there is no history; the literature of India, rich in sublime poetry and abstruse metaphysical speculation, contains no record of events, because there institutions are stereotype and forms invariable; because there, ascending a step higher in the analysis, mind is motionless. When the Saracens entered on a career of mental improvement and moral advancement as rapid almost as their conquests, the first result of their intellectual progress, and the most decisive proof of its extent, was the publication of a countless number of historical treatises. Every province, every city, nay, every village, of the Moorish

* Guizot did not invent the theory; it was broached long before he was born, but it may be called his, as he is now its most influential advocate.

empire in Spain had its annalist; not only heroes and saints, but remarkable camels and horses had their biographers, and events as unimportant as a lord mayor's visit to Oxford found chroniclers. But when the Turks succeeded to the Moslem empire, mental progress ceased, and history ceased with it. These facts, whose number it would be very easy to increase, teach so strongly the lesson that the succession of events depends upon the succession of ideas, that we need not add any other proofs of a proposition, whose truth indeed has never been questioned.

This view of history is not inconsistent with any providential theory, except perhaps Schlegel's, whose philosophy of history has been recently translated. In his view immobility is perfection, and progress the great evil of mankind. In his anxiety to establish absolutism in religion and politics, "the system of faith and love" as he calls it, the mental thralldom of Hindustan, appears the very completion of the social system. To enter into any examination of the metaphysical subtleties with which this theory is supported, would be a mere waste of time; it is the old sophistry of the papacy and the empire long since practically refuted by the Reformation and some dozen of revolutions. On the contrary, Dr. Millar's theory may very well follow the intellectual view of history, because in no way can Providence be conceived more efficiently operating, than in guiding and directing the development of mind. In tracing the progress of civilization, M. Guizot dwells very strongly on a distinction which has been too much neglected by former writers, but whose importance he greatly overrates; he draws a strong line of demarcation between civilization improving the social system and civilization perfecting the individual mind; he gives two examples illustrating the difference, both of which are liable to very serious objections:

"Take Rome in the best times of the republic, after the second Punic war, at the moment of its greatest virtues, when it was marching to universal dominion, and its social system was evidently progressive. Again, take Rome under the reign of Augustus, the epoch of the commencement of its decay, where at least the progressive movement of society was arrested and bad principles were approaching the day of their triumph. There is no one, notwithstanding, who does not think and say that the Rome of Augustus was more civilized than the Rome of Fabricius and Cincinnatus."

To say nothing of the obvious blunder of bringing Fabricius and Cincinnatus down to the close of the second Punic war, it is now notorious to every school-boy that the Roman republic was a mere mockery of freedom; that the social system under the grinding oligarchy of the Patricians was ten thousand times worse

than it was under Nero and Caligula; and that the worst tyrants that ever disgraced the empire, though they sported with the lives of the degenerate nobles, ventured not to revive the aristocratic oppression of the plebeians. Domitian alone, as a kind of variety in despotism, sported with the lives of the commons:

“Et periit, postquam cerdonibus esse timendus
Cœperat. Hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti.”

His first fact fails to support the lecturer's inference; let us see whether he is more fortunate with the second.

“Let us transport ourselves to another age and clime; let us take France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: it is evident that in a social point of view, both with regard to the sum and distribution of happiness among the individuals of the community, France was during these centuries inferior to some other countries of Europe,—for instance, to Holland and England. I believe that in Holland and England social activity was greater, increased more rapidly, and distributed its fruits more equally than in France. Nevertheless, interrogate the common sense of mankind; it will tell you that France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the most civilized country of Europe.”

Common sense will tell him no such thing; it will reply that France halted in its progress to bring into form and shape the more brilliant elements of civilization that had been accumulated; it beat out all its gold into leaf, exchanging solid strength for feeble splendour, and it imposed conventional counterfeits upon itself and others for good coin. But in sound, determinate, and measurable advancement of individual mind, what pretensions has it to compare with the country of Bacon, of Milton, of Locke, and of Newton? All that is conventional must perish; the gilding soon rubs off and shows the dross below; “prettyishness,” to use an expressive word coined by a critical cotemporary, is the mark of emasculate refinement, despised half an hour after it is admired. That France produced many great men in these centuries no one will deny, but they were great—not in consequence of these conventional trammels, but in spite of them, and they were great—in proportion to their exertions to break their gilded chains.

The earnestness with which M. Guizot labours to sever social and intellectual progress is characteristic of a school of dogmatic politicians that has many followers in every part of Europe. It is their great object to underrate social improvement, and to exaggerate the importance of securing leisure for individual advancement: according to their notions, the movement of the mass retards the movement of the individual; a separate sphere of action is required for each, and the latter, being the more impor-

tant, should engage the most earnest attention. The principal advantage of this theory is, that it furnishes a metaphysical, or in plain terms, an unintelligible excuse, for any checks or restraints that it may please a minister to devise,—for cold indifference or secret hostility to popular struggles abroad, and for any conceivable course of policy at home. There is one test of the soundness of his theory which the lecturer did not venture to use; in no one of his historical courses has he tried the advance of civilization by the progress of individual mind, but invariably uses social advancement as the distinguishing characteristic. The distinction is always kept in the back ground to be used as a body of reserve, for overturning, when necessary, any of the positions he had established by reason, which interest might subsequently render it necessary to controvert.

The most striking characteristic of modern civilization is its variety; in all the ancient systems there was one dominant principle which excluded every other, and this was equally the case whether the system was stationary like that of Egypt and India, or progressive like that of Greece and Rome. M. Guizot justly attributes this variety to the circumstances under which the system first acquired consistency, and the diversity of the elements from which it was formed. In tracing these elements we shall not, like M. Guizot, confine ourselves to the institutions and forms, but shall, as far as possible, endeavour to exhibit the opinions on which these institutions were founded.

It is a great mistake to suppose that there was no civil liberty under the Roman emperors: there never was a period when municipal liberty was more respected; the empire was in fact an aggregate of free cities or petty republics, subjected to what was called Roman Majesty, which alone gave them unity and centralization. But this notion of unity was infinitely weaker than that of civic jealousy; every man felt that he belonged to his own city, not that he formed part of a vast empire: to be sure the citizens of Marseilles, Carthage, and Byzantium were called by the common name of Romans, but they held this to be a mere title of dignity; their affections were limited by their municipality. It followed from this, that the empire had no national army; the soldiers, whether natives of Italy or the provinces, or hired barbarians, fought for their commanders, not for their country. In the municipalities there was generally a respect for law and the rights of property, and this sentiment survived the overthrow of the institutions. A desire of corporate security and a vague notion of an imperial majesty, an absolute and sacred power vested in an individual, were the bequest of ancient times to the middle ages. Christianity, or rather reverence for the Church, was the most

powerfully formative opinion of modern civilization, and here it is especially necessary to distinguish between the institution and the ideas on which it was founded. The antiquities of clerical organization need not now be investigated; it is sufficient to say, that the Christian Church, before it was established by Constantine, had a fixed system of government with a due subordination of parts, and that, when Christianity became the established religion of the empire, the clergy at the same moment became an organized and recognized political body. In the decay of municipal institutions, the bishops and priests succeeded to the influence of the civic magistrates, not by usurpation, but by the sheer pressure of circumstances, possessing the additional advantages of irresponsibility, for their offices were deemed sacred and inalienable. The opinion on which the Christian Church in the fifth century was based, and the opinion which entered into the formation of the social system, was not simply, indeed was scarcely at all, a mere belief in the truths of Christianity; it was rather a profound reverence for ecclesiastical power, amounting almost to a direct anxiety for a theocratic government. There was a struggle for supremacy between submission to temporal and spiritual power in the human mind long before the controversy was mooted between popes and emperors.

We have mentioned the elements that united the system of the dark ages to the ancient system and those which constituted the individuality of that period; it now remains to find the principles that connect these ages with modern times; and these are to be found in the restless energies, the personal independence, and the warlike or rather sanguinary spirit of the Germanic tribes. These elements were combined in very various proportions in the different countries of Europe, and hence arose a great diversity of institutions, and this diversity continually increased as each was followed out to practical results, until it almost seemed a perversion of theory to assign to Europe a common system of civilization. The farther we trace back institutions, however, the more manifest do we find the identity of elements, and the more minutely we examine the state of Europe in the dark ages, the more clearly we shall see these three great elements—the reminiscences of ancient civilization, the theocratic tendency generated during the period, and the onward movement of semi-barbarous restlessness—sometimes antagonizing and sometimes combining, but always working out a progress of intelligence.

From the fifth to the ninth century, the barbarian elements of force and violent movement were predominant, because horde followed horde, as wave follows wave, and one race of conquerors had scarcely established itself in a country when it was forced to

make room for another. *But amid all these changes and convulsions the Church remained firm and unshaken; like a gallant vessel in a stormy ocean it rode proudly over the billows, and, though it sometimes bowed before a sudden burst of the tempest, it instantly rose again in all its pride and all its security. To this permanence in ecclesiastical organization we attribute the formation of an opinion, which has exercised a very powerful influence in the European social system—the idea of legitimacy. M. Guizot strenuously contends that legitimacy has always been part and parcel of the notion of government, and to a certain extent he is undoubtedly right. But the legitimacy of modern Europe is a far more comprehensive, definite, and moral opinion than that which entered loosely into the elements of Grecian and Roman civilization, and than that which can be traced in the social systems of Asia. It ascribes a divine sanction, not to one institution but to all; it attributes a sacred right to monarchies, aristocracies, and democracies; to episcopacy, presbyterianism, and congregationalism; and it claims respect for every established form, not merely, as M. Guizot seems to imagine, in right of its antiquity, but because the rectitude, the justice, and the virtue, of the form is asserted to be proved by the experience of ages. The Church was the first permanent establishment of modern Europe; for four centuries it alone maintained the struggles against barbarism; it preserved the memory of municipal freedom and Roman majesty in temporal government, and actually established the system in spiritual affairs; and, by working on ignorance, superstition, and barbarity, by means too closely adapted to the materials of the operation, it obtained a mastery over the energies of the northern tribes and not unfrequently the guidance and direction of their movements. Such a power was legitimated not merely by its continuance but by its usefulness, and from the Church, temporal authority was almost at the outset forced to borrow its sanctions and derive its legitimacy.

From this examination it follows that the legitimacy in the European social system is a *reasonable* opinion, and so far is it from being a conclusive argument against discussion, that it seems actually to challenge investigation and court inquiry. M. Guizot stops short at this inference; he agrees with us in resolving legitimacy into its simpler elements, but he claims, in some degree, an unreasoning confidence for the compound notion, which confessedly belongs not to any of its parts. But this is not the only instance of his shrinking from following out his own principles to their consequences. We must exclude, from the list of formative causes, the influence of great men, on which M. Guizot lays extraordinary stress. A great man is a

result, and not a cause; he is created, if we may so speak, by the spirit of the age which he embodies and represents. But on this subject we cannot do better than quote the words of Victor Cousin :

“ A great man, whatever may be the kind of his greatness, whatever the epoch of the world in which he makes his appearance, comes to represent an idea, such an idea, and not any other idea, at the precise time when that idea is worth representing, and neither before it nor after it; consequently he appears when he ought to appear, and he disappears when nothing is left for him to do: he is born and he dies in due season. When nothing great is to be done, the existence of a great man is impossible. In fact, what is a great man? He is the representative of a power not his own; for all power merely individual is pitiful, and no man yields to another man: he yields only to the representative of a general power. When, therefore, no such general power exists, or when it exists no longer; when it fails or falls into decay, what strength can its representative possess? Hence also no human power can cause a great man to be born or die before his hour is come; it cannot be displayed, it can neither be advanced nor put back, for he existed only because he had his work to do, and he exists no more, only because nothing is left for him to do, and to wish to continue his existence would be to wish to continue a part which has been acted to the end and exhausted. A soldier who had seated himself upon a throne was once told: ‘Sire, the education of your son should be watched over with great attention; he must be educated so that he may replace you.’ ‘Replace me?’ answered he, ‘I could not replace myself; *I am the child of circumstances.*’ The same man was deeply sensible that the power which animated him was not his own; that it was lent him for a specific purpose, and until a certain hour, the approach of which he could neither hasten nor retard. It is said that he was somewhat given to fatalism. You will remark that all great men have been more or less fatalists; the error is in the form, not at the foundation of the thought. They feel that, in fact, they do not exist on their own account; they possess the consciousness of an immense power; and, being unable to ascribe the honour of it to themselves, they refer it to a higher power, which uses them as instruments in accordance with its own ends. Not only are great men given to fatalism, they are also addicted to superstitions peculiar to themselves. Recollect Wallenstein and his astrologer. Hence also it comes to pass that great men, who in action show decision and an admirable ardour, often hesitate and slumber before they are roused to action; the sentiment of necessity, the evidence of their mission, must strike them forcibly; they seem to feel that until then they should act only as individuals, and that their power is not present with them.”

This important truth is of the utmost value in our present inquiry; it shows us a certain means of solving the intellectual problem of a revolution, by a simple analysis of its principles

collected and represented in one individual mind. Bulwer has felt and acted upon this truth in his *Rienzi*; he has given us the mental history of a revolution by faithfully portraying the mind of its author; and, though perhaps the metaphysical formula established by Cousin was never brought under his notice, it is certain that the novelist has mastered the science of the philosopher. When we pass from the period when the elements of European civilization were in ferment and struggle to that in which they began to assume permanence and definite organization, we find ourselves in presence of two great men,—Charlemagne and Alfred. “The dominant idea of Charlemagne,” says Guizot, “was a design to civilize his people.” This also is the opinion of Mr. James, who published a biography of Charlemagne about two years ago; but we think that no such abstract idea as civilization entered into the head of the Teutonic sovereign; he designed simply to give the state the advantages of the security arising from legitimacy and subordination which was already possessed by the Church. In his capitularies we find spiritual and temporal regulations strangely blended; his wars in the north were directed as much against the paganism as the power of the Saxons, and in the south he professed to fight equally against the ambition and the creed of the Mussulmans. In his age, law, order, and intelligence had no sure support but religion; the popular opinion identified ecclesiastical influence with all that society enjoyed or hoped for; and Charlemagne, who represented that opinion, strove by every means to increase the moral power of the Church, and to mould the imperial rule after the model of the papal government. But the ecclesiastical organization, though complete in all its parts, was defective in the limitation of the powers possessed by the different orders, and the empire was, in consequence, a complicated piece of machinery, with some of its parts working independently and some directly counteracting others. Even the primary idea of unity was but loosely fixed in the mind of the founder, as appears from his having divided his dominions between his children. Even in the reign of Charlemagne traces may be found of a new element appearing in the social system of Europe,—the idea of national unity as distinguished from imperial. He had united beneath his sceptre men differing in language, habits and interests, separated by natural frontiers, bound into separate communities by seas, mountains, and rivers. These inconsistent notions of unity could only be reconciled by the establishment of some species of federation; but an old element of society, the love of personal independence, which the Germanic tribes still preserved,

hindered this federation from becoming an orderly government; it generated the feudal system, with all its complicated relations of vassalage and sovereignty.

It is needless to describe feudality, or point out its inherent tyranny and injustice; but that it was necessary in its age is indisputably proved by its universal adoption in every European country nearly at the same time. The first consequence of the system was a transfer of the influence of the towns to the country, and the almost total extinction of municipal institutions, the last relic of ancient civilization. It was apparently a retrogradation to anarchy; it was subversive of all social security and happiness; but it fostered the growth of individual prowess. The chivalrous virtues, such as they were, sprung from feudalism; the chivalrous literature, by which these virtues were exaggerated and the accompanying vices concealed, was the child of the same parent, and for many centuries has thrown a bright veil over the horrors of its origin.

Feudalism was the worst foe to social order, because it was equally opposed to the sovereignty of the monarch and the liberty of the people. Could it have held its position, Europe must have sunk into barbarism; but it had to oppose a powerful principle,—the influence of the Church. In the eleventh century the Papacy fought the battle of freedom and civilization.

It was under the pressure of the feudal system that the organization of the papacy was completed and defined; there is no part of the Romish creed, not one of the Romish institutions, that was not of the utmost importance in the great struggle it had to maintain; and of the doctrines and practices on which the nineteenth century passes just sentence of condemnation, there is scarcely one that could have been spared seven hundred years ago without imminent peril to the great cause of human civilization and social happiness. By its numerous gradations of rank, the Church of the middle ages linked itself to every class of society; its bishops were the companions of princes; its priests claimed reverence in the baronial hall; its preaching friars and monks brought consolation to the cottage of the suffering peasant. When the distinction of caste was rigidly established in every other form of social life, the Church scarcely knew any aristocracy but that of talent; once received into holy orders, the serf lost all traces of his bondage; he was not merely raised to an equality with his former lord, but he might aspire to dignities that cast those of temporal princes into the shade. It is quite absurd to ascribe the influence possessed by the Romish Church in any ignorant age and country to obtuseness of intellect or hardness of heart; wherever political government

improved, the power of the clergy diminished, and wherever at the present day a priestly order can be found invested with exorbitant power, we may be assured that ~~there~~ is something rotten in the political constitution. Some thousands of babblers throughout Europe have yet to learn that the relation between landlord and tenant may be made as pernicious as that between suzerain and vassal, and that in such case the clergy of the poor, whether Catholic priests or Protestant paterins, will possess a power over the populace paramount to that of the lords of the soil; a power that opposition will rivet, and anything like persecution render resistless. The influence of priests and demagogues, who in modern Europe have, for the most part, taken somewhat of a priestly character, rests upon the popular opinion that there is some substantial wrong against which they are the only persons able or willing to find a remedy; should an efficient remedy come from any other source, the influence of the popular favourites would depart, and the ordained or unordained agitator would have to exclaim, "Othello's occupation's gone."

Before we pass sentence on an institution, we should examine the opinion on which it is founded; and before we judge of the opinion we should know the circumstances by which it was engendered. The public opinion of Europe in the eleventh century was represented by a truly great man, Hildebrand, or, as he was called after his accession to the chair of St. Peter, Gregory VII. It has been the fashion to describe this prelate as a species of moral monster, the enemy of all improvement. There is no doubt that a pope possessing any thing like his influence, who would propose, and strive to enforce, the same measures in the nineteenth century that Gregory did in the eleventh, might justly be regarded as one of the worst despots that ever existed, and furthermore as one of the most blundering tyrants that ever disgraced humanity; there is just as little, indeed rather less doubt, that in his own age, every one of these measures counteracted some evil principle, and helped to work out an antagonizing principle of civilization.

Gregory VII. was a Reformer as well as Luther; he used despotic means, but there were no others at his disposal; he was nearly in the ecclesiastical world what Charlemagne and Peter the Great have been in the political: he wished to reform the Church and by means of the Church to reform civil society, to introduce into both more morality, justice, and order; he did not live to see the triumph of his principles, but he prepared the way for the rule of his successors.

The theory of Hildebrand's system was beautiful; it apparently based supreme power upon intelligence, and concentrated both

in the Church. Its error now appears sufficiently glaring; we know well that there are other modes for the mind developing itself than the study of theology; but in the eleventh century this was scarcely suspected, and never was there greater surprise than was felt by prelates and professors, when they first discovered that there was a rivalry between scholastic divinity and philosophy. The struggle became an open war between St. Bernard, the champion of orthodoxy, and Abelard, the advocate of free investigation. This warfare continued to agitate the *few*, long before it produced any effect on the *many*; the connection between freedom of opinion and freedom of institutions remained undiscovered for centuries, and during a very long period they were actually opposed to each other.

While the feudal system and the Church were maintaining a fierce contest for supremacy, a third element of civilization began to be developed,—the liberty of the commons. When the feudal nobles of the country seized the power which had for a time remained with the cities, the inhabitants of the towns for the most part became subject to potent suzerains, without quite losing the forms of their ancient constitutions. The oppressions, the marauding expeditions, and the profligate robberies of the nobility, led gradually to the formation of associations for mutual defence, in which many men of high rank joined, who had been driven from their estates or who dreaded such a fate from more powerful neighbours. During the eleventh and part of the twelfth century, there was a long and desultory war between the cities of France and Germany and the aristocracy; in England a combination of fortunate circumstances rendered the struggle between the *communes* and the *seigneurs* less violent and protracted; in both countries the wars were terminated by treaties of peace, for such must the charters of incorporation granted to cities and boroughs be considered.

We must run rapidly over the age of the Crusades, because the examination of their causes, progress, and consequences, would require more space than we can afford to this entire article. It will be sufficient to indicate as their moral cause religious fanaticism, as their social cause the restlessness of the feudal nobility, their love of adventure, glory, and plunder; and as the most important event of their progress, the gradual increase of royal power. Two of their consequences must also be mentioned,—greater liberality of opinion and a tendency to centralization in government.

The historians of the first crusade speak of the Mussulmans as a species of ferocious beasts, that it is the duty of mankind to exterminate; but long before the close of these wars we find a

great change in the descriptions given of the Asiatics and their religion. A great step was made, when it was discovered that virtues could exist in the followers of a rival creed, that men who did not adopt the orthodox forms or doctrines might be respected as enemies and even regarded as allies. Simple as this lesson appears, there have been sad proofs that it has not even yet been thoroughly learned in Europe : we occasionally hear bigotry, the same in all ages, churches, and nations, clamorously demanding the persecution of heretics on the one hand and papists on the other.

The spirit of centralization was manifested not merely in the extension of royal power, but also in the aggrandizement of the great fiefs. England was saved from this result by the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, which proved ruinous to most of the ancient families, but in France the great fiefs were the rivals of the monarchy, and the modern system of civilization, the establishment of government and people with definite relations, could not be completed until the element of royalty received its full development.

Royalty has been too important an element in the civilization of the world, to be dismissed with a cursory examination ; its universality in every quarter of the globe and in every stage of society seems to connect it with some essential principle of our nature. M. Guizot's description of royalty is too just to be omitted :

" There is no doubt that the force of royalty, the moral power that is its true principle, resides not in the mere personal will of the individual who for the moment is king ; there is no doubt that nations, in accepting the institution and philosophers in defending the system, have never believed and have never wished to accept the empire of individual will, which is essentially narrow, arbitrary, ignorant, and capricious.

" Royalty is indeed a very different thing from individual will, though always presented under that form. It is the personification of the sovereignty of right ; of a will essentially reasonable, enlightened, just, impartial, superior to all individual wills, and having therefore a claim to govern them. Such is the sense of royalty in the minds of nations, and such the cause of their adhesion."

Feudalism, ecclesiastical power, communal freedom, and royalty, were elements separately developed ; they were opposed or allied to each other in different states and at different times ; all four had the attribute of legitimacy, and on the arrangement of their several pretensions the nature of the social system depended. When the great struggle commenced, feudalism however had been shorn of its strength ; the theocracy of Rome stood forward as the great opponent of royalty and freedom. True, it sometimes

allied itself with one to weaken the other, but in such cases it seemed to dread victory as much as defeat—for it was the natural enemy of both principles. The opinion on which the strength of the theocracy was founded had been produced by circumstances which vanished one after another, during the age of the crusades, and the opinion itself had consequently lost its vital power, that is, it ceased to be a motive of action. One of the most difficult things for some politicians to learn is the difference between a dogma that rests on otiose assent, and a dogma that rests on living faith; we constantly see some wise persons evoking "spirits from the vasty deep," striving to raise a popular movement by spell-words, whose potency was resistless in the last century, but which are now "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Charles X. appealed to the reminiscences of Saint Louis and Henri Quatre, and was astonished to find that he roused not a single soul. About half a century ago the cry of "No popery" almost laid London in ashes; it might now be raised with no other result, than a laugh at the folly of those who strive to conjure with such a charm. Such was the mistake made by the Papacy, when it entered on its great war with people and kings, when Boniface VIII. issued his manifestoes, fulminated bulls and excommunications, and found that he was only laughed at for his pains. The trident with which he hoped to move land and sea, proved to be only a broken pitchfork, that wounded his own hands. But the Papacy soon recognized its blunder; thenceforth it began to act on the defensive, and in the fifteenth century we find it seeking an alliance with royalty, whose friendship could only be purchased by sacrifices of power, and lending its aid to crush freedom of opinion, and freedom of institution, between which the popes were the first to discover the intimate connection. Supported by the church, royalty rapidly won supremacy over the feudal aristocracy, and, in a great part of Europe, over the municipalities; it was still further aided by the growth of diplomacy, which acquired strength when the permanence of governments and of states gave an individuality to European nations. The necessity of unity of purpose and secrecy of design, in diplomatic transactions, was favourable to the increase of royal power; all the external relations of a people were found to be most efficiently regulated by its monarch, and an age in which these relations were necessarily complicated and uncertain, the age of their infancy and early development, seemed destined to give absolute power to every king in Europe. Even in England, the Tudors were all but despotic; the succeeding dynasty could not see that this despotism was founded only on fleeting opinions; the Stuarts appealed to the old dead dogma and were vanquished by the living faith of a new opinion.

Scarcely recovered from its unfortunate war against royalty, the Papacy engaged in a second and more fatal struggle; misled as before by a belief that a dead opinion was a living doctrine. The implicit veneration for the Church in the sixth century was owing mainly to its exclusive possession of intelligence, but in the sixteenth century it had not only lost this monopoly, but had sunk into comparative mental imbecility. Of all the great inventions in science, there is scarcely one to which the aristocracy of the Church can establish a claim, and those made by the inferior clergy, whether regular or secular, were discouraged and even persecuted by the superior ecclesiastics. The human mind had made vast progress without the aid and almost in despite of the Church, and yet the Papacy claimed the same iron rule over opinion as when learning and science were not to be found beyond the precincts of a cloister. Every body felt the inconvenience, no one distinctly perceived its nature; and a general belief of the necessity of Papal reform was the consequence. The efforts for reform were made within and without the Church, unfortunately in opposition to each other, and thus the popes triumphed over both: the council of Constance, bent on reform of one kind, burned John Huss for attempting reform of another kind; the bishops had yet to learn the weakness of any aristocracy, spiritual or temporal, whose power is not supported by the people. Destitute of that support, the councils of Constance and Basle were dissolved without exciting any commotions, and the popes rejoiced in a victory a thousand times worse than a defeat. The Reformation has been attributed by its friends and enemies to every cause but the right and obvious one,—the struggle of the human mind towards freedom of thought. True, the Reformers and their immediate successors denied to others the freedom they claimed for themselves, but it is not less true that, in every Protestant country, the current of opinion flowed steadily onward to establishing, not merely the toleration, but the absolute right of private judgment.

Martin Luther was the representative of the democratic spirit of the Reformation; there seems to be among friends and enemies a marked dislike to grappling with the character of this remarkable man, and his true biography remains yet to be written. Judging only from his own works, his character seems to be one that "he who runs may read;" he was a coarse vulgar-minded man, endowed with strong common sense, and a thorough contempt for every thing that is commonly called "humbug," in which he included the rules of conventional morality, rules in every age of mankind devised rather for cloaking vice than encouraging virtue. Many of his actions appear like a bravado to the public

opinion of his age; for instance, his marriage with a nun and his sanction of polygamy; but it is doubtful whether a man of inferior energies, less uncompromising boldness, and, it must be added, less impudence, could have fought the battle, which it was the glory of Luther to maintain. It is utterly absurd to canonize him as a saint, and still more so to condemn him as the worst of sinners. Luther was the great man of his age, the faithful representative of all its wisdom and all its folly; to inquire whether in every part of his arduous struggle, and in every action of his harassed life, he preserved the methodical rules devised by society, is scarcely less absurd than to ask, was a general dressed in the fashion when he led his army to battle, or a successful prime minister skilled in the etiquette of a ball-room. Luther's character is stamped on the history and literature of his country, and even Catholic Germany acknowledges its obligations to the great reformer.

The unity of the progress of European civilization was in some degree broken, when the different states began to assume a permanent organization; it was altogether destroyed by the progress of the Reformation. There was not only a broad line of demarcation between the states that adopted a reformed and an unreformed church, but there was a great difference between the states in which the Reformation was favoured by the crown or forced by the people. It is unnecessary to classify these varieties; there was but one of them influential in the progress of civilization, the reformed church of England, and to that we shall for a brief space direct our attention.

M. Guizot seems greatly to underrate the importance of the reformation in England. He goes indeed so far as to say of the British hierarchy,

“It was, every whit, as full of abuses as the church of Rome, and infinitely more servile. . . . The religious revolution was not accomplished in England as on the continent; it was the work of the kings themselves. There is no doubt that the genius of reform might have formerly existed, and even efforts been made to forward it, and that probably these principles would not have been tardy in showing themselves. But Henry VIII. took the leadership; *power became revolutionary*. The result, at least in the beginning, was that, as a redress of abuses and ecclesiastical tyranny, as an emancipation of the human mind, English reform was far less complete than continental. It was suited, naturally enough, to the interest of its immediate authors. Royalty and episcopacy, maintained in its full strength, divided between them, at once, the wealth and the power won as spoil from the vanquished papacy. The consequences soon made themselves perceptible. It was said that the reform was completed, while the greater part of the motives that made it desirable still subsisted in their full strength.

It re-appeared in a popular form ; it claimed from the bishops what it had claimed from the Romish Church ; it accused them of being so many popes. Every time that the general fortunes of the religious revolution were compromised, every time that it was necessary to struggle against the ancient Church, all the portions of the reformed party rallied round the same standard, and made common cause against the common enemy ; but, when the danger was past, the internal struggle recommenced ; popular reform renewed its attack upon royal and aristocratic reform, denounced its abuses, complained of its tyranny, demanded the fulfilment of its promises, and declared that it had reproduced the arbitrary power it had dethroned."

It is unnecessary to show how greatly this portraiture of the English Church is exaggerated, though we grant it may be a question whether England gained or lost by the government taking the initiative in reform. Whether it had done so or not, however, the secondary struggle could scarcely have been avoided ; for the Reformation was a revolution whose scope and purpose were not comprehended by its authors, and even at this day are misapprehended by its most strenuous advocates. The reformers battled for freedom of opinion, and were themselves the greatest enemies of that freedom. The burning of Servetus in Geneva, the persecution of Anabaptists in Germany, of Arminians in Holland, of Puritans in England, of Prelatists in Scotland, and of Papists in every Protestant country, threw a suspicion on the motives of the Reformers, which rendered their cause frequently unpopular. They felt the inconsistency, and they attempted to excuse it by shuffling evasions, by monstrous fictions, or by an impudent assumption of the infallibility which they had condemned in the Church of Rome. Hence there is an appearance of meanness, trickery, and selfishness, in the early history of the Reformation, which it is utterly absurd to deny, because it is utterly impossible to conceal. The cause is sufficiently obvious ; the new institutions were far behind the new opinions on which they were founded, and this—through no criminality in the authors, but arising from the fact that religious opinion had made a violent progress, while political opinion remained stationary : freedom of thought was one element of popular belief, absolutism in government was another ; the institutions were necessarily compounded of these heterogeneous elements, and they were consequently satisfactory neither to kings, priests, nor people. Kings contended for complete ecclesiastical supremacy, the clergy for the independence of the Church, the people for a want which they felt without comprehending,—liberty of thought.

This age, in which modern bigotry and intolerance of every sect and party have ever sought excuses for persecution, is, when

closely examined, the period of history that teaches most forcibly the doctrines of toleration in their widest sense. The great men of the Reformation, whether its advocates or its opponents, were inconsistent, were guilty of compromises at the seeming cost of their integrity, were haughty, violent, and overbearing, because the opinions that they represented had every one of these defects. Shall we then transfer the blame from individuals to the age? Alas! even this poor consolation is denied to our charitable judgment by the philosophy of history, for thus it pronounces the immutable sentence of truth.

“An age is not responsible for what it is, nor for what it thinks; one age is necessarily produced by another, one opinion by another opinion. And if we accuse that other age or that other opinion, we shall find them too innocent of what they have been, and consequently of what they have produced. So that those who are passionately addicted to accusation must run from age to age in search of the guilty; they will at length luckily pounce upon the first man, who will throw the blame of his opinions upon his own proper nature—poor human nature! the true source of all the evil, because, being feeble, it perceives only a portion of the truth; and because, being proud, it is ever ready to boast that it possesses the truth absolute and complete. Thus the accusation falls to the ground for want of a culprit; there is nobody to burn, nobody even to hate;—a circumstance extremely inconvenient for your good sort of people. It remains either to embrace toleration or continue in absurdity. In this embarrassing dilemma, a multitude will choose the latter, for reason before passion is like self-possession before death, a matter that even the greatest minds find it difficult to preserve.”*

At the close of the sixteenth century England was the most important political power in Europe; and during the whole of the seventeenth century the fortunes of civilization were bound up with its revolutions. No portion of our history is more unfortunately circumstanced than that of the Stuart dynasty; our language does not possess a single line upon the subject in which the perversion of party spirit is not manifest; and this is much aggravated by a disturbing cause, connected with the most angry politics of the last half century, the participation of Ireland in the civil war. The causes of the Irish civil war were various and complicated, as may easily be believed, when we reflect that four armies were contending at the same time, and that even in these four parties there were subdivisions of passion and interest. The events were, of course, peculiarly liable to misrepresentation, and that they were misrepresented is evident from the fact that the circumstances of this strange contest furnished at the same

* Jouffroy; *Mélanges Philosophiques*, p. 30.

moment an excuse for persecuting Popery in Britain and Protestantism on the Continent. In order to remove this disturbing cause, we shall briefly glance at the motives of the four great parties in Ireland, and then resume our investigation.

The spirit of colonization introduced by the discovery of America perverted the moral judgment of every colonizing country. No man thought that the natives had a right to their land; individuals and companies obtained large grants of ground to which neither they nor the bestower had the shadow of a claim. The notion of supremacy over discoveries led to the notion of supremacy over dependencies. Ireland was supposed to owe allegiance to the people rather than to the king of England, and in the general hatred of Popery it was no difficult matter to class Irish papists and American savages in the same category. The feudal law of forfeiture stripped an English nobleman of his estate, but an Irish chieftain had no estate, the land was the property of the clan, consequently the application of the law of forfeiture in Ireland was an iniquitous punishment of the innocent. When James I. seized on the greater part of Ulster and granted it to Englishmen and Scotchmen, the British nation, influenced by the colonial spirit and the law of forfeiture, saw not and could not see the monstrous injustice of the act. This, we think, is a sufficient vindication of the character of Protestantism, which the writers of France, Italy, and Austria in the eighteenth century branded with the stigma of naturally leading men and nations to robbery.

The Irish, driven from their fields to hills and mountains, panted eagerly for revenge; but their leaders were too cautious to move; a new combination for robbery was formed; the king threatened to attack the patents by which the old settlers held their estates; the English House of Commons voted that it would not tolerate popery, and had some priests hanged as a proof that this was no empty menace. In the midst of the confusion, Scotland broke out into rebellion, and won an independent national church from the king: the Irish made the same effort; in the north the settlers were butchered by those into whose lands they were intruded: the Puritans retaliated whenever they could find an opportunity. Both parties extravagantly, we may say absurdly, exaggerate the extent of the massacres perpetrated by their opponents; but it is certain that the Catholic Lords of the Pale every where protected the lives of the Protestant settlers; and thus, we think, on the other hand, a vindication of popery, from having prompted the massacre. The native Irish sought the supremacy of the Romish Church, and the expulsion of the English; the Lords of the Pale demanded only toleration and security of property: hence, by the

continental writers, they were identified with the enemies of the Papal power and Irish independence; while in England they were classed with the Irish natives in the general category of Papists.

The supporters of English rule were strenuous advocates for the extension of the colonial system, not as many writers of the present day insist from mere avaricious motives, but because the colonial system was sanctioned by the opinion of their age, and was believed essential to the support of British supremacy. But the English party was divided into the partisans of the king and parliament; the former, comprehending the Protestant nobility of Ireland, wished to save the Lords of the Pale, not from any love of abstract justice, not from any principle of toleration, but simply from a dread of puritanic violence, and a preference of ancient families to the low-born speculators who would succeed them, were their estates converted into plantations. The Puritans alone had a straightforward course of policy; their object was to overthrow the Romish Church, and extend the colonial system: they marched steadily onward while the rest were wrangling and disputing: they accomplished their object, and would be wholly free from blame, if they had not unluckily sought a better tenure for the fruits of their success than the right of conquest. When peace gave the victors leisure to reflect, they strove to prove that their possessions were sanctioned by justice. The dispossessed Irish, who had fled to the continent, on the other hand, filled Europe with complaints of the barbarous iniquity with which they had been treated; and both have bequeathed to us such a mass of calumnies, fabrications, and misrepresentations, that the histories of the Irish war, written by rival partisans, have no more resemblance than the annals of England and Japan. A dispassionate examination of the period would, we are assured, exonerate all the parties from the charges of premeditated malice; but this cannot be attempted while the consequences of the convulsion are working in the politics of the present day: when men's minds are heated by controversy, they may bear to be told that they are not absolutely in the right, but they will not endure to hear that their adversaries are not absolutely in the wrong.

Having removed the disturbing force, we can find little difficulty in recognizing the elements of the revolutionary movements in England during the seventeenth century. When the court patronized the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, there can be little doubt that the absolutism of monarchy was a favourite doctrine in the regal circle: the alliances between the English Church and the prince, and between the Scottish Church and the people, only partially obscure the design of the clergy in

both to assert their independence of temporal power; and the tendency of the people towards freedom was more definite in England than in any other European country.

We use the word *definite* to mark a distinction between the people of this island and the continent—between Englishmen and all other Europeans—that is very strongly marked, and yet is very seldom noticed. In every other country where an institution has outgrown the opinion on which it is founded, the efforts are uniformly directed to the subversion of the institution, and the establishment of something wholly new in its place. In England, on the contrary, the effort always has been to modify the old institution so as to accommodate it to the change of opinion. Great advantages have resulted from this national characteristic; the most decisive of all advantages, indeed, belongs to it—that is, success: a popular movement to a definite and attainable object can scarcely fail of success, especially when it appears obvious to common sense that in such a struggle the reformers are the conservatives, and their opponents the destructives. On the contrary, every reform contemplated in France, Germany, Spain and Italy, proposed the utter destruction of existing institutions, and the adoption of some new and untried theory. These reforms have wholly failed, or have only succeeded at the expense of a vast amount of misery, which the ancient government, with all its faults and crimes, could scarcely have exceeded. To us it appears evident, from the very first elements of the philosophy of history, that is, the philosophy of human nature, that the successful career of English improvement is owing to the very circumstance which foreigners have urged against us a national reproach—the limited nature of our political views, and the distrust with which speculative schemes of improvement are regarded. This follows from the very nature of civil society. Every institution is founded in opinion, and the simple fact of its existence proves that a portion of the opinion on which it was based still endures. The old opinion then is conciliated by preserving the form of the institution, and the new-growing opinion not wounded, for it is the child of the old, and therefore habituated to the form, though it sees the necessity of and enforces a change in the substance. This characteristic of Englishmen is strikingly manifested in the contrast between the histories of the English and French republics: in England the whole current of popular favour was in favour of the conservation of old institutions; in France the newest theory was always the most highly valued. That the English in consequence lost many good measures is very certain—we may instance Cromwell's plan of parliamentary representation, which anticipated the unions of Scotland and Ireland—but we are per-

suaded that the country has gained immense advantages by the conciliation of opinions, and the avoidance of the clash between rival theories. When M. Guizot declares the British constitution to be an incomprehensible chaos, meaning that the relative powers of it are not fixed and definite, he objects to what is really its best claim to respect—its inherent elasticity, and power of adapting itself without violent change to the onward flow of public opinion. His reproach falls harmless on the constitution, but it is a just satire on British politicians, who pretend that the constitution is something fixed and immutable. The greatest and the worst change that could be made in that constitution would be to declare it incapable of change; a nation must be mad when it requires a strait-waistcoat. In the fifth number of this journal, we fully reviewed M. Guizot's account of the struggle between the British nation and the Stuart dynasty from 1641 to 1688. His views of this period in his Lectures do not differ materially from those which he has already published in his History, and it is therefore unnecessary to go again over the same ground. We shall only notice that he does not sufficiently show how the British love of existing institutions operated as a powerful check on the three contending elements—monarchy, prelacy, and a popular tendency to freedom; that he does not at all notice Ireland as a disturbing cause; and that he omits to examine the causes why the English aristocracy was utterly inoperative in the war of 1641, and almost solely operative in the revolution of 1688. We think also that he deals too harshly with the character of James II., who was a weak rather than a bad man. He believed the opinions of passive obedience and non-resistance when they were believed by nobody else; even the very court chaplains, who preached these doctrines so glibly, were active in their disobedience, and strenuous in their resistance, when James, relying on their professions, ventured to attack the Church.

A disturbing force in the whole course of European civilization, whose influence has never yet been properly estimated, was the order of the Jesuits. Unity of purpose and completeness of organization gave that celebrated body possession of power, but it was a power they could not use without ruin. Their design was to restore the theocracy as planned by Hildebrand. Such a project ran counter to every opinion in Europe, and the Jesuits held power as a soldier does an overloaded musket—he cannot use it without danger to himself and his companions. The Jesuits tried the experiment: in England they ruined the king, in Spain they destroyed the people; and, having thus overthrown their allies, they ended by destroying themselves.

The seventeenth century, towards its close, beheld France,

under Louis XIV., at the head of Europe, absolute monarchy through his exertions absorbing the other elements of civilization, and the despotism of a king crushing at the same instant Protestant liberty and Papal power. The war maintained by William and Anne against France, nominally for the independence of states, was really for the liberty of the European people; and its consequences were greater in the interior development of mind than in the external regulation of frontiers and barriers. The revocation of the edict of Nantes was excused by Louis and his authorised defenders by the parallel treatment of the Catholics in Ireland. Without comparing the severity or injustice of these cases, it must be observed that the Irish confiscations had been the result of a long and complicated system of policy, and that the Act of Settlement, with all its iniquity, was about the best, perhaps the only, arrangement that circumstances rendered possible. On the other hand, there was an appearance of wantonness in the persecution of the French Protestants; there was no apparent cause for the sudden attack on peaceful subjects. Yet that attack was as necessarily the result of opinion as the Irish confiscations: absolute monarchy could not become a predominant element while independence of will was in anywise permitted; political slavery and religious liberty cannot co-exist.

Never did absolute power triumph more completely than in the zenith of this reign; it had successful generals, skilful diplomatists, able financiers, and a devoted people. The opinion in its favour was the strongest possible, but the opinion was never embodied in an institution; it struck no root in the soil, and it died for want of nutriment. M. Guizot very justly says,

"Under the reign of Louis XIV. institutions were wanting to power as well as to liberty. Nothing in France at this epoch guaranteed the country against the illegitimate action of the government, nor the government against the inevitable action of time. Thus the government was accelerating its own decay. It was not Louis alone that grew old and feeble towards the close of his reign, but absolute power altogether. Pure monarchy was as much worn out in 1712 as the monarch himself."

Freedom of thought became the predominant element in the eighteenth century, but at first with a tendency to purely abstract speculation; the antagonizing elements of temporal government and spiritual authority, seeing this speculation so remote from action, scarcely tried to restrain it. Thus, become "a chartered libertine," the spirit of examination dashed over all barriers, cast away every restraint, respected nothing, spared nothing. M. Guizot declares—

"I should be embarrassed to tell what were the external facts that the human mind respected, or to whose influence it submitted; it hated or

despised the whole social state; it began to consider itself as a species of creator; institutions, opinions, manners, society, and man himself, all were to be re-modelled, and human reason undertook the enterprize."

This wildness of thought finally embodied itself in wildness of action; we need not write the history of the French revolution, we need not portray opinion succeeding to opinion, nor institution to institution, nor the bloodshed produced by these struggles and vicissitudes; we shall only say, that civilization gained more advantages in this contest than in any other that had taken place between its elementary principles, and that the eighteenth century is that to which future ages will be most largely indebted for the furtherance of social happiness. It completed the great moral lesson of modern history, that the predominance of any single element of European civilization leads to certain abuse and certain ruin. Feudalism, ecclesiastical power, royalty, and finally, human reason have successively enjoyed absolute supremacy, have become tyrannical, and have been torn down from their "pride of place." The moral is ably stated by our author."

"It is the duty, and it will be, I trust, the peculiar merit of our time to recognize that every power, whether intellectual or temporal, whether it belongs to governments or to the people, to philosophers or to ministers, whether exercised in one cause or in another, that every human power, I say, carries within itself an inherent evil, a principle of weakness and abuse which must assign it a limit. It is only the general liberty of all rights, all interests, and all opinions, the free manifestation of all their forces their legal co-existence; it is this system only that can restrain each force and each power within its legitimate limits, and hinder it from usurping the rights of others; in one word, free examination should really subsist, and for the profit of all."

The recent restrictions on the French press are a strange comment on this eloquent conclusion! Alas, that the statesman should so soon forget his own lessons,

We have gone rapidly over this specimen of what may be called intellectual history, because we think that it opens to us a refuge from the passion and prejudice which party zeal has introduced into most of our histories, and we think that the tendency of the recent historical novels is to fix our attention more on the mental development than the physical struggles of revolutions. We are glad to hail the approaching change; an investigation of mind enforces a calm dispassionate tone of inquiry; it banishes prejudices in favour of institutions, misrepresentations of events and partialities for heroes; it concentrates the lessons of experience, and throws their collected light equally on the science of action and the science of thought.

Not its least recommendation is that such a mode of examining

history irresistibly compels us to the study of original authorities; while the French are tracing the philosophy of history in treatises that may almost be termed scientific, this apparent love of speculative views has proved that it is also pre-eminently practical by exciting an ardent love for the old chronicles and ancient records of France. In the close of a long article, it would be out of place to dwell on the philosophic value, as well as the antiquarian interest, of national collections. But there is one topic of too immediate importance to be omitted, the fate of a great historical collection, which may be irretrievably lost unless some vigorous effort is made for its preservation;—we mean the Mackenzie collection of documents connected with India. To the kindness of one intimately acquainted with its nature and value, we are indebted for the following statement of its extent and importance—

“When we reflect that we have for a long course of years held a sovereign sway over the southern peninsula of India, and that we are still unacquainted with the religious, moral and political history of this vast extent of territory up to the period of its coming into our possession; we must conclude, that a want of such a knowledge has been too often experienced, and we should fear, if not to the loss and dishonour of the governing, to the injury and perhaps ruin of the governed. The Mackenzie collection appears to have been the result of an able and indefatigable research, carried on through a period of no less than five-and-twenty years,—that the colonel's views were directed almost exclusively to it during this long period, and, as he has himself expressed in a letter to his friend in England, it was his intention to come hither and arrange the whole of his vast accumulations for the purpose of compiling a history of the South of India, or, at least, of reducing them to such a form as would readily admit of this work being performed by another hand. Colonel Mackenzie's death took place soon after, in 1821, and the Indian government, sensible of the value of the materials he had collected, bought them of his widow for the sum of 10,000*l*. From the time of the colonel's death up to the present, a period of no less than fourteen years, no use has been made of this collection, and but for the catalogue of it, published by professor Wilson, its existence might still remain as little known to the European world as it has hitherto been. Why it should have been so long shut up we are at a loss to imagine. The price paid for it—the many flattering encouragements bestowed on Colonel Mackenzie during his life time by the highest authorities, for his able and successful endeavours in this research—the urgent necessity of a knowledge such as the development of this collection promised to afford; seemed forcibly to call for a procedure the very opposite of that which was adopted. We can easily imagine the difficulty of finding a person competent to the task of unfolding and applying to any good purpose the materials of which this collection is composed, from its being in a variety of languages peculiar to the south of India, and from the particular turn of thought and expression, which a devotion to this research

for so long a period may have given to the colonel's productions, but a letter addressed to the secretary at the India House, which has lately been published, deprives us even of these means to unravel the mystery—From this letter it would seem that every facility is now offered for making this collection available, but that the desire to have it so made is still wanting.—If there ever was a period when the knowledge of the people of India was necessary to us, it must be so at the present, from the greater intercourse we are now likely to have with them, consequent on the late acts of the legislature, permitting Europeans permanently to reside in that country, and if this collection can afford any such knowledge, may we not ask, and with justice, why it is kept back? We are well assured, that it contains information of much interest to the lovers of literature and to the lovers of science, and we trust that such a valuable possession may not be lost to the world by negligence or false economy."

Here we must conclude; the matter and the mind of history have not as yet received all the attention they merit in England; the History of the Middle Ages, at once the most instructive and delightful to youth, is still banished from our schools, though we gladly see that an effort is about to be made for its introduction; but we think that an era of improvement has commenced, and that history will be cultivated by our countrymen as zealously as it is now by the French and Germans, and that, while it increases in quantity, it will also be improved in quality, by substituting the calm spirit of philosophy for turbulent party zeal and the distorting spirit of faction.

ART. VIII.—*Norden's Mythologi, eller Sindbilled-Sprog, historisk-poetisk udviklet og oplyst*, af Nik. Fred. Sev. Grundtvig, Praest. (Mythology of the North, or Symbol-language, historico-poetically developed and illustrated, by N. F. S. Grundtvig, Priest.) 8vo. Kiöbenhavn, 1832.

PARSON GRUNDTVIG is one of the most independent, one of the boldest, and often one of the most original, thinkers that we have lately met with; and we must preface our brief account of his last work with a few words concerning himself. This Danish ecclesiastic began his career, we are told, as a rationalist-theologian, (in plain English, we conceive, simply a dissenter); but whilst still very young he not only conformed to the established church, but became an ardent champion of the most rigid Lutheran orthodoxy. Nor does the slightest suspicion of impure motives appear to have been produced by a change of opinions necessarily fraught with worldly advantage to the convert, since he is said to be so peculiarly distinguished for Christian rectitude in every relation of life, that even those who most censure his

violence in controversy, both literary and religious, are satisfied that his zeal is sincere, and his conduct regulated by conscientious conviction. After various battles with the grey goose-quill, with which we have no concern, he, some eight or nine years since, attacked the orthodoxy of the Professor of Theology at the University of Copenhagen, with a virulence that produced a law-suit and a judicial condemnation of Grundtvig, who, in consequence, requested permission to resign his benefice, and announced an intention of abandoning even his literary labours. In this last intention, however, he has not persevered.

Grundtvig's chief studies, in addition to those appropriate to his sacred calling, which he never neglected, have been the Antiquities and History of the North. These he has discussed in prose and sung in verse; he has given his countrymen excellent, though perhaps somewhat too popular, Danish versions of Saxo Grammaticus's Danish, and Snorro Sturleson's Norwegian Histories; he has translated the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf, (recently edited with so much philological talent and industry by Mr. J. Kemble,) and he engaged in the editing of Anglo-Saxon MSS. in London: an enterprise which however has, we believe, since passed into other hands.

We now proceed to the *Mythology of the North*, which first introduced this writer to our acquaintance, and which abundantly exemplifies the qualities we have ascribed to him. This book, for the most part written in a tone of bitter and sarcastic satire, under the guise of pleasantry, that we by no means anticipated in an inquiry into Scandinavian Mythology, appears to have two or three principal objects besides the aforesaid inquiry; one, the vituperation and degradation of all books whatsoever, of pen and ink, and other implements of authorship, as well as of the silly and conceited authors who employ such things, and the establishment of the decided supremacy of speech, or "the winged word:" a second, the utter reprobation of the Latin language, and of every thing, whether literature, politics, or ethics, belonging to the Romans, whom he seldom mentions unless as the robber-nation. Some of the like reprobation, but in a far milder tone and degree, he extends to the Germans, whose chief offence, as far as we can gather, is their great propensity to book-making. Another object is the establishment of the vast superiority over all others of the only two ancient nations who were really and poetically creative, to wit, the Greeks and the Scandinavians, whose remains in literature and the arts, whose history, institutions, religion, and philosophy, are therefore alone worth studying, and possess moreover this great, and, we suspect, main recommendation, that the languages through and in which they

are to be studied, Greek and Norse, may, rejecting our vile practice of consulting grammars, lexicons, &c., be in great measure acquired, as we learn our mother tongue, through the living Romaic and Icelandic. But these are mere accessory or adjective objects. Proceed we to the grand substantive purpose of the book, namely, the overthrow of the most received opinions concerning the rise and nature of false religions, or rather perhaps of idolatry.

It is hardly necessary to state that the favourite theory upon this subject is, that all idolatry is merely allegorized astronomy, the mythological fables, or Myths, as the Germans call them, being allegorical accounts or celebrations of the changes of the seasons, of the varying length of the days and nights, of the appearances of the heavens, &c. &c. Now this notion Grundtvig rejects with a vehemence of indignant ridicule, which, to minds unacquainted with his profound and zealous piety, really might recal the regrets expressed by some impassioned German antiquaries for the supplanting of national creeds by cosmopolite Christianity. But fear not, gentle reader; the Lutheran ex-pastor of Copenhagen is no disguised worshipper of Odin and Thor, still less of Zeus and Ares. He is a sincere and earnest Christian, although anxious, in his love for fair Hellas and the lofty North, to raise the estimate of the human kind in those regions, by showing an imaginative and intellectual elevation in their respective religions. He considers those religions as allegories, differing from his predecessors only as to the subject allegorized; and we must confess that to northern and poetical minds there is something captivating in his theory, even if it be not sound. He conceives Mythology to be an historico-poetical allegory of man himself in the individual and the aggregate; a fanciful representation of the struggle between his animal appetites and human affections, between the selfish and social principle, briefly between mind and matter, and of the contrast between the death of the individual and the continuance of the species—all this being done in Greece more in a philosophical and municipal or political, in Scandinavia more in a warlike, spirit.

But we must let our author explain his own notions. Here are some general views applied to Greece.

“To ascertain in history the course of human development, we must reckon in masses, colossally, so that a little more or less may make no difference. For who can doubt that, *proportionably*,* the whole of *Antiquity* was the age of *Imagination*, the *Middle Ages* of *Feeling*, and these *Modern Times* of *Understanding* or *Reflection*. And accordingly, is not the literature of antiquity the most poetical, that of the Middle Ages

* The Italics are Grundtvig's, not ours.

the most historical, [the especial connexion between feeling and history we confess our inability to discern,] and that of modern times the most philosophical? Let us compare with this the experience of every-day life; we shall there, in like manner, find that, *proportionably*, *imagination* ever prevails in *youth*, *feeling* in *manhood*, and *understanding* in *old age*. And since every given nation can be only a union of individuals, and a portion of the human race, we know before-hand that each must in fact have run the same course, although want of information, or peculiarly intricate circumstances, may make the traces fainter in some cases than in others.

"Meanwhile, had those who in *modern times* undertook to explain antiquity, possessed a scientific spirit, they would have kept for the last the two artificial nations, (the Israelites and Romans,) and have devoted their whole attention to the Greeks, as the only one of the *natural nations* of antiquity, which is known through its whole period of development, or the five hundred years from Solon to Christ and Augustus; and it would then have been quickly perceived that, *relatively*, all the time *before* Solon belongs to the domain of imagination, that feeling governed the interval between him and Alexander, and understanding prevailed subsequently, such as it was with its Alexandrian library and corresponding academy. It could then never have occurred to any expounder of the Greek Myths, which, far older than the hoary Homer, arose out of the darkest depths of imagination's reign, to fancy an Alexandrian philosopher, tearing a leaf out of his picture-book wherein to wrap up a match or a sausage-skewer, presenting it, carefully sealed up, to the old Greeks, as a heaven-descended booth with a God inside, by whose presence they might be at once frightened and somewhat elevated above reality; since even such an allegory was, as far as I know, too great a stretch for the imagination of any Alexandrian philosopher."

We will now turn from Grundtvig's strange and not peculiarly agreeable style of satire to what is more fancifully pleasing, his exposition of a Greek Myth, which may probably be to most readers more interesting than his views of Scandinavian allegory.

"Chronos* was a son of Uranos and Ge, and, when he was deposed, his three well-known sons shared amongst themselves the whole world, the earth, which they seem to have forgotten, excepted: Zeus taking heaven, Poseidon the Sea, and Pluto or Aides the realm of Shades, which we Northerners call Hell, meaning thereby not heat but cold. Nay herein Pluto seems to have been in some sort of our mind, for he resolved to share his cold empty exaltation with a warm beauty, and his choice fell upon the lovely Persephone, daughter of Zeus and Demeter. Opinions differ as to the mode in which he gained possession of this majestic Queen of the Shades, but so far all the ancients agree, that Pluto surprised her, in her innocence, while gathering lilies, and that she wept bitterly when carried off, although borne away in a golden car. At her mother's request she was permitted to visit earth, perhaps even

* Our Dane of course rejects the Latin forms of the names of the Gods, though these are the most familiar.

Olympus, every spring and summer, and became, by Zeus in the form of a serpent, mother to Zagreus, otherwise called Bacchus. * * *

"I will now impart to the reader in confidence my notion of what may have so inspired the old poets in favour of the Chronides, that, with extravagant liberality, they bestowed upon them more than they themselves had to dispose of, the whole world and divine honours.

"Methinks I can see the Myth-Smith, an old blind Thamyras, * * * as he started up in the circle of listeners, and painted with clear calm inspiration how wonderfully, how mournfully and affectingly, yet how beautifully, the Divine is mirrored in the Mortal; sang that the golden days of Chronos could be but few, that neither the eagle's flight in the clouds, nor the sudden vicissitudes upon life's billowy sea endure long, that uneasy is the entrance into Reflection's mighty, still, gloomy, cold Realm of Shades, where nevertheless is the residence of Divinity, where the noble are crowned by that beauty to whom Zephyr and Spring secretly gave existence that she might be the Muse of Autumn. * * * The Chronides are the genii of human life. * * * Herewith agree all the names, from Chronos (temporalness), to Zagreus (refreshment or recreation). No wonder that it is Zeus who deposes Chronos, seizes upon heaven, becomes the father of gods and heroes, with the thunder-bolt for his weapon, and the eagle for his bird; for so it is with Imagination, the Genius of Youth! That the ocean was to the Greeks the symbol of feeling we see, amongst other evidences, from its being the parent of both Achilles and Aphrodite; and so in truth it is to us in tempest and in calm; but, as the manifold shadowings in feeling could not escape the observation of the Greeks, the stormy passion that reduces all other feelings to silence was deified in Poseidon, as his name and his history indicate.* Finally, Pluto is the same with Plutus (Wealth), and takes his other name, Aides, either from that uncomfortable satiety of life, which properly is lassitude, or from that *unriddling*, which is the chief element in the activity of the understanding, and the phantom-form which belongs to all conceptions that lack correspondent reality.* * * That he has no child by Persephone is natural, because the mere understanding can be only a phantom-father; it is only an especial union of Imagination and Understanding that can father the historico-poetical contemplation of life, which is the solace of old age. The identity of Zagreus with Bacchus is both profound and beautiful; for Imagination twines in serpent-folds around the Understanding,† like the vine around the pole, when refreshment, the spiritual grape, is to be generated." * * *

"Now would any one know how a beautiful Myth may lose its meaning? Let him only think away the spirit, and at once Zeus becomes the Air, Demeter the Earth, Persephone the greensward, the Serpent a vine-tendril, Zagreus a grape, and he will be at a loss only with Pluto, who becomes nothing at all." • •

* As Hellenists we confess ourselves posed, knowing no Greek word analogous to Poseidon, except the Athenian name of a month, which is more likely to have been derived from, than the source of, the name of the God of the Sea.

† Does our author forget that Proserpine is not Pluto?

The grief, the despair of the Asar, especially of Frigga, was unspeakable, and it was at length resolved to send a messenger to Hel to endeavour, by a representation of the universal affliction, to move her compassion, and obtain, or by bribes to purchase, Baldur's release from her clutches. Hermod undertook the embassy, and we pass over his journey and negotiation up to the goddess's decisive reply.

"Hel answered, 'Let it come to the proof that Baldur was so universally beloved. If every thing in the world, both living and dead, will weep for him, he shall return to the Asar, but if any thing refuse to weep, he must remain here.' * * * The Asar now sent messages over the world with entreaties to weep Baldur back from Hel, and it was done not only by man and beast, but likewise by earth and stone, by wood and metal, so that nothing was to be seen but tears. The messengers were returning home rejoicing in their well-executed errand, when, in a giant's residence, they met with a witch, who called herself Tökke, and who, when requested to weep Baldur back from Hel, positively refused. This witch was believed to be Loke in disguise."

The allegorical meaning of this Myth Grundtvig does not explain as much in detail as that of Proserpine,—thinking, perhaps, that he has now put the reader in the way of understanding it by himself; but, after ridiculing the idea that the whole refers to the shortening of the days after the summer solstice, he merely says,—

"Baldur's uneasy dreams, the oaths of all beings, the Asar's security and presumption, Loke's envy and treachery, Höder's blindness, Baldur's death by the withy, the despair of the Asar, and Frigga's lamentations—these are the great manifest elements of the Myth of death; so that the only question is, whether the funeral ceremonies, (which we have omitted) and the attempted recovery, originally formed part of it."

Both points of this question our author answers in the affirmative after a long inquiry, intermixed with sarcasms upon modern Danish literature, not very intelligible to any but Danish scholars, for which reason, amongst others, we think it sufficient to give the result. And with this specimen of Grundtvig's Scandinavian Mythology we shall conclude, after first, however, informing our readers, that, in his zeal for allegorizing, this whimsical author deprives us of our Saxon conquerors. Not that he denies the invasion and conquest of Britain by his old countrymen, the Danish Anglo-Saxons, but he avers that Hengist and Horsa, or more properly, Hengst and Hors, being words for a horse, were merely the sea-horses, in plain prose ships, that brought over the daring *Vikingr* adventurers. But, as he supplies us with no names for the leaders instead, we apprehend that we shall still be obliged to ascribe our conquest to, or glory in our descent from, Hengist and Horsa, whether ships or men.

ART. IX.—*Poliarnya Zvezda; Severnie Tsvæti; Nevsky Almanakh,* &c. &c. The Polar Star; Northern Flowers; Neva Almanack, &c. &c. Russian Annuals and Literary Pocket Books.

SCARCELY have fifteen years elapsed since the English public first learned that Russia possessed what had any pretensions to be styled a literature of its own; at least the remarks elicited by the appearance of Bowring's Russian Anthology, were equivalent to an acknowledgment, not only that we were unacquainted with the literary productions of that country, but that even their existence was not suspected by us. Yet at the very time that it was matter of surprise among ourselves to discover that the Russians had begun to cultivate literature at all, either as originators or imitators, they had just borrowed from the Germans a species of publication which we then for the first time adopted in this country. Whether the Russian "*Poliarnya Zvezda*" (Polar Star), or the English "Forget Me Not," can claim priority of date, we cannot positively affirm; but believe that they both made their debut in the very same year, at all events the difference of seniority on either side does not exceed that of a twelvemonth; and in one respect a striking similarity of fortune has attended them, since each has been the progenitor of a widely extended race.

The Russian Annuals are not less numerous than those of Germany, or of England, and still more varied in character than our own, for among them there have been two or three dramatic and theatrical, besides some exclusively poetical in their contents, and others chiefly of an historical nature; to say nothing of those professedly "Musical," "Juvenile," and so forth; while in the miscellaneous ones a greater diversity of articles may be met with than in those of the same class belonging to the two other countries. Instead of confining the contents of their little volumes to fictitious prose narratives and to poetry, the editors of many of the Russian Annuals have introduced pieces of biography, short memoirs, letters, descriptive tours, light satirical papers, criticism, and numerous other subjects that may be thought better adapted to a general literary periodical than to a class of publications in which we are accustomed to look for nothing beyond entertainment. There is one feature in particular which has recommended more than one of these very homely, not to say mean-looking little tomes to ourselves, namely, the literary retrospect they take of what has issued from the press, during the preceding twelvemonth. Although such critical sketches must necessarily be very condensed,—mere *aperçus*,—and although they may not invariably be impartial, still they must be allowed to be convenient summaries for reference; and as they contain, probably, for the most part not so much the opinions of the individual writer, as what he has collected from the criticisms of different journalists and others, they may be received as a tolerably fair estimate of the chief literary works belonging to the respective years. In our opinion too, while they undeniably stamp the date of each annual volume, they confer on it an after-interest when that of mere novelty has passed away.

Whatever merit there may have been in introducing those compendious "literary registers" into annuals, belongs to the very earliest of the Russian publications; nor are we aware that Germany furnished the editors of the "Polar Star" with either precedent or hint for that part of their plan. These papers were from the pen of Bestuzhev, who prefixed to the first of them a succinct account of the progress of Russian literature up to that period in the reign of the Emperor Alexander; which convenient *coup d'œil* of a subject so little known in this country was dexterously turned to his own account by the author of an article in the first number of the Westminster Review; all that was therein said of the poets and other writers of Russia, being no more than a translation of Bestuzhev's remarks;—not, in fact, a very close version, because there was a freedom of interpretation in many passages, that amounted to positive blunders, and those, too, of a most ridiculous kind—quite sufficient to justify the suspicion that it was first of all done out of Russian into some other language before it was done into English. The first volume of the "Polar Star" was content to rest upon its literary merits, but the reception which it met with induced its conductors to give "embellishments" in the following ones, the subjects of which were taken from Bogdanovitch's "Dushenka," Derzhavin's "Waterfall," and other well known and esteemed productions; which, however, were not particularly complimented by the *illustration* thus bestowed upon them. The contributors to the "Polar Star" were not numerous, yet among them were one or two names of previous celebrity, and some that have since acquired a celebrity they did not then possess. To Zhukovsky it was indebted for a very pleasingly written "Tour through Saxon Switzerland;" and to Bulgarin for a piece intitled the "Milliner's Shop," one of those numerous little sketches from his pen, which, after being first given to the public in various annuals and periodicals, have since been reprinted in an edition of his minor works. Great as was the success—and its sale was almost unprecedented in the annals of Russian bibliopoly, the career of the "Polar Star" was exceedingly brief, as it did not extend beyond its third volume. Its sudden decease, however, was unaccompanied by the stigma of literary failure, in any shape; its existence being terminated by circumstances of a very different nature. Both its editors, Bestuzhev and Rilcev,* were implicated in a conspiracy against the government, together with many other individuals; therefore, notwithstanding the marks of imperial favour which they had previously received, in the shape of diamond rings and other valuable presents, the former was ordered to visit Siberia, and the other doomed to the ignominy of suffering by the hands of the hangman—sad blot in the editorial escutcheon! In a country like Russia this was of course sufficient to render the very

* Some mention of Rilcev and his poem of Voinarovsky, will be found at p. 417 of our ninth volume. In addition to what is there said, it may now be observed that his "Dumŭi," as a series of historic poetical sketches, possess much interest both as detached pictures of characters and events, and for their spirited language.

name of the work in which they had been concerned impolitic, if not unpopular. It was thenceforth regarded as a contraband publication, in consequence of which copies have since fetched not less than a hundred roubles per volume, and are now very rarely to be procured even at that price.

Many were the candidates who pressed forward to supply the place of the "Polar Star:" the same year which had beheld its last volume, had also seen the first of several new annuals. Among them, were the *Ruskaya Starina* (Russian Antiquity), and the "Russian Thalia." The former of these was principally occupied by articles relating to national history and antiquities, yet not to the exclusion of other subjects, or even of miscellaneous pieces of poetry. The "Thalia,"—which was edited by the ever-active Bulgarin, and which had the merit of possessing a creditable portrait of Prince Shakovsky, the dramatist, for we say nothing of one or two others of the actors and actresses, that might have been spared,—contained a number of detached scenes from theatrical pieces of almost every class, tragedies, comedies, melodramas, &c., some original productions, others merely translations. Of Shakovsky there are numerous specimens, besides some from Griboiedov and Khmelnitsky; and, as far as it is possible to judge without having read the entire pieces, we are disposed to allow that they display much dramatic talent and skill. Griboiedov* has certainly more of the tone of regular comedy,—is a more polished and finished writer, but in vivacity, sprightliness, and versatility, Shakovsky does not appear to yield to him. The scenes given in the Thalia, from the dramatic poem or poetical drama of the latter, entitled the Finn, and founded upon a very original episode in Pushkin's Rustan and Lindmila, are marked by great spirit of dialogue and versification. Independently of its other contents, the Thalia has a rather long article of literary history by Gretsch, entitled "A Glance at the Russian Theatre previous to the Nineteenth Century;" appended to which are biographical notices of Volkov, Dmitrievsky, Yakovlev, and other celebrated performers. By way of exhibiting something

* Griboiedev experienced a very tragic fate, being put to death by the populace at Teheran, (Feb. 12th, 1829) where he was then residing in quality of ambassador from the Court of St. Petersburg to the Shah of Persia. The demands of the Russian government for the sums agreed to be paid by Persia, at the conclusion of the treaty of peace in the preceding year, had rendered all the persons of the embassy particularly obnoxious to the inhabitants; and the ambassador's refusal to give up an Armenian and two Georgian women who had taken asylum in his hotel, caused a sudden insurrection. The mob forced their way into the building, and put to death all who were unable to effect their escape.

The production on which Griboiedov's reputation as a dramatist chiefly rests, is his *Gore of Uma*,—a title somewhat refractory against translation, but which may be paraphrased by "The Misfortune of being too accomplished." By some this has been called the "School for Scandal" of the Russian stage, a compliment imply far higher merit than any English critic might be willing to concede to it; yet in such cases foreigners can hardly be adequate judges, as many of the *nuances* and *traits* in it, which are admired by the Russians themselves, cannot possibly be fully relished, even if perceptible to those who are not equally familiar with every thing alluded to in the dialogue.

more than their bare names, we will allow ourselves to record here a few particulars of those individuals. To his talents as an actor, Volkov (born Feb. 1729, died April 1763), added no mean proficiency in the fine arts, and there is still to be seen in a church at Yaroslav, a bas-relief of the Last Supper, executed by him. The munificent Catherine II. on her accession to the throne, conferred upon him the rank of nobility; nor was it an empty boon, for she accompanied it with an estate of six hundred peasants. His death, also, was marked by no ordinary testimony of respect, since he received the honours of a splendid public funeral. His successor upon the stage, Dmitrievsky, visited both France and England, in the former of which countries he enjoyed the friendship and hospitality of the celebrated Lekain; while in the latter he was received with equal warmth by our British Roscius. Whether the following anecdote has been recorded by any of Garrick's biographers, we do not know; if not, it will be the more acceptable, therefore, leaving Gretch to answer for the veracity of it, we shall lay it before our readers. One evening, when this distinguished triumvirate of the dramatic art, for Lekain was of the party, were exhibiting specimens of their abilities to their friends, Garrick astonished every one present, by the extraordinary command he displayed over the muscles of his face, giving to one side of his countenance the expression of mirthful risibility, and to the other that of the deepest affliction. On a sudden the Russian turned pale, trembled, and fell back in his chair to all appearance a corpse. Every one started up in unfeigned alarm, and almost instantly afterwards so did the apparently defunct man, who, making a transition from a state of inanimation to its opposite extreme, burst out into peals of uncontrollable laughter.

There are likewise two half-critical half-satirical papers by the editor himself; one entitled "A Tour from the Gallery to the Dress Boxes," the other, "Between the Acts, or a Dialogue on Theatrical Performances." Still, notwithstanding the intrinsic interest of the "Thalia," no second volume of it appeared: although the editor had pledged himself to continue it, should it be favourably received. We must therefore presume that it did not answer his expectations: at the same time it is possible that he afterwards found he had been too precipitate in his promise, and that he could not obtain materials for another volume that should not fall off in character from the first. Whichever of these reasons be the true one, it is certain that the failure did not deter others from bringing out other annuals upon the same plan; such are the "Bouquet," and the "Dramatic Almanack," which, although they contain more in the way of translation than can recommend them to those who like ourselves look merely for original productions in the Russian language, contain a sprinkling of clever scenes by Shakovsky, Khmelnitzsky, and one or two other writers. The last mentioned annual contains some excellent scenes from Shakovsky's comedy of "Aristophanes," a piece that, for the genuine humour it displays in many parts, and the beauty of its poetry in others, does honour to the Russian stage. It would, in fact, deserve notice were

it merely as an attempt to draw from antiquity subjects for the comic as well as the tragic drama.

The "*Severnii Tsvæti*," or "Northern Flowers," and they have proved the hardiest and most blooming of any among the annuals, commenced in 1825, and has since continued to flourish and to put forth some very agreeable blossoms, year after year—did not the title seem to forbid such a metaphor, we should say fruits,—since its volumes contain much information as well as amusement. The very first article prepossessed us not a little in its favour; this was an exceedingly pleasing piece of criticism on the characteristics and beauties of some of the principal Russian poets wherein the writer (Pletnev), endeavours to do justice to their merits, and to combat that antinational taste, which has been injurious, both as causing neglect of native talent, on the one hand, and a too servile imitation of foreign models on the other. In the same volume are to be found, "The History of Coquetry," by Baratsinsky; a long extract from a MS. "Tour in Greece," by Prince Dashkov; and some account of the "Library of the Seraglio at Constantinople." The volume for 1826 opens with a series of Letters on the progress and actual state of the "Fine Arts in Russia," somewhat too eulogistic perhaps in its tone, but, making due allowance for that, certainly of considerable historic value. This article is illustrated by three engravings, by far the best of which is that of a winged genius, holding a lamp suspended from his uplifted right hand, which was executed by Martos* for some monument. There is much elegance and novelty in the attitude of this figure. The same series of letters is continued in the succeeding volume. But we have no room to particularize further; nor if we had, would it be altogether advisable to do so, unless we could so extend our article as to give extracts of some length from such of the pieces as we point out. Let it suffice, then, to observe, that the contents of this Annual are, for the most part, of a superior order, both in prose and poetry; and of that kind of merit which invites to repeated perusal. Among the contributors appear the names of many of the most eminent living authors, and one or two who choose to conceal themselves by initials, although their productions are not the least interesting pieces in this agreeable *melange*. The modesty of one of these latter has, in our opinion, robbed him of the credit due to him for his exact and spirited translation of the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, which preserves as much of the tone and colouring of the original as it is possible to retain in an idiom so different from our own as the Russian.

For the reason above assigned, we must pass over a formidable host

* We have recently learned that, by the death of Professor Ivan Petrovitch Martos (on the 17th of last April, at the age of eighty), Russia has lost one of her most distinguished artists. Besides other works, he has embellished Moscow, Taganrog, Odessa, Archangel, and Cherson, by public monuments erected in those places in honour of Minin and Pozharsky, the Emperor Alexander, the Duke of Richelieu, Lomonosov the poet, and prince Potemkin. Nobleness of idea, dignified simplicity of form, and a masterly disposition of the drapery, mark the productions of this eminent sculptor.

of other annuals—the “Sirius;” “Alcyone;” “Zimmerla;” “Nazabudotchka” or Forget Me Not; “Urania,” so very unlike in every respect to its German namesake; the “Calendar of the Muses,” in which prose predominates; the “Record of the National Muses;” the “Literary Museum;” the “Northern Lyre;” the “Musical Album;” the “Album of the Northern Muses;” the “Moscow Almanack;” besides the “Odessa Almanack,” the “Nevsky Almanack,” and many others that would be required to complete the list.

ART. X.—*Skizzen aus Spanien*, von V. G. Huber, zweiter Theil. Sketches of Spain, by V. A. Huber, Part 2, Jaime Alfonso surnamed el Barbudó (the bearded), Sketches of Valencia and Murcia. —pp. 640.

THE lovers of Spanish literature, though they may not have seen the first volume of M. Huber's Sketches of Spain, are probably acquainted with his History of the Cid Ruiz Diaz Campeador of which an analysis was given in the twelfth No. of the Foreign Quarterly Review. In this volume of the sketches, M. Huber has pursued his plan of illustrating the character of the Spanish people by a story, all the elements of which, the persons, events and localities even in their details, are essentially true and real, that is, derived either from his own personal knowledge, or the accounts of others; though in the arrangement and compounding of these elements he has allowed himself such liberties as the painter claims, when he is not expressly bound as a painter of views, architecture, portraits or costumes. The space allotted to this department of our publication will not admit of extensive extracts of the many highly characteristic delineations of the country and the people. The first sixty pages are devoted to a very minute, and we doubt not faithful, view of the character of the landscape scenery, and of the geological formation of the Iberian Peninsula. The author first explains, in a few pages, his notions of a beautiful country. Many travellers will probably think that he restricts too much the application of this epithet; for he says that except Switzerland, the Tyrol, and the Alpine regions properly so called, he is not acquainted with any country in Europe, that can be called “absolutely beautiful.” He would call Italy a beautiful country without reserve, were it not for the plain of Lombardy, the sand of the Romagna, and particularly the naked ridge of the Appenines. But the beautiful is so predominant, and the beauties of Naples alone so far surpass every thing that deserves to be called beautiful elsewhere, that it may indeed seem to be excessively rigorous not to place Italy in the number of beautiful countries, and we may therefore look upon it as out of all common rules. He will not allow to the British islands, on the whole, the title of a beautiful country: but as there is scarcely any country which has so many pretty and interesting portions of every kind and character, they, like France, Germany and the Pyrenean Peninsula, may be classed among the countries which

cannot be called beautiful or the contrary. He proceeds to describe, evidently from attentive observation on the spot, the peculiarities of the scenery in the several parts of the kingdom of Spain, from the monotonous, uniform, bald appearance of the elevated plateau of the interior, to the more pleasing tracts, and the influence of what is called the vegetation of the South. He concludes thus:—

“From what we have said, any one may form an idea of the kind of landscapes which he may expect on a journey in whatever direction through Spain. The most advisable in this respect would doubtless be a tour round the coasts of the peninsula, to which we must add the northern declivity of the Pyrenees, with excursions into the isolated Alpine regions of the Pyrenees and the Sierra Nevada, and more especially to the elevated plateau of Granada. In this manner Spain would certainly appear to the traveller, as a country in which landscape beauty decidedly predominates; to be a beautiful country. Independently of this he would become acquainted with Spain, in many respects, in its most remarkable and interesting side, as Andalusia alone, with Seville and Cordova, and then Granada and Valencia, contain all that is most striking in the modes of life among the people, the greatest abundance and variety of monuments of art in all its branches; and yet, only he can boast of having become acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of Spain, who has ascended through one of the *Puertos*, if possible from the pleasant vallies and fruitful coasts, alternating with bold mountain forms of the South, into the extensive naked monotonous table land of the interior. For though these tracts may be far enough from beautiful they are essentially Spanish. Besides the manners of the people in this part of Spain have their own peculiar character; and he who has not seen Burgos, Toledo, the ancient convents of Miraflores, Sahagan, and the Escorial, and Roman ruins of Merida must not flatter himself with having an idea of Spanish Art.”

The principal character in the book is not a fiction of the author's. Jaime Alfonso was, about the time of the return of King Ferdinand VII. from France, a very celebrated and active chief of Banditti in the neighbourhood of Valencia, and though his extraordinary bodily strength, undaunted courage, and romantic daring, rendered him the terror of the whole province, he had some good qualities which even acquired for him a certain degree of respect among the country-people. He never plundered the poor; he was said not to be naturally cruel, and to avoid shedding blood, except in self-defence. He became so formidable, that merchants, whose goods had to pass through his territory, as he called it, at length found it most advantageous to purchase a safe-conduct from him; he appears likewise to have assisted smugglers in their illegal pursuits; and he most scrupulously fulfilled all the conditions of these compacts. He frequently expressed a wish to forsake his unlawful course of life, if he could obtain a free pardon for himself and his followers. In this he at length succeeded, and lived respectably and unmolested in the neighbourhood of Valencia. Some years afterwards, that is, when the French under the Duke of Angouleme entered Spain, Jaime became implicated in the political affairs of that time, was taken up and executed. He behaved with great firmness and every appearance of pious resignation; he died and was regretted by many who thought that however he might have deserved punishment for his early crimes, he had now fallen a victim to party spirit rather than to impartial justice. Our author, building on

the real and authentic history of Jaime, a probable and interesting story, in which the members of his family are the prominent characters; has given a most striking and faithful picture of Spanish manners, customs, and feelings, bearing every mark of local and individual truth.

ART. XI.—*El Conde Candespina, Novela historica original*, por D. Patricio de la Escosura, Alférez del Escuadron de Artilleria de la Guardia Real. (The Count of Candespina, an original historic Novel, by D. Patricio de la Escosura, Ensign of the Squadron of Artillery in the Royal Guard.) 2 Vols. 8vo. Madrid : 1832."

WE have often professed the satisfaction with which we see every fruit of literature naturalized in every country; and have never excepted even works of prose fiction. We need not, therefore, hesitate to avow, that we rejoice to see this last-named offspring of the fancy, so splendidly redeemed of late from the contempt in which it had long and deservedly languished, introduced amongst a people whose fairer half still idly fritter away their existence, amidst the inanities of utter ignorance. We might grieve to see a well educated English-woman, confine her reading to those light productions, the proper destination of which is to cheer hours of sickness or of suffering, and to recreate the mind wearied with severe study, or important occupation; but it could only afford us gratification to behold Spanish ladies, who have little idea of conversation beyond either serious, not to say guilty flirtations, or the receiving and replying to unmeaning compliments, so engrossed by the sorrows of an imaginary heroism, as to feel themselves no longer altogether dependent for amusement upon the conventional gallantry of such a social system, as that of which we have spoken. It is, therefore, with real pleasure, that we have run through a regular historic novel by a Spanish officer of noble birth. That in literary merit such a first attempt should bear comparison with the innumerable novels and romances of France, Germany, or even of Italy, was not to be expected; and upon this subject it may be enough to say, that D. Patricio's language is good, and that his faults are rather of omission than of commission; his book being somewhat little deficient in individuality of character, in dramatic dialogue, and in graphic description: but his characters are well drawn as far as they go, many of his scenes are lively, and the whole has an agreeable trait of nationality. We therefore, feel little doubt that Escosura, whom we deem highly meritorious, were it only for opening a new career to Spanish writers, is capable of very great improvement, and of rising to considerable celebrity as a novelist by study and practice.

The story of his present work is of the very beginning of the 12th century, and founded upon the fierce dissensions between Urraca Queen of Castile and Leon, and her second husband Alfonso the Bateler, King of Arragon. Of the use our author has made of this subject, we

need only say that the hero, Don Gomez, Conde de Candespina, had loved Donna Urraca prior to her unfortunate second marriage, and been recommended, although unsuccessfully, by the assembled nobility of the kingdom, to Alfonso VI.—called, we know not why, Alfonso VII.—of Castile and Leon, as a husband for his heiress, Urraca, more agreeable than a foreigner to her future subjects. During her marriage with the King of Aragon, Don Gomez serves her faithfully and zealously, repeatedly delivering her from Don Alfonso's tyranny, but conceals his undying passion, until after her divorce, on the plea of consanguinity, when he contends for her love with Don Pedro, Conde de Lara, who had not waited for the sentence that made his suit lawful, to seek the Queen's hand by flattering her vanity.

An extract or two, may enable the reader to appreciate the merit of our noble Spanish novelist's execution, and we think the following scene, one of his best, as happily illustrating the levity and vanity of the queen. The Conde de Candespina has, with a very few assistants, surprised the Aragonese castle in which Donna Urraca was, with a favourite maid of honour, Leonor Guzman, kept prisoner by her husband,—who sought to arrogate to himself all authority in her hereditary dominions;—the Conde had released the queen, and with equal skill and secrecy escorted her safely to the very frontiers of Castile. The party halts for the last time in an Aragonese village.

"The house that appeared the least miserable was selected, and, without further ceremony, Don Gomez sent its master orders to receive the Queen, not even announcing her exalted dignity. The plebeians were then accustomed to submit voluntarily or perforce to the will of the nobles, who issued their orders at the point of the spear, and did not wonder at their exactions. Accordingly, the Aragonese peasant expressed no repugnance to affording the hospitality thus courteously solicited. He showed his guests into what was called a saloon, in which no furniture was seen beyond a coarse deal table, a few benches of the same material, and a large leather chair, that was evidently the oldest and most respectable occupant of the place. In this saloon was an alcove, containing a bed, perfectly in keeping with the rest of the furniture, and destined for Donna Urraca.

"The Queen, upon entering this miserable hut, cast a glance around her, and a deep sigh told how much she missed the splendour of a court. The Conde understood her, but, unable to remedy a single discomfort, he deemed it wise to say nothing upon such subjects. Engrossed by his plan respecting Don Hernando's mission, he scarcely waited till she had seated herself, when he bent his knee before her, and besought her permission to prefer a petition. Having obtained it, he set forth, clearly but concisely, the necessity that existed for soliciting the aid of the Señor de Nájara, to escort her to Burgos, where Don Alfonso's partisans bore sway. The Queen listened to his discourse with evident signs of impatience, and then said, 'Never should I have believed, that the Queen of Castile would be reduced to beg the aid of her vassals.' 'Your highness,' returned Don Gomez, 'has not understood assuredly by my fault, what I meant to say. There is no question of your highness's begging any one's aid, but of your condescending to announce your arrival in your own dominions to the Señor de Nájara; an honour which will pledge that cavalier to your defence.'—'And how, Conde, do I chance to need his help? Have I not plenty of vassals in Castile as noble, as powerful, and as bold as he?'—'Nobles there are in Castile, Señora, many, and

very powerful; but, I grieve to say, not all perhaps'. . .—'I understand you. You fear that they may adhere to the King of Aragon in preference to their natural Queen. Whilst they believed me his lawful wife, whilst I was absent, they may perhaps have submitted to Don Alonso. But when I present myself, trust me, Conde, there will not be a single one who will not follow my standard.'—'So it should be; so I would have it, but dare not rely upon its being so.—At least let your highness be assured that it were imprudent to present yourself before Burgos, without a stronger escort than that which now attends you.'—'How odd you are, Conde! Do you think the force with which you undertook to snatch me from the power of my enemies inadequate to escort me in my own dominions?'

"Donna Leonor, who was present at this conversation, perceived the justness of the Conde's views; but saw, at the same time, that it was useless to contend against the Queen's vanity; and that, unless the affair could be presented to her under a totally different light, she would never consent to that which was indispensable to her own interest. A happy expedient suddenly occurred to her, and, at the risk of incurring a sharp reproof, she ventured to mix in the conversation, saying to the Queen;—'If your highness would permit me . . .—'How, Leonor, do you too mistrust the loyalty of my vassals?'—'No, Señora,' returned the dextrous court favourite; 'so far from it, I hold the Conde's fears to be wholly unfounded.'—'Donna Leonor!' exclaimed the Conde, provoked to see the lady in waiting thus spontaneously oppose his judicious plan; 'Donna Leonor, have you maturely considered . . .—'Let her speak,' said the Queen interrupting him. 'Go on, Leonor; let us see if you can convince this good *caballero*.'—'I cannot think it necessary,' said Leonor, 'even to refute the fears which the Conde de Candespina's unbounded zeal has led him to conceive. His lordship will pardon me if I think him wholly in error. I am much mistaken if there be a single noble in Castile who is not ready to sacrifice himself for the charms of Donna Urraca.'—'Not for my charms, since I boast none, but for my rights, assuredly.'—'Your highness speaks thus from modesty,' pursued the lady; 'but at any rate, your highness cannot need the Señor de Nájara's troops for your protection; nevertheless I should not hesitate to send for them.'

"The astonishment of the Queen and the Count, at this strange conclusion of Donna Leonor's speech, cannot well be described. The first looked at her angrily, the second with admiration; but she, who had foreseen this, without giving them time to recollect themselves, went on as follows:

"'If your highness will deign to listen to me another minute, my meaning will appear. I repeat that the Señor de Nájara's troops are unnecessary for your security; but does your highness think it befits your high dignity to enter Burgos in the same litter with your only female attendant, without domestics, without more guards than eight or nine, assuredly valiant soldiers, but whose arms are still blood-stained, whose garments are covered with dust?'

"'In very truth, Leonor, you are in the right, and I will send to the Señor de Nájara to come and escort us to our Castilian capital. Write the letter, Conde, and I will sign it; but take care to express, that the motive of our summons is that suggested by Leonor, and not the slightest distrust of the loyalty of our vassals.'"

We have not room for much more, but will add a short specimen of one of our author's more bustling scenes. The Queen has, by her own imprudence, again fallen into her husband's power, and two of her most zealous adherents, Don Hernando de Olea and Don Diego de Nájara,

who have been seized with her, are confined together in prison. We extract the manner of their escape.

"The gaolers have been charged to visit the prison frequently, in order to prevent the captives from forcing the iron bars of their window, or organizing any other mode of escape. The last of these disagreeable visits, periodically paid to our prisoners, took place after midnight. The gaolers then entered, each with his lantern, each armed with a sword and dagger; they first examined the chamber, then each cautiously approached the bed of one of the captives, to ascertain that he really occupied it. This was the hour which the two *caballeros* selected for the execution of their hazardous enterprize.

"It was about one o'clock in the morning, when a hoarse sound of keys and bolts announced the approach of the gaolers: the heavy door creaked upon its hinges, and the pale, scanty light of the lanterns illumined the chamber. The breathing of the two prisoners was equal and heavy, and the most acute observer could not have guessed that they were awake, and struggling between hope and fear.

"*'They sleep,'* said the Castilian to the Aragonese gaoler.—*'Would it were for ever!'* returned he.—*'Silence, lest they wake and hear.'*—*'What should they hear? Don't you hear how Don Diego snores?'*—*'Perhaps,'* rejoined the first, without interrupting his examination of the apartment; *'perhaps your wishes may be quickly fulfilled.'*—*'Oh! Oh! so that?'*—*'Tis said they will be treated as they deserve'*—meaning beheaded.—*'Precisely.'*—*'Dogs!'* Hernando was about to exclaim, but fortunately restrained himself.—*'The sooner the better,'* subjoined the gaoler. And now, having completed their examination of the dungeon, they, according to custom, placed their lanterns on the ground, and each approached the bed of a prisoner. *** The two gaolers, satisfied that their prisoners were asleep, turned their backs to the beds, to resume their lanterns and depart. But at this instant both gentlemen sprang upon them, with unparalleled celerity, and strongly grasping their throats, brought them to the ground before they could speak a word, or recover from the alarm of so sudden and unexpected an assault. *'Utter an Oh! and thou art dead, wretch,'* said Hernando to the Aragonese gaoler, placing his knee upon his breast, and threatening him with his own dagger, which as well as his cutlass he had just snatched from him; whilst Don Diego held his opponent under equal subjection, telling him in a calm voice, that he must not stir if he wished to live. *'All resistance is useless, slaves,'* said Don Diego. *'Ye are already disarmed, and under any circumstances we are more than a match for you.'* *** *'Keep you that one under control,'* he added; *'and as for you, friend, get up and undress yourself with all dispatch, if you would not try the temper of your own dagger.'*

"The confounded and trembling gaoler obeyed, and when he had finished, Don Diego again threw him upon the ground, where he tied his hands and feet with the sheets of his bed, and stopped his mouth with a cloth, so that he could neither move nor call for help.

"When both gaolers were thus stripped and secured, Don Hernando and Don Diego disguised themselves in their apparel, not forgetting their *sums*, and still less the bunch of keys borne by one of them. Then, each taking up a ready prepared and concealed bundle, they issued from their dungeon, fervently recommending themselves to the protection of God, and closing the doors with all the precautions usually employed to insure their own safe custody by the gaolers, whose parts they were now to play.

"Neither Hernando nor Diego had seen more of the prison they inhabited, than their own apartment, except upon the day they were brought thither. But the impression then made upon them was sufficient to enable them, aided by the lights they bore, and walking very cautiously, to reach the guard room in which lay the soldiers wrapt in untroubled sleep. They crossed it, unchallenged by the sentry, who from their dress believed them to be the gaolers, and issued forth into the street."

It were too long to relate the lucky accident which, enabling them to quit the town and reach the Conde de Candesquina's camp, finally crowns their bold attempt with success.

ART. XII.—*Leben und Denkwürdigkeiten Johann Matthias Reichsgrafen von der Schulenburg, Feldmarshalls in Diensten der Republik Venedig.*
Aus Original Quellen. 2 vol. 8vo.

THE author of this work, who is supposed to be a staff-officer of rank, has been enabled to communicate a great variety of new and interesting information on the subject of his memoir, having been enabled to consult the archives of the family of Schulenburg and the Austrian *Archivio diplomatico* of Milan, from which he has collected an extensive correspondence with princes, statesmen, generals, and literati, as well as many original reports of his campaigns and battles, together with letters from eminent cotemporaries. Count Schulenburg first served in the Brunswick army, on the Rhine, and in Flanders (1688—1693); then as French major-general, in Italy (1698—1702); next as general of the king of Poland and the elector of Saxony, in the upper Palatinate of Swabia, against the French; in Poland, against Charles XII. of Sweden (1677—1706); in the Netherlands, against the field-marschals of Louis XIV. from 1709 to 1711. We need only mention the battles of Franstadt and Clissom; the action and celebrated retreat of Punitz; the essay on the treachery of Patkul; the battles of Oudenarde and Malplaquet; and, lastly, the sieges of Lille, Douay, Tournay, and Mons, to show at once the information which historians must derive from these communications of a well-informed eye-witness. There are many interesting particulars respecting Charles XII. of Sweden, Augustus the Strong of Poland, Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the Duke of Marlborough. During and after these campaigns, Count Schulenburg was employed in various diplomatic negotiations, respecting which his own letters, chiefly in the French language, furnish valuable information.

The second part of the General's life begins with the year 1715, when he entered the Venetian army as field-marshal. Having rendered highly important services to the republic, both in war and peace, the senate of Venice resolved to confer on him the dignity of field-marshal for his life, with many honours and distinctions such as they never gave to any other foreigner and Protestant. He died at Verona on the 14th of March, 1747, at the age of 85.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXXII.

BELGIUM.

The Belgian press, though very active, is chiefly employed in reprinting French works, and that almost as soon as they are published at Paris. There have even been instances of the publication of a work or part of it at Brussels, before it had appeared at Paris. This was the case with Lamartine's *Travels in the East*; a Brussels bookseller having published the first volume separately before the whole was ready at Paris. Again, the sixth edition of the Dictionary of the French Academy was published at Brussels on the 3d of December, the same day as at Paris. The Brussels edition is in two volumes, in small 4to. and costs 26 francs, being 40 per cent. cheaper than the Paris edition. The Belgian journals speak in the highest terms of the beauty and correctness of this edition, and extol the bookseller for the speed with which he has executed this literary piracy. We have not yet seen either the Paris or Brussels edition, but we have met with some remarks in a German paper, in which this dictionary is called a new specimen of French superficialness; as an instance of which it quotes the explanation of the word *Cat*, which is defined to be "an animal that catches mice."

Another French Dictionary is commenced under the title of "*Dictionnaire des Dictionnaires*," in two large volumes, 8vo, which is to contain a great many terms not admitted into the Dictionary of the Academy.

A Universal Geographical Dictionary is also announced, in two volumes, 8vo. These last two dictionaries are to be published in numbers.

M. A. Baron has published "*The Military Poems of Antiquity, or Calinus and Tyrtæus*;" the Greek text with a polyglot translation, prolegomena, commentaries, &c. dedicated to the king.

M. Fétis has published the second volume of his "*Biographie universelle des Musiciens*." Nearly 400 pages are taken up by the letter B, which is known to be the most voluminous in biographical dictionaries. Among the lives are those of Baen, (query, Bach?) Baillot, Beethoven, Berriot, Boieldier, &c.

M. Ph. Vandermaelen is about to publish a Map of the Environs of Brussels, in nine sheets, on a scale of one metre to ten thousand inches.

A Society of Bibliophiles has been formed at Mons, who purpose publishing inedited literary and historical documents, and to reprint treasures which have become extremely rare; always preferring in both cases what is especially interesting to Mons or Hainault. The number of members is limited to twenty-five. The first number of its publication, which has just appeared, consists entirely of a MS. of 1681, hitherto inedited, treating of the government of Hainault subsequently to the death of the Archduke Albert, on the 29d of July, 1621.

M. Dewasmes Pletinckx has just commenced the publication of a series of original designs intended to represent "The Physiognomy of Society in Europe from the 14th century to our times," by M. Madore.

It is now decided that Belgium is to have (or rather it already has) four Universities, two of which only are supported by the government, namely, those of Ghent and Liege. The ancient University of Louvain is suppressed; but the magistrates of that city have made an arrangement with the archbishop of Malines and the other prelates of Belgium, for establishing at Louvain the new Catholic University, lately founded with the sanction of the Pope. The fourth is the free University of Brussels founded by private individuals. We should suppose that four Universities for so small a country were three too many.

FRANCE.

A new volume of Poems by M. Victor Hugo has appeared under the title of "*Chants du Crépuscule*." The volume contains some pieces which have ~~already been~~ published in the journals, such as the ode à *la Colonne*, another to Napoleon II. The style of the new pieces seems to be very different from that of the author's preceding works. A French critic says on the subject, "There is something strange in so rapid a revolution in the manner of a poet, especially in a manner so strongly characterized as that of Victor Hugo."

In the sitting of the Academy of Sciences, on the 30th of November, M. Brochant exhibited a general geological map of France, and read a memoir pointing out the operations which he used as a basis for the construction of the map. The map is on a scale of $\frac{1}{300000}$. Messrs. Elie de Beaumont and Dufresnoy were associated with M. Brochant in the surveys, &c. for the composition of this map. The engraving is not yet completed, the copy shown to the Academy being an unfinished proof.

The historical Congress, which we mentioned in our last Number, met at Paris on the 15th of November; and in all its sittings, the last of which was on the 15th of December, many interesting questions were discussed. The Journal of the Proceedings will probably be published before we go to press. We do not find in the notices published in the French papers, the names of any foreign literati. We begin to be apprehensive that these periodical meetings of literati of different nations will fall into discredit by their too great frequency.

Some years ago a bookseller at Orleans bought, at the sale of a private library, a valuable copy of the edition of Cicero, published in 1555, by Ch. Stephens. The margins are enriched with above 4000 corrections, written by H. Stephens and another learned man, who is distinguished merely by the name of John, perhaps J. Scapula. This book seems to be intended as the basis of a new edition, probably that which H. Stephens mentions in his "*Castigationes in quæ plurimos locos Ciceronis*," which never appeared. We hear that the bookseller, who gave twenty francs for it, will not sell it under 1800 francs.

A letter from Morlaix to the editor of a Journal of Nantes, says, "M. Delaville-Marqué, of the school of Chartres, son of the deputy, has just discovered in a church on the mountains, amidst old account books, the poems of our ancient bard, Quin Clan, which have been long sought for in vain, and of which we had only some fragments. They were written in Bas-Breton (the Celtic language), and are of the fifth or sixth century. He is the Merlin of the country, if not Merlin himself."

About a year ago, a warm discussion was raised among the French antiquaries on certain Latin inscriptions found at Nerac, in which mention was made of a liberal constitution under the Romans in Gaul, a subject on which history is absolutely silent. Many unsuspecting persons were heartily glad to learn that their ancestors, the Gauls, had in their time enjoyed the blessings of a constitution, and were not the servile vassals of the Romans: but the learned critics laughed at their credulity. The town would fain have retained the honour of the discovery of such important documents, and the mayor zealously advocated the genuineness of those inscriptions. The ancient stones were conveyed to the Museum of Toulouse, but the Antiquarian Society of that city resolved in a paroxysm of critical enthusiasm to throw them away. It is a singular circumstance that the fabricator, who must have taken a great deal of pains to consummate the joke, has not been detected; neither does it appear what motive he could have had for the forgery, unless to amuse himself at the expense of his fellow-townsmen.

The French Academy of Sciences has adjudged one of the Monthyon prizes for the present year to the Vicomte de Villeneuve Bargemont, for his work on the Nature and Causes of Pauperism in France and Europe, which was reviewed in our 29th number.

M. Silvestre, of Paris, is preparing for publication the following curious productions of ancient French literature:—"La Chanson de Roland," now first published from a MS. in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, by M. Francisque Michel, 8vo.; Galfridi de Monumeta Vita Merlini, edited conjointly by M. Michel and Mr. Thomas Wright, of London, 8vo.; "Cy commence uu miracle de nostre dame de Berthe, femme du roy Pepin, qui ly fu changee et puis la retrouva," (black letter), now first published from the MS. in the Royal Library of France by M. Michel, 8vo.; "Le Mystere de S. Crespin et S. Crespinien," from the inedited MS. in the Royal Library, by M. Michel, 8vo.; "Roman de Robert le Diable," now first published from MSS. in the Royal Library by M. Trebutien, 4to., with wood-cuts, after the miniatures; *Bibliotheca, Anglo-Saxonica et Gothica*, 8vo.; "Le Tracas de la Foire de Pré," reprinted from the Rouen edition of 1620, 12mo.; "Le Voyage du pays Saint Patrix, auquel lieu on voit les peines de purgatoire, et aussi les ioyes de Paradis," a fac-simile reprint from the Lyons black-letter edition of 1506, 4to. with woodcuts.

The antiquarian and historical publications of France are proceeding with great spirit. The first volume is just published of M. Michel's ~~collection~~ of chronicles and other original and unpublished documents, relating to the reigns of William the Conqueror and his sons, a book extremely valuable and interesting to Englishmen. It forms an octavo volume, and contains large portions of the Norman Metrical Chronicles of Geoffry Gaimar, of an anonymous continuator of the Brut, of Peter de Langtoft, of Benoît de Sainte-More, and an Extract from a metrical Life of King Edward the Con-

essor. The second volume will contain the Latin lives of Hereward, of Earl Waltheof and his wife Judith, and of Harold, with an early Latin poem on the battle of Hastings, and the *Dict de Guillaume d'Angleterre*, by Chrétien de Troyes. At the end of this curious collection will be added complete Indexes and Glossaries.

The Commission Historique is also proceeding vigorously in its labours. Copies of its publications are shortly expected, and shall be duly noticed by us. M. Guizot, who is preparing a report to the king on the subject, has appointed Thomas Wright, B. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, English correspondent of the Commission.

M. Raynouard, one of the first scholars of Europe, and well known for his work on the Poems and Language of the Troubadours, published in the years 1816—1821, with the title of “Choix des Poesies originales de Troubadours,” has been ever since engaged on a work which he calls “Nouveau Choix des Poesies originales des Troubadours.” Like the preceding, it will consist of six volumes, 8vo., of which the 3rd to the 5th inclusive will be occupied by a Dictionary of the Romance Language, or Language of the Troubadours, compared with the other languages of Latin Europe. The second volume, being the commencement of the Dictionary, is just published, and furnishes striking evidence of the extent and depth of the author's learning.

Frère, of Rouen, has just published a very curious old French mystery of Robert the Devil, and he has in the press a translation of Sir Francis Palgrave's History of the Anglo-Saxons. The same publisher has announced an edition of Wace's “Brut,” to match that author's “Roman de Rou,” the first volume of which is to appear about the middle of January.

GERMANY.

The Book Catalogue of the Leipzig Michaelmas fair announces 3164 works, partly new, partly new editions, maps, &c. In the Easter Catalogue there were 3767, making together 6931. Among them are books and pamphlets on scientific and miscellaneous subjects: in the German language, 2800; in ancient languages, 208; in foreign living languages, 176; novels, 164; plays, 32; maps and charts, terrestrial and astronomical, 84; 178 translations from foreign languages, (of which 58 are novels); and 199 periodicals.

Neff, of Stuttgart, has announced a German translation of the eight Treatises written for the premiums bequeathed for the purpose by the late Earl of Bridgewater. Dr. Hauff, editor of the *Morgenblatt*, is named as one of the translators.

The house of Hallberger, of Stuttgart, has produced two volumes of a work which is professed, we know not with what truth, to be written by Prince Pückler-Muskau, under the title of “Vorletzter Weltgang von Semilasso. Traum und Wachen. Aus den Papieren des Verstorbenen.” These two volumes, which were published in September and to be followed in a few weeks by a third, comprehend the Author's Travels in Europe, and the succeeding ones will contain his observations on Africa.

Creuzhauer, of Karlsruhe and Leipzig, has commenced a picturesque work, entitled, "*Die Klassischen Stellen der Schweiz und deren Haupt-Orte in Originalansichten dargestellt.*" It will be completed in 24 monthly parts, royal 8vo., each containing 3 engravings on steel, by H. Winkles, from drawings by G. A. Müller, and a descriptive text by the veteran Heinrich Zschokke.

In 1824, Heinrich Meyer published the first portion of his *History of the Fine Arts among the Ancients*, which related only to Greece. The continuation of that excellent work, which was ready for the press at the time of his death, in October, 1832, is announced for publication, under the superintendence of M. Riemer, librarian to the Grand Duke of Weimar, by the title of "*Heinrich Meyer's Geschichte der bildenden Kunst bei den Griechen und Römern.*" It is the result of many years' researches and observations, which suggested themselves whilst he was engaged in editing Winkelmann's Works jointly with Fernow and Schulze. Meyer was not eminent merely as an artist and a scholar: he was a genuine philanthropist. In his last will, after deducting a few legacies, he left the whole remainder of his property, amounting to about 33,000 dollars, to the poor of Weimar. The interest of that sum is now applied to the relief of the poor of Weimar at their own homes, by supplying them in illness with medicines, and with medical and every other kind of attendance which they stand in need of. The Grand-Duchess takes upon herself the chief direction of this useful charity.

Scheible, of Stuttgart, is publishing in numbers a *History of the American War*, by the title of "*Befreiungs Kampf der Nordamerikanischen Staaten,*" with Lives of Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, and Kosciuszko, by Dr. Elsner. It will be completed in six numbers, containing nine engravings on steel, chiefly portraits.

Scheible, of Leipzig, has commenced in the same form, "*Martin Luther, sein Leben und Wirken,*" by Dr. C. F. G. Stang, to consist of from six to eight parts, forming a volume of about 60 sheets, with seven steel engravings; and also "*Der Dreissigjährige Krieg, und die Helden desselben, Gustav Adolph und Wallenstein,*" by Dr. C. A. Mebold, in eight monthly parts, to form two volumes, with six steel engravings.

Liesching, of Stuttgart, has also announced a *Life of Martin Luther*, by Gustav Pfizer, in four parts, to form an 8vo. volume of about fifty sheets, with four engravings on steel.

F. C. J. Schütz has just published the second volume of the *Select Correspondence of his father, C. G. Schütz*, who was for nearly half a century the editor of the *Halle Allgemeine Litteratur Zeitung*, which contains letters from about two hundred of the most eminent literati and poets of Germany. A third volume, containing his life, will complete the work, the general title of which is, "*Christian Gottfried Schütz; Darstellung seines Lebens, Charakters, und Verdienste, nebst einer Auswahl aus seinen litterarischen Briefwechsel.*"

The first part of Dr. Jäger's work, "*Ueber die fossilen Säugethiere, welche in Württemberg aufgefunden worden sind,*" has appeared, in folio, with nine plates. It is to be completed in two parts.

Thorwaldsen's model for the monument intended to be erected at Mentz, in honour of Guttenberg, the inventor of printing, has been sent to Paris, where it is to be cast in bronze by Crozatier. It is expected to be placed in its final destination in September or October, 1836. e

The King of Bavaria has forbidden the soliciting of subscriptions to the works of foreign booksellers by persons not belonging to the trade in his dominions. The following publications have been prohibited in that country: "*Au-delà du Rhin*," by Lerminier; "*Coup d'œil sur la politique suivie depuis 1815, par les Gouvernemens Allemands et la Diète Germanique. Par un Allemand.*" Die neuesten Bundestags-beschlüsse, herausgegeben von der Gesellschaft Germania, No. 1.

The third volume of the *Lexicon Arabico-Latinum*, by G. Will. Freytag, has been published at Halle, by Schwentschke, who announces that, "the fourth and last volume of this important work will certainly be published within a year, which he is able to promise, because the whole of the manuscript is in his hands.

Messrs. Reichenbach, at Leipzig, are publishing in three volumes, the literary ~~Remains~~ and the Correspondence of K. L. von Knebel, edited by K. A. Varnhagen von Ense, and Th. Mundt. This work will doubtless contain a great deal of interesting matter, in the letters of almost all the eminent German writers of the last fifty years or more; the first volume is published, and contains Knebel's Life by Mundt, Knebel's Poems, and the Letters of their Highnesses Charles Augustus Grand Duke, and Amelia and Louise, Duchess and Grand Duchess of Saxe Weimar; F. H. Einsiedel's and Charles Dalberg's Letters to Knebel. The remainder of the Correspondence will fill the second and great part of the third volume, and the whole will be published before the end of the year.

The works of J. E. Ridinger, whose unrivalled etchings of animals have always enjoyed the highest reputation, not only in Germany, but in foreign countries, have become so extremely scarce and dear, that we are glad to see an advertisement of the Bibliographische Institut, in Hildburghausen, announcing that it is in possession of the original plates, which are in excellent condition, and will publish them in monthly parts, each containing from four to eight plates, in imperial folio, at the very moderate price of about 3s. 6d. per number.

M. Hahn, at Hanover, has published the first part of a highly important geological work, "*Die Versteinerungen des Norddeutschen Oolithen Gebirges*," i. e. The Petrifications of the Oolite Mountains of the North of Germany, by Fred. Ad. Roemer. The first number contains 12 lithographic plates in 4to. The work will be completed in three numbers, representing nearly 500 species of petrifications, with a geological introduction.

The same house has published *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, from the year 500 to 1500, under the auspices of the Society for publishing the Sources of the Affairs of Germany in the Middle Ages, edited by Dr. Geo. H. Pertz, tom. iii. being the first volume of the laws of Germany in the Middle Ages.

Schwentschke & Son, in Halle, have just published *Corpus Reformatorum*, vol. i. edit. C. G. Brettschneider, containing the 1st vol. of the works of

Philip Melancthon, in 4to. pages clx. and 1120, one vol. to be published annually, and to subscribers price only four rix dollars.

The great Encyclopedia of Ersch and Gruber, since it has been divided into three sections, proceeds with rather a better prospect of being brought to a conclusion before all the original subscribers shall be dead. Of the first section, containing the letters A to G, the 26th part is published; of the second section, H to N, the 12th part, and of the third section, O to Z, the 6th part, in all 44 parts; but we fear, from the progress that each section has made, that the whole when completed will be of enormous bulk, and expensive far beyond the means of the generality of readers; for we find in an advertisement of Brockhaus, the publisher, in which articles of each section contained in their last published volumes are particularly recommended to notice, that all those in the first section are under the letter D, those of the second all in G, and those of the third all in O, so that the first section in 26 parts has got about half way, the second, in 12 parts, only through two letters, and the third, in 6 parts, not through one letter of the alphabet.

A history of the House of Habsburg to the death of the Emperor Maximilian I., by Prince Edward Maria Lichnowsky, in 10 vols. 8vo. is announced by Schaumburg in Vienna.

A Translation of Dr. Ure's Philosophy of Manufactures, by Dr. A. Diezmann, has been published at Vienna.

A Translation of M. Montgomery Martin's excellent work on the British Colonies, by Dr. Paul Fritsch, is announced.

Two or three German journals have accounts from Oporto of the end of September, announcing a very important and interesting discovery, which we shall be very glad to see confirmed.

"Oporto, 29 Sept.

"A young German army physician has discovered in a convent here a complete copy of the nine books of the Phœnician History of Philo-Byblius, which he translated into Greek from the Phœnician of Sanchoniatho. It is properly a chronicle of the town of Byblos; but as that town was in alliance with Sidon, and in the sequel became dependent on Tyre, the history of these cities is very circumstantially related. Neither are the neighbouring cities, people, or dynasties neglected, or the coasts of the islands occupied by Phœnician colonies. The eighth book is particularly important; a catalogue of all the troops, war chariots, and ships of each town, and of each of the many dependent colonies. Only the colonies in Spain were independent, and allowed no persons from the mother country to visit their ports, except the merchants from Tyre." (Another letter adds that it will be published in Germany.)

The University of Göttingen has received a valuable present of Chinese books from Dr. Velthausen in London, which he purchased at Canton. There is with them a very large and accurate map of the Chinese Empire.

Dr. Menzel, whose Essay on German Literature was reviewed in our 31st Number, has recently been engaged in a violent controversy with Dr. Gutzkow, a young man of considerable talents, who formerly assisted Menzel in the Literary Review attached to the Morgenblatt, but whose violent and ex-

travagant opinions caused a separation between them. Dr. Gutzkow and some other young men, aping the ultra-radical associations of *La jeune France* and *La giovane Italia*, resolved to set up a *Junges Deutschland*, and to publish a German Review, the focus from which their doctrines should spread. But the enterprise has been stifled in the birth. Dr. Löwenthal, a bookseller at Mannheim, has been deprived of his licence, and prosecuted for publishing a novel by Gutzkow, entitled, "Wally, die Zweiflerin," which has been condemned as scandalously immoral and dangerous. The governments of Prussia, Bavaria, Brunswick, and others, have prohibited all works, great or small, written wholly or in part by Gutzkow, H. Laube, Dr. Wienbarg, Th. Mundt, "they having avowedly associated for the purpose of attacking the Christian religion, morality, and all existing institutions."

F. Fleischer in Leipzig has just published *Testamentum Novum Græce*. Recensuit Dr. L. M. A. Scholz, vol. ii. 4to., which completes this important work.

On the 17th November, died, at Dresden, Karl August Böttiger, Aulic Councillor to the King of Saxony, Director of Studies at the Ritter Akademie at Dresden, and Keeper of the Royal Museums of antique marbles and of Mengs's casts. Mr. Böttiger was celebrated not only in Germany but throughout Europe as one of the most eminent archæologists of the age. Born in 1760 at Reichenbach, in Saxon Voigtland, he studied at Leipzig, and was appointed in 1784 master of the public school at Guben. He was afterwards, for a short time, director of the gymnasium at Bautzen, whence he removed to Weimar, where, through Herder's recommendation, he became in 1791 director of the gymnasium of that town, and consistorial councillor. In 1804 he preferred the offer of a situation made to him by his own sovereign to an appointment at Berlin, and from this period till his death he constantly resided at Dresden, actively engaged in literary pursuits, and in the performance of his official duties. For the following sketch of the character of this distinguished scholar and writer we are indebted to a highly valued friend, who knew him well, and maintained a regular correspondence with him:

"Böttiger had a prodigious memory; whatever he read he retained, and could readily turn to whenever he wished. Not only were the more familiar classics impressed on his memory, but also those which are less read. He recited whole odes of Pindar (for instance) and would tell whether a particular quotation was taken from that or any other author, or not. This tenaciousness of memory made him keep no notes. He says so himself in his preface to his *Ideen zur Kunstmythologie*. He knew where he first found a particular fact, and had only to turn to the book he wanted, and this was generally at hand in his large and well selected library. He was a powerful speaker, and able at a moment's warning to hold forth most learnedly and pleasantly on any subject; and when he spoke on archæology, classical literature, or the arts, an auditor, unacquainted with him, supposed it to be a set speech prepared beforehand. Ideas crowded on him; he was never at a loss for words, nor did he ever repeat himself. In this he was much assisted by a fine, strong voice, and a manly, portly figure, though, to be sure, he would often, when speaking, close his eyes, they being very weak from unremitting study. The flow of his ideas and the command of language made him also one of the best letter-writers of the age. So full of interesting matter, so nervous the style, so entertaining were his letters always, that we will hazard an opinion, which will be confirmed by his intimate friends, that the publication of his letters (and they would amount to a good many volumes) would alone secure his fame. The curious on this subject may be referred to a few

of Böttiger's letters lately published, (some against his consent), in the Biography of Schütz. The great interest taken in his correspondence by all whom he favoured with it, made them willingly overlook his indifferent handwriting, which was always well worth deciphering. Though he published some regular works, to be more particularly alluded to hereafter, yet he was more in the habit of writing detached critiques and observations, the collection of which, it may be safely affirmed, will be hailed not only in Germany, but by classical scholars, antiquarians, artists, and the curious in general, all over the civilized world. His learned son, of whom more presently, or Prof. Sillig, of Dresden, or some other scholar, may be expected soon to announce their intention to this effect. His *Artistisches Notizenblatt*, which forms a companion to the *Abendzeitung*, contains a treasure of antiquarian and artistical lore. That famous periodical, the *Morgenblatt*, which has from the beginning maintained the first rank among its contemporaries, was undertaken by Cotta at Böttiger's suggestion, and it turned out a most capital speculation. The happy idea of tacking a *Kunstblatt* to it originated with Böttiger, and much to his honour, for previous to that paper the artists of Germany had no focus, no theatre whence to address the public. Böttiger, from his prodigious and multifarious erudition, was the oracle of the German booksellers, who might be styled his protégés, his children; they constantly had recourse to his advice, for he was never at a loss as to the economy of a new periodical or book; his judgment as to its probable success was most unerring. It ought not to be passed over in this place, that he had a peculiar knack of suggesting a proper title to any new publication. In this he was most happy, and you might call on him at any hour without giving offence. He was never denied, as is the case with so many other scholars, who, when once the thread of their ideas is broken, cannot re-assemble their thoughts. Böttiger readily broke off and resumed his subject without grumbling at interruption, because his happy vein flowed on, and was not to be checked.

Should he have left behind any memoranda respecting his life, they will be considered by the German scholars as most desirable relics, but more especially his remarks on the years he passed at Weimar, a town considered justly for many years as the Athens of Germany. During his residence here Böttiger was most intimate with, and most valued by, Wieland, who, in various passages of his works, speaks with affection of him, and associated Böttiger as his colleague in editing the "Teutsche Merkur." But he also was much at court, and lived more or less with Herder, Göthe, Bertuch, Schiller, Einsiedel, Knebel, Fichte, Schulz, Meyer, &c. Some of his letters are understood to be about to appear in Knebel's Nachlass, of which one volume has been published. His eminence in Latin and Greek he has well authenticated. His knowledge of modern languages was far more extensive than is usual even in Germany, where good linguists are frequent. Böttiger spoke and wrote French uncommonly well, and was so sensible of the necessity of this accomplishment that, in order to keep it up, he constantly spoke French to his wife. He was one of the best English scholars on the Continent, spoke it fluently, wrote it with a great degree of correctness, and was well acquainted with every English work of any note. He spoke also Italian fluently. Of Dutch, Danish, &c., he possessed a very competent knowledge. At Dresden, where he passed the latter years of his life, many English gentlemen and ladies made his acquaintance in his official capacity of keeper of the Museum. At that famous and beautiful city, which is distinguished by the residence of a good many German authors of eminence; Böttiger was one of those scholars whom foreigners of distinction visited in preference to others, for he was an ornament which will be greatly missed there. The eminent divines of that city, Reinhard (who was the occasion of his being transferred to Dresden), and

Ammon, had a great value for him. The numerous artists of the same city, at the head of whom is the famous Vogel von Vogelstein, (who drew the portrait of Böttiger, which formed the frontispiece of a celebrated annual, the "Uranus," some ten years ago), all looked up to him as the friend of their profession; for, as the author of the popular "Nordischer Notizenblatt," above referred to, he had it in his power to do them a great service by only a word or two in their favour. Versatility of talent was another trait in the character of this extraordinary man. Thus either from choice, or with the view of substantial benefit, he some years ago turned his attention to the statistics of commerce, and to that portion of public economy relating to it. He soon mastered this branch of science, seemingly so foreign to the pursuits and taste of an archæologist, as appeared from his celebrated "Messberichte" in the "Allgemeine Zeitung." These papers, which were uncommonly clever, appeared to those unacquainted with their author to be written by a man thoroughly versed and perhaps engaged in the affairs of trade and commerce. All the principal commodities that were brought to the great German fairs of Leipzig and Frankfurt passed in review, and were accompanied with remarks on their manufacture, which Böttiger must have collected from conversations and correspondence with mercantile men and manufacturers, that must have taken up much of his time. He gave the whole history of the fairs in a most instructive and amusing manner, and appeared to be thoroughly acquainted with the mystery of exchanges, and the jargon of the commercial classes. These accounts of the fairs concluded always with most valuable, curious, and anxiously looked for general views of the new publications recorded in the famous Messcatalog, appearing twice a year at Leipzig. We venture to say, that it will be difficult to meet with a scholar in Germany equal to the task of composing any thing like these celebrated papers, and it will be impossible to surpass them in information and interest. Equally celebrated are his explanations of Gillray's caricatures in a periodical publication edited by Böttiger, then at Wlemar under the title of "London und Paris." These explanations (for which the equally celebrated commentary of the very ingenious and learned Lichtenberg on Hogarth's prints served him as a pattern) are replete with ingenuity, learning and point, and display a knowledge of England, which must appear surprising, when it is recollected that he drew it all from his reading. Indeed, they were extremely popular in those days, and will form a very agreeable portion of his miscellaneous works. That such a man should be the butt of envy and spite is very natural; but his enemies never were able to hurt his fame, which was constantly on the increase up to the day of his death. Indeed all those who intimately knew him, will confess that his few failings were infinitely outweighed by his superior merit in every respect. We have reason to know that he was a most friendly and benevolent man; numbers of young men, especially those who commenced authors, were greatly indebted to his recommendations, verbal, epistolary, and printed, for his word had every where uncommon weight. In this way, Böttiger has made the fortune of not a few, and assisted a great many.

Among his publications may be pointed out particularly—1. *Sabina, or the Toilette of a Roman Lady of Fashion*, of which two editions were published; 2. *Ideen zur Kunstmythologie*; 3. *Notes on select Odes of Horace*, (which are most erudite and fully deserve to be translated); 4. *Ideen zur Geschichte der Malerey*. But excellent as all these are, they are equalled in interest and value by the great number of his smaller papers and his letters, all which no doubt either his learned son at Erlangen, or some one of his friends, will collect and publish; for it requires no great perspicacity to predict that as long as German literature shall exist, Böttiger's writings will be among those of which his countrymen will be proud.

Böttiger was married to an amiable and accomplished wife, who died some years ago, and who bore two sons; one of whom is professor of History at Erlangen, (author of the *History of Henrich der Löwe*, *History of Saxony*, *History of Germany*, just commenced, &c., all much esteemed publications,) and the other has a comfortable place under the Saxon government. Besides the portrait above mentioned by Professor Vogel, another was lithographed about a year ago from a bust of his, which is reckoned much like him. Böttiger of late years instructed the learned Prince John of Saxony in Greek. His company was much courted by persons of distinction, on account of his brilliant conversational talents. It was most delightful to listen to him; there was no end to his poignant and sprightly remarks and anecdotes, particularly as he was fond of good cheer, which a sound constitution permitted him to enjoy without fear. Not the least remarkable circumstance in the character of this great scholar was his indefatigable application. At five in the morning he was at his desk, and while at college he usually rose at three or four, so that his eye-sight became much impaired. Some ten or fifteen years since, he was successfully couched for the cataract, and had in consequence of this operation, the use of his eyes, assisted by good glasses, up to his death. Many of his pupils are now men of eminence, and some in high stations. His Excellency, the present Saxon Minister at the British Court, Baron Gersdorf, was, we believe, his pupil. Among those of Böttiger's disciples who have acquired great fame by their writings and are in respectable stations, we only particularize Professor De Wette, a great Divine at the University of Berne in Switzerland; and Professor Gruber, a distinguished Professor and litterateur of the University of Halle, the principal editor of the great German Encyclopedia, commenced by the late Ersch and by him conjointly. Böttiger derived so much pleasure from beholding some of his disciples rise to fame, that he frequently observed that he laid greater stress on this happy circumstance than on any success that might attend his own writings. Böttiger's literary greatness was not sufficiently appreciated during his life-time, but the sterling merit of his writings is such, that posterity will do him ample justice.

HOLLAND.

M. Noorda van Eyringa, who is well known to the learned world by his valuable labours in the Malay languages, has just presented to the king his Dictionaries and Grammar of the Languages of Kromo, Ngoko, Modjo and Karri (*query* Kawi?) in the island of Java. These works will be of infinite use to the Dutch civil and military officers, as well as to strangers visiting that island.

The Chevalier Rifaud, celebrated for his Travels in Egypt, Nubia, and the neighbouring countries, in which he spent twenty-two years, has brought back with him to Amsterdam a collection of more than six thousand drawings made on the spot, and embracing every thing connected with art that presented itself to his view. He has already commenced the publication of his Travels, and says, in the announcement, that he discovered, among other things, sixty statues, the smallest of which is of the natural size: and that he copied numerous inscriptions and tables of hieroglyphics.

HUNGARY.

Mr. J. A. Schaiba, bookseller in Presburg, has announced the following work: "*Matris Slavica filia erudita, vulgo Lingua Græca, seu Grammatica cunctarum Slavicarum et Græcarum dialectorum in suis primitivis elementis, et inde conflatis organicis formis exhibitæ Gallicæ, Italicæ, et Latine Lingue habita ratione; Auctore Gregorio Danskowsky, literarum Græcarum in R. Academia Poseniensi professore.*" 8vo. It will be in six books, the first of which is to be published in March, 1836.

Some sensation has been excited at Pesth, in Hungary, by the following circumstances:—About ten years ago a number of Servian merchants resident in that city formed a society, the purposes of which were to collect a fund for printing good Servian works, and in this manner doing real service to Servian literature. Unfortunately the members did not take the right course to realize their object; they purchased MSS. and had them printed and published, but they were not fortunate in their choice. They seem to have assumed rather too lofty a tone, though the greater part of them, at least of those who had the management, had very imperfect notions of the Servian language and literature. Some of the members, dissatisfied at seeing many useless books, miserable novels, and the like, published by the society, have prevailed with the magistrates to interfere, and it is hoped that the funds will henceforth be better employed.

ITALY.

Giovanne Rosini, the celebrated author of the *Monaca di Monza* and *Luisa Strozzi*, two historical novels, which are esteemed in foreign countries as well as in Italy, has lately published his dramatic pieces, (some of which have been well received on the stage,) in two volumes, (*Saggi di Commedie*), and his lyrical poems (*Nuove Rime d' un vecchio Poeta*), in one volume. The first volume of the plays contains those in verse, the second those in prose. In this last is the most important of all, *Torquato Tasso*, an historical drama, all the characters in which are painted with the same historical truth as those in *Luisa Strozzi*. Of the two other pieces in prose, the first is imitated from the work of Picard; it is called "*The Nephew and the Aunt.*" The second, "*The unforeseen Consequences of a Duel,*" has more originality. The three pieces in verse are, "*The Adventures of Gil Blas,*" "*The Imprudent Parasite,*" and "*The Miser,*" (a beautiful translation of *L'Avare* of Molière).

Of other works lately published, we may mention *Raggionamenti sulle Verità della Religione*. By the priest Carlo Bulletta. 2 vols. Rome.—*Saggio di Esegesi Biblici*, (chiefly on the inseparable connection between the Old Testament and the New). By Pietro Bandini. Florence.—*Storia generale della Casa d' Austria*. By G. Antonelli. 24th and last volume. Venice.—*Supplimenti al Compendio, &c.* Supplement to Tenemann's *Manual of the History of Philosophy*. By Professor Gaetano Modena. Pavia.—*Trattato di Amicizia*, a manuscript of the 16th century. By Don Agostino Strozza. Venice.—*Viaggio d' un Giorno per l' Inferno*. A poem by Andrea Mattis. Naples.

Giovanna Prima & Joanna I., Queen of Naples, a novel of the 14th century, by Giacinto Battaglia. Milan, 1835.—The terrible catastrophe of

this queen was well worthy of being taken as the subject of a spirited historical novel. Marfuzzi has made the murder of Andrea, Johanna's first husband, the subject of a tragedy. Now Battaglia relates the story of Johanna in a novel, the beauties of which are highly extolled in several journals. The author had previously rendered great services to Italian literature, and we may certainly expect something distinguished from him. He has been for several years editor of the *Indicatore*, a periodical in deserved repute; he also contributes valuable articles to the *Figaro* published at Milan, in which those that relate to the theory of music are especially remarkable for profoundness and fine taste. Nobody would be more capable than he of giving in a book which is yet a desideratum in Italy, a History of Music, with regard to the progress of civilization.

A volume of about 200 pages, written by Cardinal Pacca, has just appeared, with the title of "Notizie sul Portogallo; con una breve relazione della Nunziatura di Lisbona, dall' anno 1795 all' anno 1802."

PRUSSIA.

The public library of the city of Treves has again received a valuable present from England, consisting of 18 more handsomely bound folio volumes of the great work—the Records of Great Britain, being the continuation of the 74 volumes previously received.

Menschen und Gegenden, by Caroline von Woltmann, in two volumes, of which the first contains "Germany and Switzerland;" the 2nd, "Italy and the Italians." After all that has been written of the south-west of Germany, the Tyrol, and Italy, these volumes contain many new details besides the interest which the subject itself must have in such hands as those of Mrs. Woltmann. Her opinions of Italy are wholly different from those of Gustav Nicolai.

Two works, which might as properly be called one work, from their connection with each other, by Dr. Gottfried Schadow, Director of the Royal Academy of Arts at Berlin, have just been published, with the titles of Polyclet & Polycletes, or Measures of the Human Body, according to the Sex and Age, &c. German and French, 4to, with 29 lithographic plates, folio; and "National Physiognomies, or Observations on the Differences of the Features, and of the External Conformation of the Human Head," a continuation of Polycletes, 4to., with 28 lithographic plates, fol. They must be highly interesting to anatomists and artists.

"Der Preussische Staat, in allen seinen Beziehungen," compiled by a society of men of learning and friends of national topography, statistics, &c. under the direction of Baron L. von Zedlitz Neukirch, is destined to fill a desideratum that has long been felt. It appears periodically, and has now reached its 7th number.

Messrs. Bornhager in Berlin have published the second volume of D. Doumann's "History of Rome in its transition from a Republican to a Monarchical Government, or Pompey, Cæsar, Cicero, and their Contemporaries, ac-

according to Families, and with Genealogical Tables." This work is spoken of by Schlosser and other critics in terms of unqualified praise.

RUSSIA.

The number of sheets printed at the printing office of the University of Moscow was, in 1831, 7,746,378.

The 6th volume of the History of Russia, by N. A. Polewoi, has lately been published at Moscow.

A second edition of M. Oldecop's Pocket Dictionary of the French and Russian Languages is announced for publication next year. The sale of an edition of 7600 copies in five years is a proof at least of its superiority to all preceding ones. This second edition, of which we have a prospectus and specimen before us, is beautifully printed and considerably enlarged. The first part will be very complete, the editors of the new edition of the Dictionary of the French Academy having obligingly sent the proof sheets.

A very important work has just been published by M. Schnitzler, author of the much esteemed "*Statistique Générale de l'Empire de Russie*." This new work is "*La Russie, la Pologne, et la Finlande; Tableau statistique, géographique, et historique, de toutes les parties de la Monarchie Russe, prises isolément*." 1 vol. 8vo., 720 pages, with three plans.

On the proposal of the Minister of Public Instruction, the Emperor has been pleased to extend to the end of the year 1836 the scientific expedition of M. Feodorof, in Siberia, at the public expense, the chief object of which is to ascertain the exact position of several places between the 30th and 60th degrees of latitude.

Mr. A. J. Sjöégren, who has been travelling for some years in the northern parts of Russia, with a view to historical and philological researches, and who has collected a vast number of valuable MSS. and most curious information, is now gone to pursue his researches in the Caucasian provinces.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences has just lost its first vice-president, Mr. Henry Fr. Storch, privy councillor, and grand cross of several orders, who died in the night of the 13th of November, at the age of 69 years. He acquired deserved reputation by the publication of several useful works, among which are the Statistical and Historical View of the Russian Empire, and his Course of Political Economy.

The Chief Board of Censorship has ordered that a work in no more than two volumes, to be published by subscription, payable in advance, shall not be advertised till permission to print it has been granted. If the work exceed two volumes, the subscription cannot be opened till one-half of it has been examined and approved: subscriptions, without payment in advance, and also to journals, are allowed as heretofore.

Mr. Alexander Chemiotte, formerly Professor at the University of Cracow, Member of the Royal Asiatic Societies of London and Paris, and one of the most learned Orientalists in Europe, died on the 21st of November at Helsingfors, in Finland, in the 34th year of his age. He gained much reputation by publishing the most complete history yet known of all the Arabian Emperors under the Abassides (*Historia Abassidarum*—Paris, 1825, in 4to), and by many other able writings in the Polish, French, and Latin languages. Incessant labour ruined his health, and brought him to an early grave. He died of consumption, and has left many interesting works.

An edition of the Arabic original of the *Travels of Abulfeta*, with a Russian translation, has been advertised, and will be published next year, by Professor Heilling, of the University of St. Petersburg.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Mr. Tinker, an American missionary, has commenced a periodical work at Honoruru, in Woahoo, one of the Sandwich Islands. This capital now contains 7,000 inhabitants, and the missionaries keep three presses going there.

SWEDEN.

There have been published (in Swedish) Andreas Lindberg's Works.—*Memoirs of the Royal Theatre*, by Gust. Lud. Torssloro. Vol. 1st.—*Poems by Geijer*. 1 vol.—*Travels in North America*, by K. A. Gosselman. 2 vols.—*Observations on a Journey to England in the Summer of 1834*, by Carl von Forsell.—*Contributions towards the Histories of the Swedish Church, and of the Diets, from the Archives of the Chambers of the Clergy*; by S. P. Bexell, A. Ahlquist, and A. Lignell.

Ancient Northern Reminiscences (Fornnordiska Minnen). Part II. Also under the title of "The Inhabitants of the Northern Austrwegr," a historical inquiry by Cronholm Lund, 1835. We have on a former occasion directed the attention of our readers to this work, and must not omit to mention the second part, lately published, as it interests not merely Sweden, but furnishes new and important data concerning the history of the ancient inhabitants of the North, and the state of morals and religion among them; and the essays contained in this volume, which are distinguished by industrious research, sound criticism and penetration, relate to the Waragians, the Danes in Winden (Mecklenburg), and the Swedes in Finland.

SWITZERLAND.

It appears that the old history of Switzerland, as it has been delivered to us by the chroniclers, for instance, Tschudi and Joh. Müller, and which met with universal credit, is about to sustain a very serious attack, or rather to be entirely transformed. Genuine historical criticism is a science of pretty late date, but it has led, in a short time, to important results. In Switzerland, as in other countries, it has met with zealous patrons. Professor J.

Kopp, in Lucerne, has commenced researches into the ancient history of Switzerland, which may be expected to throw much light on the subject; he has published a small volume of documents, the safest and most unexceptionable testimonies of historic research, which give far greater weight and importance to doubts that had been already suggested. The history itself composed by Kopp is still wanting; at least it is not yet known to the public in general. But the documents furnish matter enough for reflection, and excite extreme curiosity for the results which Kopp has deduced from them and from other sources. In particular, the asserted independence of Schwytz and Unterwalden of the empire, seems to vanish before the light of the documents, and those cantons appear to have really belonged to an Austrian landgraviate. If this is so, the history of the insurrection of those cantons against the Austrian governors, which has become celebrated from the much-exalted action of Tell, assumes a very different appearance. It is, indeed, not yet time to form a decisive opinion on the subject. *It will probably fare with Kopp as with all those who attempt to eradicate great and deeply rooted historical errors, which are, besides, blended with the affections and the aversions of the people. They are generally driven by the dispute into exaggeration on the opposite side. So it happened to the profound investigator Niebuhr. We observe, in conclusion, that Kopp has since made further researches at Munich and Vienna, and, as we hear, has found his discoveries confirmed.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

There is in Thibet an immense collection of all the sacred books of the followers of Buddha, under the title of Kuhgyour. This collection contains in the language of Thibet the works of Buddha and of his disciples, the acts of the councils of their church, the biographies of Buddha, of his disciples and the patriarchs; in short, the whole body of the classical literature of that religion. It is engraved on wood in the manner of the Chinese, and the Lama of Boutan, who is the depository of the blocks, has, from time to time, some copies printed for the use of the temples or of the schools of theology established in the monasteries. It is only within these few years that this collection has been made known in Europe, from the letters of the celebrated Hungarian traveller Csoma de Koros, who went and buried himself for eight years in the monasteries of Thibet, to study the literature of the country. He procured a copy of this collection, which he brought to Calcutta, where he printed the catalogue of it, with some extracts. The Asiatic Society of Calcutta printed at its own expense the Thibetian Dictionary and Grammar composed by Csoma, to give to the learned the key to this important literature. But this aid could not be of great use in Europe, on account of the almost total want of Thibetian books; the royal library at Paris had nothing in that language but a few leaves, which the Cossacks had brought in one of their expeditions from the monastery of Ablaket, in Mongolia, and which the Empress Catherine gave to the library. The Asiatic Society of Calcutta wished to remedy this state of things, and circumstances have remarkably favoured its generous intentions. The East India Company have in Nepaul an ambassador named Hodgson, a man of talent and learning, who has himself rendered great services to Oriental Literature by his Memoirs on the Religion of Buddha, and by his discovery of the Sanscrit originals of the books which are the basis of that religion. His influence with the priests of Nepaul, furnishing him with the

means of corresponding with the priests of Thibet, enabled him to procure from Thibet for the Asiatic Society a copy of the great collection of the *Kuhgyour*. For this collection, composed of a hundred enormous volumes in folio, printed on paper manufactured in the country, the Society of Calcutta paid 13,000 francs. In possession of this treasure, and desiring to dispose of it in such a manner that it might be, when sent to Europe, of the greatest possible advantage to learning, it has resolved to make a present of it to the Asiatic Society of Paris, in preference even to the learned institutions of England itself. The *Kuhgyour* has therefore been sent to Paris, where it arrived some weeks ago, and the Asiatic Society had to determine in its turn how it should dispose of this precious deposit so as to render it accessible to the learned public; it has judged that the best way to insure the preservation of this literary monument, and at the same time to give Oriental scholars an opportunity to study it, was to place it in the Cabinet of Manuscripts of the Royal Library. The Asiatic Society has, at the same time, felt itself called upon to do its utmost to prove to the Society of Calcutta the sense that it has of its generosity. It has therefore applied to the Ministers of Public Instruction and the Interior, requesting them to send to the Society of Calcutta some of the great works which the French Government has caused to be published. Messrs. Thiers and Guizot have readily acceded to this desire, and the great work on Egypt, the *Thesaurus* of Henry Stephens, the work on the Morea, the great collection of Historical Documents which M. Guizot is publishing, the posthumous work of Champollion, and several others of the same kind, are about to be sent to the Society of Calcutta, to prove that such a sacrifice as that which it has made is duly appreciated at Paris.

Oriental Literature has sustained a severe loss by the recent decease of Julius von Klaproth at Paris, and Professor Rosenmüller of Leipzig.

ERRATUM.

Mr. Woronzow Greig has disclaimed the authorship of the "Report on the Social Statistics of the Netherlands," referred to in Art. IX. in our last Number, the credit of which he believes to be due to Mr. Greg of Manchester.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM OCTOBER TO DECEMBER, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE.

- 100 Lacoste, *Preuves de la Religion*. 2 Vols. 12mo. 6s. 6d.
101 *La Raison du Christianisme*. Vol. XI. 8vo. 5s.
102 Alletz, *Lettre à M. de Lamartine sur la Vérité du Christianisme*. 8vo.
103 *Repertoire, le, des Predicateurs modernes*. Par M. M. Juin et Cacheux. Vol. IV. 8vo. 8s.
104 Merle d'Aubigné, *Histoire de la Reformation au seizième Siècle*. Vol. I. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
105 Royaumont, M. de, *Histoire de l'ancien et du nouveau Testament*. Nouv. Ed. 8vo. 12s.
106 Bantain, *Philosophie du Christianisme*. Correspondance religieuse. Tom. I. 8vo. 7s.
107 Barth, *Die alt-teutsche Religion*. 2 Thle. 8vo. 8s.
108 *Testamentum Novum, graece*. Ed. Scholz. Vol. II. 4to. 1l. 8s.
109 Leonhard, *Gebeth- und Erbauungs-Buch*. 12mo. 5s.
110 Staudenmaier, *Geist des Christenthums*. 2 Thle. 8vo. 12s.
111 *Beiträge zur Kirchen-Geschichte des 19ten Jahrhunderts in Deutschland*. 8vo. 5s.
112 Fuhrmann, *Neuere theol. Literatur*. 1te Lief. 8vo. 8s.
113 Hirscher, *Die christliche Moral*. 1ster Bd. 8vo. 6s.
114 Mack, *Comm. über die Pastoral-Briefe des Apostel Paulus*. 8vo. 10s.
115 Sailer's *Sämmtliche Werke*. Theolog. Schriften. 16ter—18ter Bd. 18s.
116 Heydenreich ufdl Otto, *Predigten über die Apostel-Geschichte*. 2 Bde. 18s.
117 Kromm, *Die Evangel. Perikopen*. I. 1. 8vo. 7s.
118 Fäsi's *Predigten*. 8vo. 12s.
119 Moser's *Kanzel-Reden*. 6ter Bd. Glaubens-Predigten. 2 Thle. 8vo. 7s.
120 *Jahrbücher für Theologie und Philosophie*. 5ter Bd. 1ster Thl. 8vo. 5s.
121 Steinheim, *Die Offenbarung nach dem Lehrbegriffe der Synagoge*. 1ster Thl. 9s.
122 Möhler, *Neue Untersuchungen der Lehrgegensätze zwischen den Katholiken und Protestanten*. 8vo. 10s.

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